

NOV. 20, 1989

\$2.69

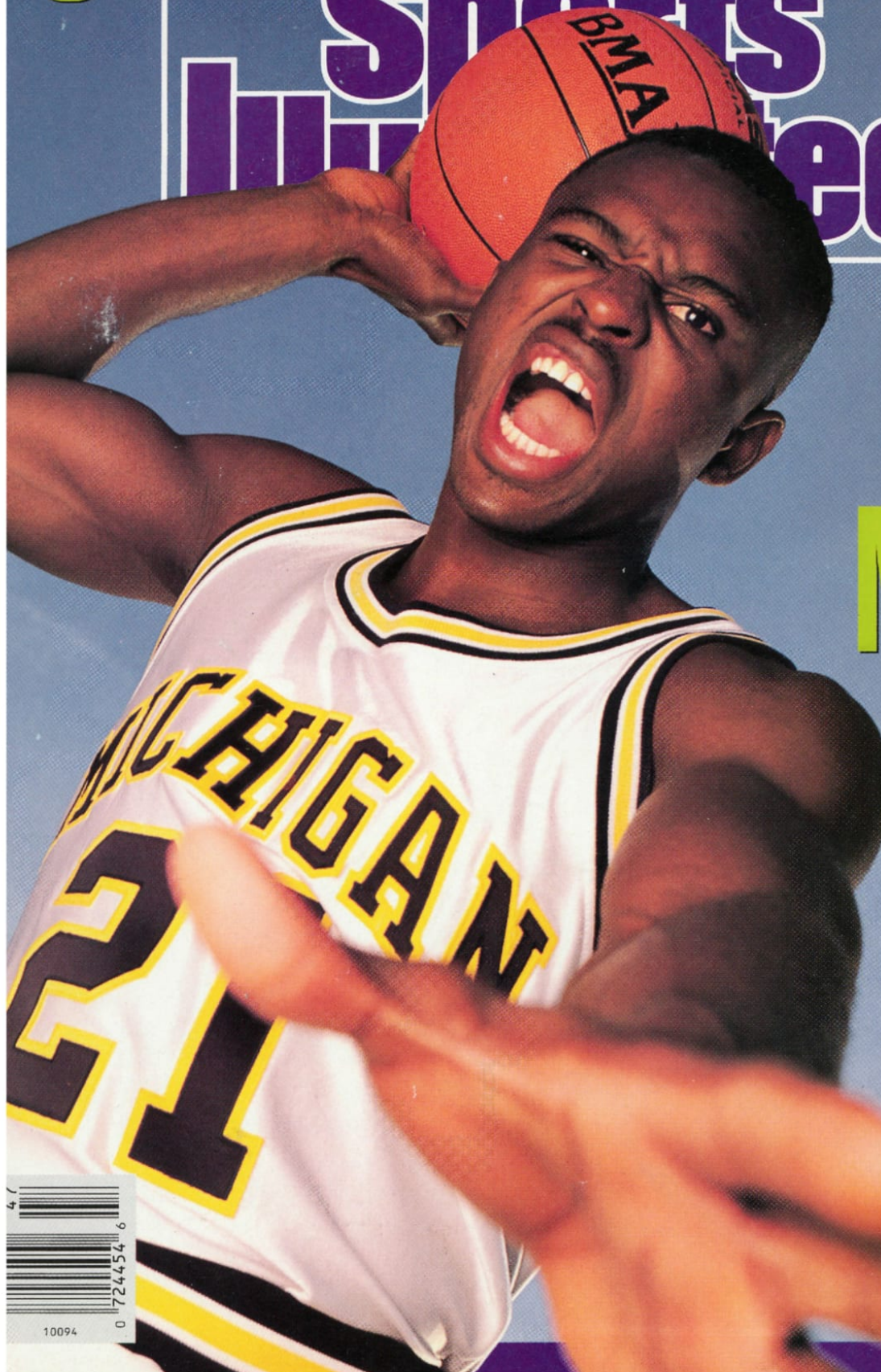
# COLLEGE

1989-90

PREVIEW

# BASKETBALL

# Sports Illustrated



## IT'S MINE!

Rumeal Robinson  
and Michigan  
aim to keep the  
NCAA crown,  
but No. 1 UNLV  
says: No way



10094

What  
Your Family  
Can Look  
Forward To.

# The New 1990 Family Lumina.

Today, you and yours can look forward to having all you've wanted in family travel. Because now Lumina Sedan, APV and Coupe are here.

Each Lumina is built with new thinking from the ground up. With innovations like Scotchgard™ Fabric Protector. Only Chevy has it on seats and door panels.\* Standard. And each Lumina has such high quality, we back everything with a 3-year/50,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty.†

Each Lumina also is protected for 6 years or 100,000 miles against body rust-through. But APV doesn't need it. It is designed with high-strength composite body panels that can *never* rust.

Each Lumina can, however, offer you front-drive traction and the ease of power brakes and steering. But that's not all.

## The Lumina Sedan. What the family car has become.

The family car is now long and wide, with enough passenger room to accommodate a family of six. Comfortably.



(That's one basketball team plus coach.) And Lumina has a large 15.7-cu.-ft. trunk designed to the perfect height of a grocery bag and able to hold enough of them to feed a family for a week. Or one teen. Lumina has wide-opening rear doors that are easier to get into and out of. And, thanks

to 4-wheel independent suspension and full-suspension-designed seats, it rides smoothly and quietly. Even your family dog will like that.

## Lumina APV. The new vehicle that's so unique, it doesn't have a look-alike.

You've never seen a car, truck, or wagon like this All-Purpose Vehicle before.\*\* Nobody has. Because it isn't any of those. It's the new Lumina APV.

It's the first to offer you a choice of seating



Lumina Euro Coupe



Lumina APV



Lumina Euro Sedan



\*All Chevrolet cars except Geo Metro™. †Except tires which are covered by their manufacturer. See your Chevrolet dealer for terms of this limited warranty. \*\*required safety racing equipment. Chevrolet, the Chevrolet emblem, Lumina and Corvette are registered trademarks and Chevy is a trademark of the GM Corp. ©1989

for 5, with an option for 6 or 7. And optional modular bucket seats you can flip and use as tables. Or remove altogether, leaving over 112 cu. ft. of room.

It makes life easier with exterior body panels that never rust. And resist dents. Large sliding side door. A low back hatch that's easy to load. And the first large solar windshield ever, designed to reflect the sun's rays. The benefits of all its visibility are easy to see.

## New Lumina Coupe. Designed to deliver personal satisfaction. Quickly.

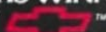
Straight out of the chute, you see this Lumina Euro Coupe isn't for everyone. It's for those who like to show their style in a big way. With a long, low, sleek, aggressive design that seats 6 and reflects just what's under the hood: 3.1 liters of Multi-Port Fuel-Injected muscle.  
Euro Coupe's

performance and its rear fiber-glass leaf-spring suspension

were actually inspired by Corvette. Just like Coupe's racier version was when it won on the NASCAR circuit.<sup>††</sup> Which just could inspire you to drive Lumina Coupe. And see why it's quickly giving personal transportation a whole new image.

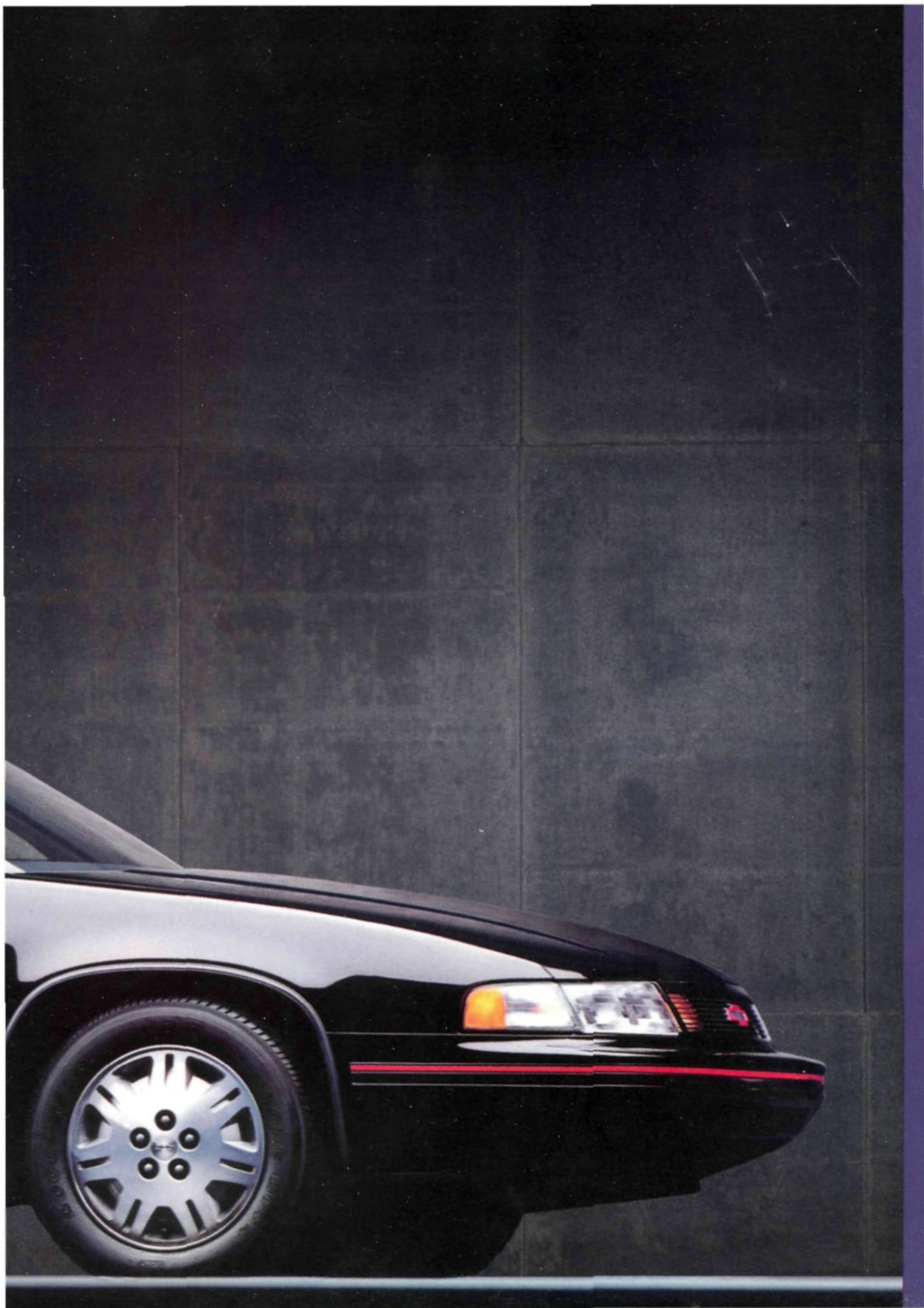
Now that you've seen how to have what you've looked forward to, we invite you to experience The New Family Lumina. Then you'll know, when it comes to new ideas, nobody's winning like The Heartbeat of America.

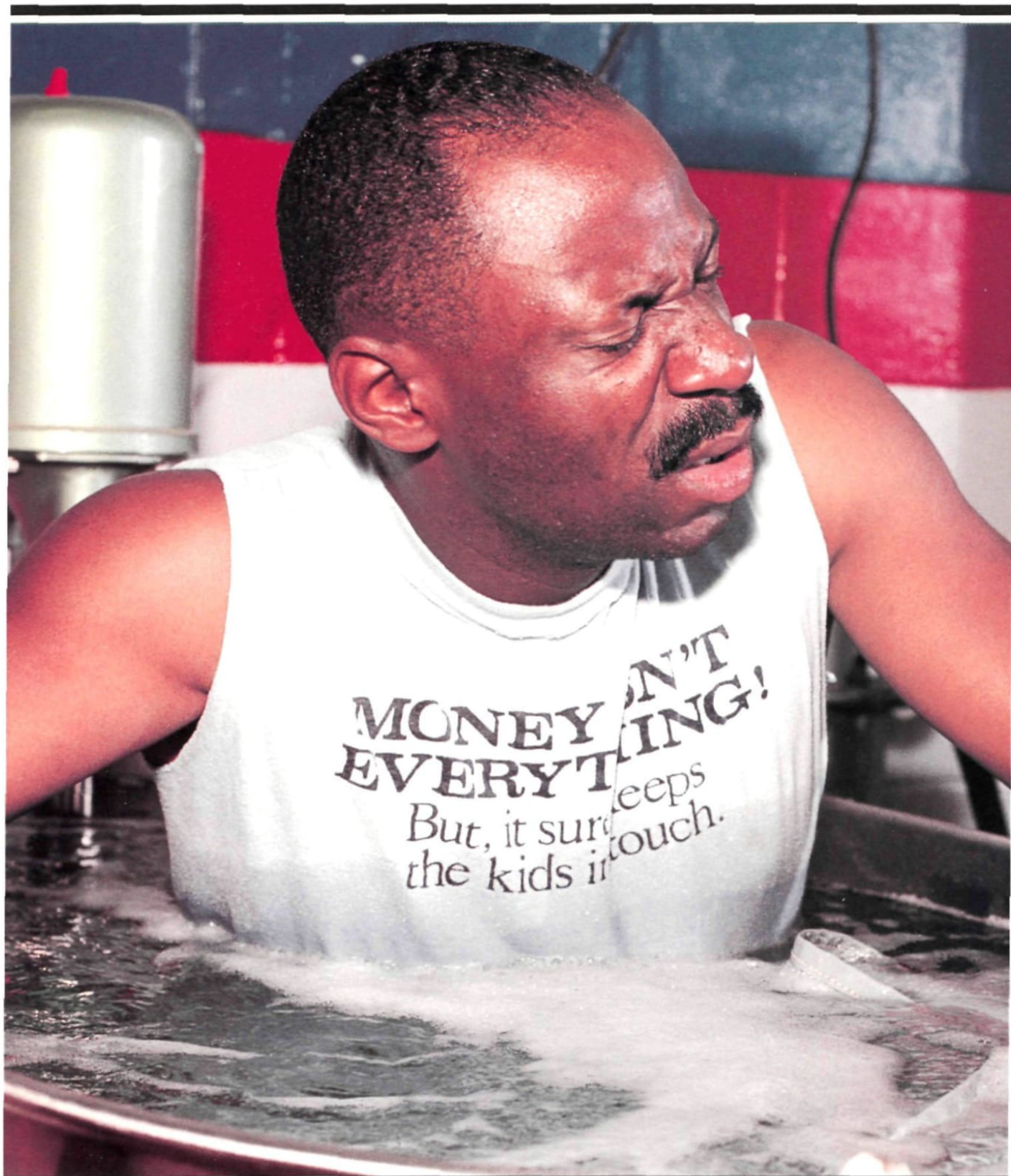


*THE*  
**Heartbeat**  
OF AMERICA IS WINNING.  
TODAY'S CHEVROLET 



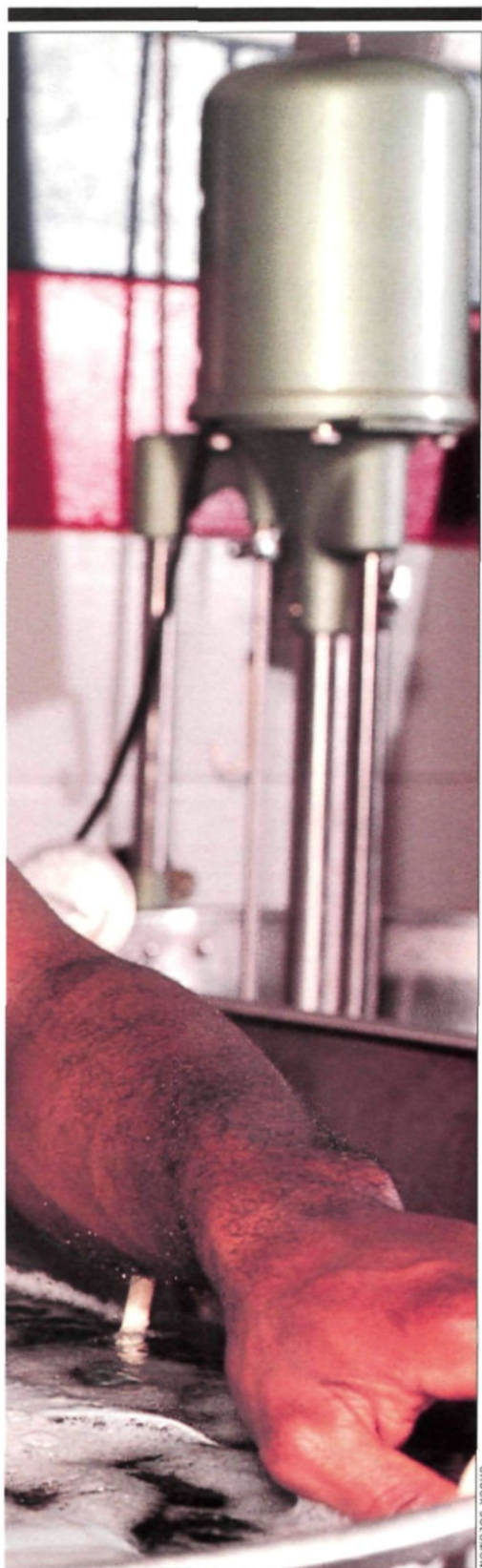
Warranty will apply after 12 months/12,000 miles. <sup>††</sup>Excludes other GM products. <sup>††</sup>These cars are modified with GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. Let's get it together...buckle up.





### **EVERYONE INTO THE 'POOL**

Joe Pittman, 35, of the Winter Haven Super Sox wasn't the only player in the new Senior Professional Baseball Association who took to the tub to soothe his old bones (*page 28*).



CHUCK SOLOMON

# Sports Illustrated

November 20, 1989

Volume 71, No. 21

## CONTENTS

- THE BOYS OF WINTER** ..... 28  
The Senior Professional Baseball Association has plenty of gung ho players. Now all it needs is some fans *by Steve Wulf*
- A RUN FOR THE ROSES** ..... 34  
Michigan appears to be on the road to Pasadena once again after a game Illinois could have won *by Douglas S. Looney*
- ROCKY FLIGHT INTO FIRST** ..... 36  
Though jolted by salary disputes and charges of racism, the Vikings have soared to the top of their division *by Jill Lieber*

## COLLEGE BASKETBALL

## P R E V I E W

46

- The college game is on a rootin'-tootin' shootin' spree *by Curry Kirkpatrick*
- Behind the glitter of UNLV basketball is a real school *by Curry Kirkpatrick*
- Rumeal Robinson of Michigan is from one happy home *by Leigh Montville*
- Forget the old Top 20. What really matters is the final 16 *by Hank Hersch*
- Jennifer Azzi has Stanford women in the driver's seat *by Douglas S. Looney*
- For years, no college scoring champion lit up the NBA *by Alexander Wolff*

## DEPARTMENTS

- |                       |     |                |     |
|-----------------------|-----|----------------|-----|
| Letters               | 6   | Television     | 125 |
| Scorecard             | 23  | For The Record | 126 |
| Inside The NFL        | 112 | Point After    | 128 |
| College Football Week | 116 |                |     |

Cover Photograph by Brad Trent/Outline

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-822X) is published weekly, except semiweekly during a week in February, a week in March, a week in November, with two issues combined at year-end, by The Time Inc. Magazine Company. Principal Office: Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10020-1393. Reginald K. Brack Jr., President; Joseph A. Ripp, Treasurer; Harry M. Johnston, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by Canada Post Corp., Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash at Toronto. U.S. subscription: \$64.26 for 54 issues. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Post Office Box 30602, Tampa, FL 33630-0602. ©1989 THE TIME INC. MAGAZINE COMPANY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE TIME INC. MAGAZINE COMPANY. For subscription queries, call Customer Service at 1-800-528-5000. . . .

## FROM THE PUBLISHER

**S**ENIOR EDITOR ROY S. JOHNSON, WHO GUIDED THIS WEEK'S 52-page college basketball preview from conception to birth, is a man of many talents. Besides assigning story ideas, editing copy and writing headlines and captions for our annual college issue, he collaborated with the Lakers' Magic Johnson on a new book, *Magic's Touch*, which was published by Addison-Wesley last month. Working together, the Johnsons faced one potential problem: Readers, they thought, might consider them kin. It was Magic who suggested a solution. "On the cover," he said, flashing his hallmark smile, "I'll be Earvin (Magic) Johnson, and you can be Roy (No Relation) Johnson."

Nepotism, of course, had nothing to do with No Relation's position on Team Johnson. Expertise did. SI's Johnson grew up in Tulsa, a basketball

wasteland in the 1950s and '60s. Senior editor Sandy Padwe, who was in charge of our pro basketball coverage when Johnson joined the magazine as a reporter in 1978, says of Roy, "He knew almost nothing about the game. But I've never seen anyone establish his knowledge in such a short period of time."

In 1981, Johnson left SI for *The New York Times*, where he covered tennis and pro basketball. In 1987 he became a columnist for *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*. "That was fun," he says. "As any of my friends will tell you, I have no shortage of opinions."

During his newspaper days, Johnson joined the National Association of Black Journalists. He now serves on its Print Task Force, which attempts to enlarge the representation of minorities in the print industry. "My position with the NABJ is very important to me," he says. "We reach out to high

SI's Johnson with his dog, Norman.

schools and colleges, trying to rekindle interest in our profession, which, in recent years, has seen a stagnation in the number of African-Americans entering the field. I really hope we can bring about some change."

Last March, Johnson returned to SI to become our tennis and college basketball editor. "Going over to the college game," he says, "was quite a switch because I'd been concentrating almost exclusively on the pros for a decade." To a certain extent, however, working on *Magic's Touch* has allowed him to keep his hand in the NBA. "It's a basketball book, not really an autobiography," says No Relation, who appears on the book jacket as Roy S. Johnson. "A whole generation of players has grown up wanting to be Magic on the court. We tell what that's like, seeing the game through his eyes."

*Donald J. Barr*

## Sports Illustrated

**Founder:** Henry R. Luce 1898-1967

**Editor-in-Chief:** Jason McManus

**Editorial Director:** Richard B. Stolley

**Corporate Editor:** Gilbert Rogin

**Time Inc. Magazines**

**President:** Reginald K. Brack Jr.

**Executive Vice-Presidents:** Donald M. Elliman Jr., S. Christopher

Meigher III, Robert L. Miller

**Senior Vice-Presidents:** Richard W. Angle Jr.,

Michael J. Klingensmith

**Managing Editor:** Mark Mulvey

**Executive Editors:** B. Peter Carry, Kenneth Rudeen

**Assistant Managing Editors:** Jerry Kirshenbaum, Julia Lamb

**Design Director:** Steven Hoffman

**Director of Photography:** Karen Mullarkey

**Director of Special Projects:** Joe Marshall

**Senior Editors:** Sarah Ballard, David Bauer, Bob Brown, Jule Campbell, Bill Colson, Gay Flood, Myra Gelband, Peter Griffin, Christopher Hunt (ARTICLES), Roy S. Johnson, William Oscar Johnson, Craig Neff, Sandy Padwe, Steve Robinson, William Taaffe

**Chief of Reporters:** Jane Bachman Wolf

**Copy Chief:** Edward B. Clarke

**Director of Editorial Operations:** Lynn Crimando

**Copy Processing Manager:** Gisa Borgen

**Editorial Business Manager:** Sarah Downing

**Senior Writers:** Ron Fimrite, Clive Gammon, Peter Gammons, Richard Hoffer, Curry Kirkpatrick, Franz Lidz, Jill Lieber, Douglas S. Looney, Jack McCallum, Leigh Montville, Kenny Moore, William Nack, Bruce Newman, Pat Putnam, Rick Reilly, E.M. Swift, Rick Telander, Ralph Wiley, Alexander Wolff, Steve Wolf, Paul Zimmerman

**Associate Editors:** Victoria Boughton, Hugh Delehanty, Gregory Kelly, Constance Tubbs, Anita Verschoth

**Staff Writers:** Jay Greenberg, Hank Hersch, Peter King, J. Austin

Murphy, Merrell Noden, Demmie Stathopoulos, Robert Sullivan

**Photography:** Philip Jache (DEPUTY PICTURE EDITOR), Laurel Frankel (ASSISTANT EDITOR), David Fields, Eileen C. Miller, Robert Mitchell, Bradley M. Smith, Robert W. Taylor, George G. Washington, Jeffrey Weig, TRAFFIC: Beth A. Dalatri, Susan D. Woodcock; LIGHTING TECHNICIANS: Louis Capozzola, Jonathan Hayt

**Photographers:** Andy Hayt, John Iacono, Heinz Klutmeier, Manny Millan, Lane Stewart; CONTRIBUTING: Bill Ballenberg, John Biever, Rich Clarkson, Jerry Cooke, Jacqueline Dvorsin, Bill Eppridge, John D. Hanlon, Walter Iossa Jr., David E. Klutho, Brian Lanker, Richard Mackson, John W. McDonough, Joe McNally, Peter Read Miller, Ronald C. Modra, Herb Scharfman, George Tiedemann, Tony Tomasic, Jerry Wachter

**Writer-Reporters:** Bruce Anderson, T. Nicholas Dawidoff, Richard Demak, Shelley Smith, H. John Steinbreder

**Senior Reporters:** Amy Lennard (DEPUTY), Joy Duckett Cain, Sally Dorst, Linda Ann Marsch, Paula Phelps, J.E. Vader

**Reporters:** Timothy Crothers, Sally Guard, Michael G. Jaffe, Albert O. Kim, Stefanie Krasnow, Amy E. Nutt, Richard O'Brien, James E. Reynolds, James Rodewald, Steve Rushin, Stefanie Scheer, Sarah B. Schmidt, Damian F. Slattery

**Art Department:** Peter Herbert (DEPUTY), Holly T. Matteson, F. Darrin Perry, Edward P. Truscio (ASSISTANT DIRECTORS), Carolyn L. Blackmar (OPERATIONS), Magdalena Deskur, Craig L. Gartner, Bill Hill, Victoria Lowe, Helosa Zero

**Copy Desk:** Richard McAdams, Gabriel Miller, Pearl Amy Sverdlin (DEPUTIES), Schuyler Bishop, Leslie Bornstein, Michael V. Clayton, Robert G. Dunn, Mary Jo Kohl, Benita Korn, Roger Mooney, Nancy Nasworthy, Pamela Ann Roberts, Celestine Ware

**Copy Processing:** Joanne M. Cowen, A. Lynn Forgach, Amy Freeman, J. DeMaris Hearn, Robert Horn, Pamela Kirkland, Jodie F. Lilly, David H. Logan, Gene Prisco, Carolyn Ranne, Bernice Rohrer, Mary Young

**Production:** Robert J. Eckstein (COLOR QUALITY), Victor Gonzalez, Pieter C. Muuse, Kenneth Tomlin

**News Bureau:** Robin Douglas (DEPUTY), Patricia Jeffares, Angel Reyes, Lavinia Scott Elliot, London

**Special Contributors:** Walter Bingham, Robert H. Boyle, Robert W. Creamer, Martin F. Dardis, John Garriy, Bill Gilbert, Robert F. Jones, Penny Ward Moser, Sam Moses, George Plimpton, William F. Reed, Gary Smith, Jeremiah Tax, Jack Tobin

**Administration:** Ann E. Coyle (BUSINESS), Mort Young (TECHNOLOGY), Peter Miller (LIBRARY)

**Time-Life News Service:** John F. Stacks (CHIEF)

**Letters:** Linda Verigan

**Editorial Services:** Christiana Walford (DIRECTOR), Peter J. Christopoulos, Benjamin Lightman, David E. Trevarrow, Beth Bencini Zarcose

**Publisher:** Donald J. Barr

**Associate Publisher:** Ann S. Moore

**Advertising Sales Director:** Thomas J. Hickey Jr.

**Advertising Sales Manager:** Michael W. Davey

**Director of Marketing:** Barry Briggs

**Assistant Sales Director:** John D. Heyd

**General Manager:** Ann W. Jackson

**Creative Director:** George P. Berger

**Consumer Marketing Director:** Michael J. Owen

**Business Managers:** Alvaro J. Saralegui

**Production Director:** Tracy T. Windrum

**Editorial Projects Director:** Larry F. Keith

## HOME OFFICE

# The Tandy® 1000

## Homeward bound.

Whether you're running a small business at home or just finishing projects from the office, a PC is an absolute necessity.

And the PC you can feel right at home with is the popular Tandy 1000. That's because cryptic commands have been replaced with plain English.

Get right to work in just seconds, because MS-DOS® and the DeskMate graphical user interface are built in.

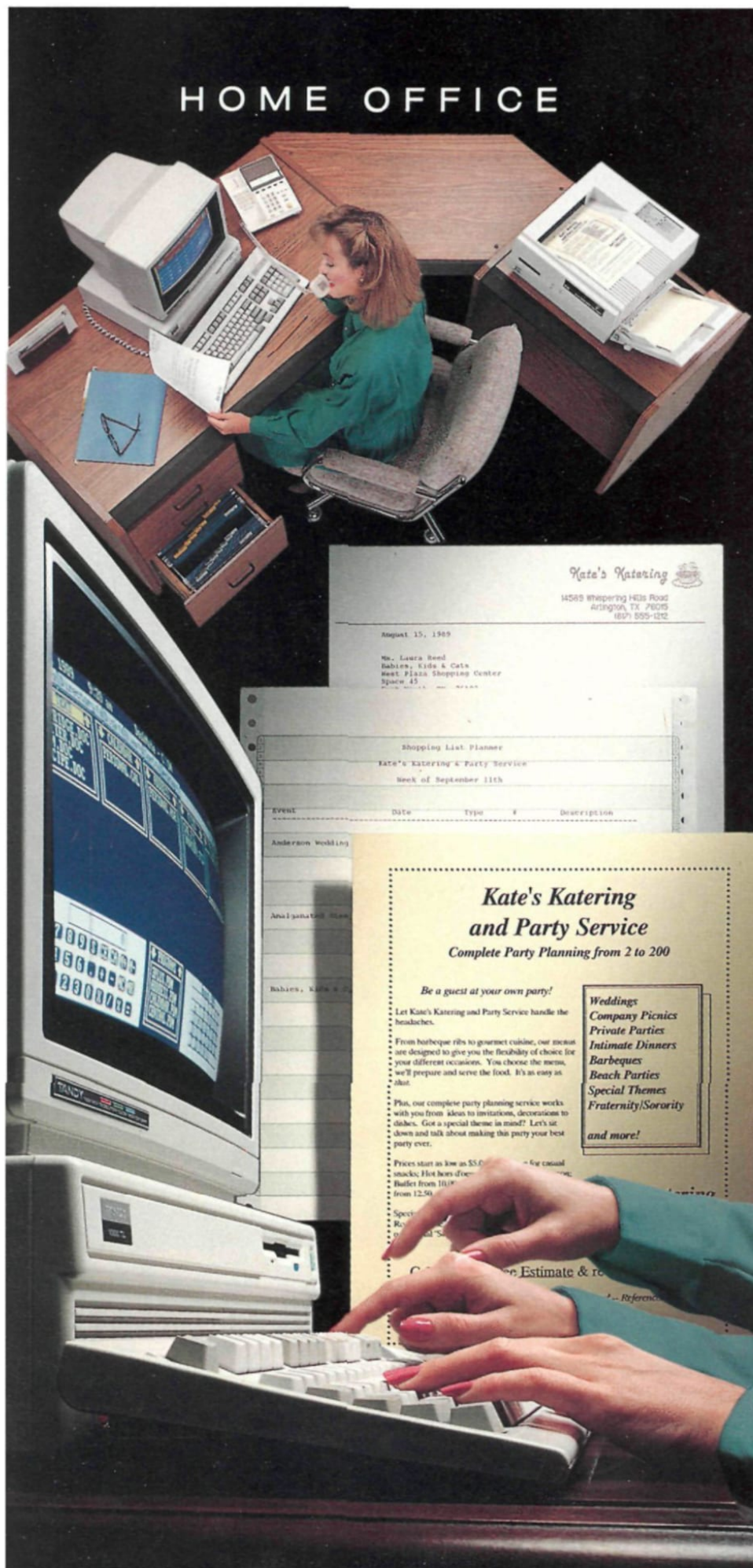
DeskMate® software, for filing, budgeting, writing letters and designing ads, is included at no extra charge.

Need more power? We offer America's broadest PC line.

Remember: more people use Tandy 1000s than any other PC compatible. Now that's something to come home to.

**Radio Shack®**  
The Technology Store™  
A DIVISION OF TANDY CORPORATION

MS-DOS licensed from Microsoft Corp.





© 1989 The Aetna Casualty and Surety Company

# We even have a plan if

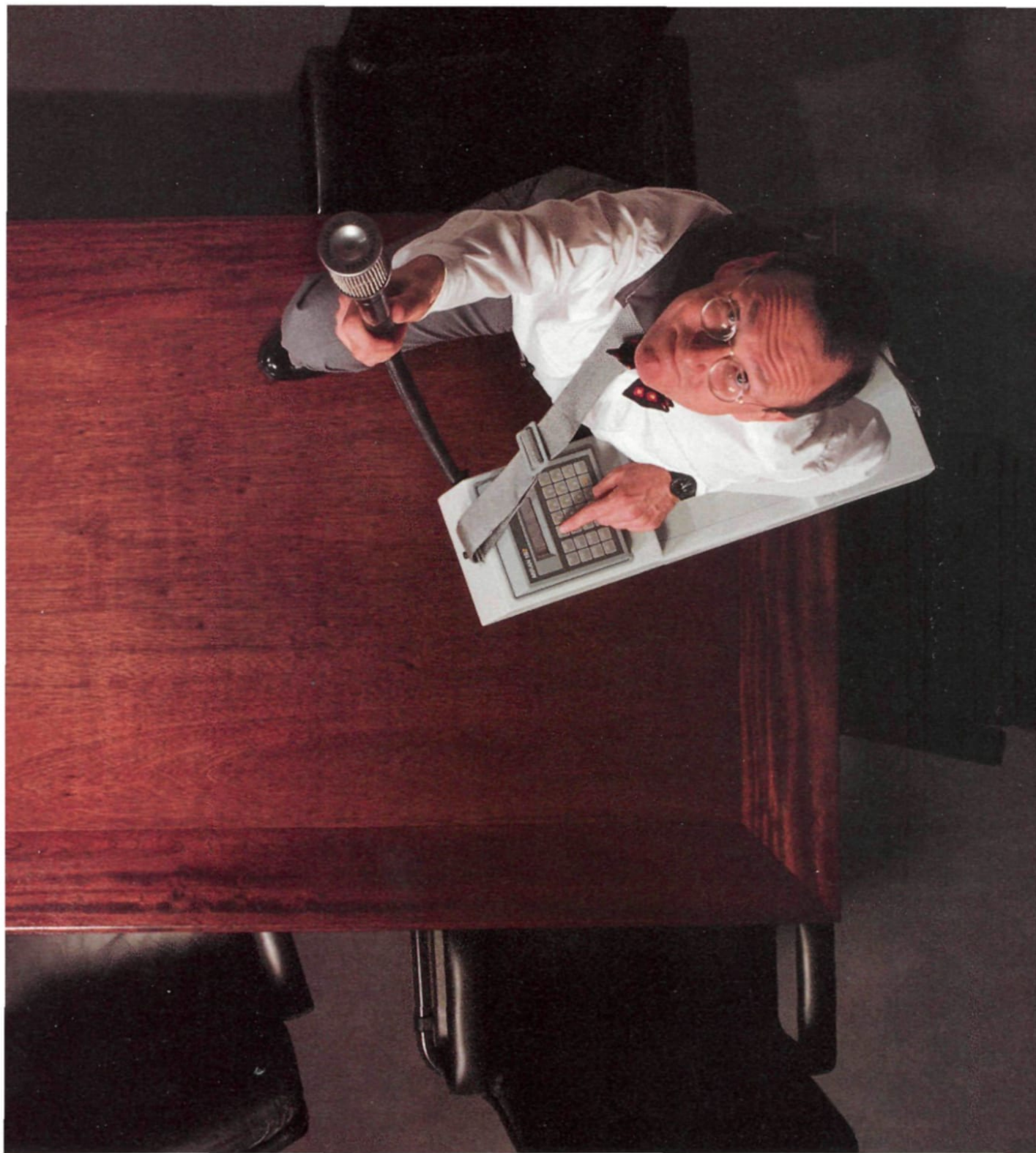
**How safe is the place you work? Are you sure?**

Every day, 500 chemists, engineers, biologists, and technicians who work for Aetna report for work in all kinds of different places. Simply to provide more scientific answers to these fundamental questions.

In factories and plants, they search for ways to help reduce the hazards that come with the job.

At construction sites, they help to identify unsafe work practices.

And in office buildings, especially new ones, they're on the lookout for such maladies as TBS:



# your building gets sick.

Tight Building Syndrome. A condition that can occur when improper ventilation starts causing headaches, dizziness, and breathing difficulties.

In many cases, such a thorough environmental survey is required before Aetna will write the policy. But our customers will be the first to tell

you how much they welcome our thoroughness.

Not just because safer buildings can result in lower insurance premiums.

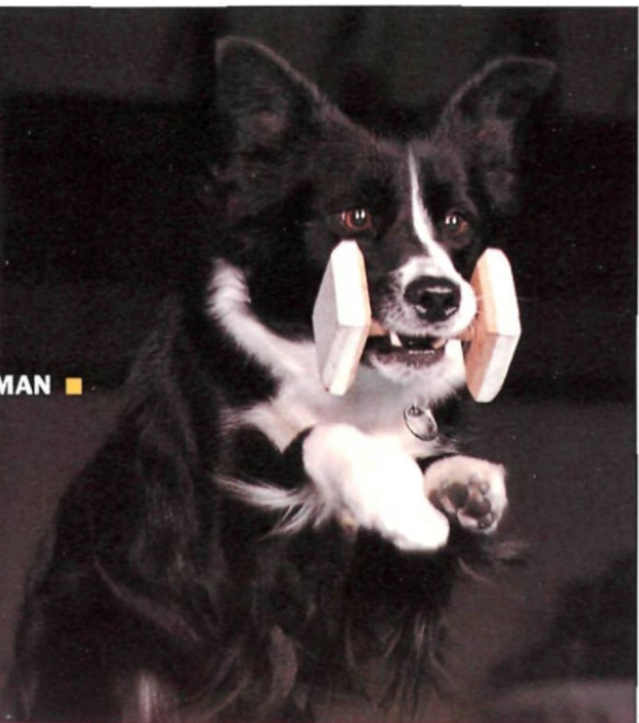
But because it's our customers who have to work at the same place each day.

AETNA. WE GIVE NEW MEANING TO THE WORD DILIGENT.



# TOP DOGS REACH THE FINAL FUR

BY JAMES GORMAN ■



Bullet, a border collie, was no dumbbell in the Gaines Classic.

that Vegas is about as far as you can get from poetry, except maybe limericks.

Presumably, as long as people have kept dogs, deep into the recesses of prehistory, they have done some dog training. (Whap! "No! That's my bison gristle!") Formal obedience trials are a more recent invention. The first American Obedience Trial was held by Mrs. Helene Whitehouse Walker on her father's estate in Mount Kisco, N.Y., in 1933. Blanche Saunders, Mrs. Walker's kennel manager and dog trainer, later wrote a book called *The Story of Dog Obedience*. The old pictures in this book—particularly of Saunders in riding breeches—give the enterprise of dog training

The dog show is at the Hacienda Resort Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas. The Haci, as it's usually called, is not exactly Caesars Palace. But it's not a Motel 6, either. You get free drinks if you play blackjack or poker, but not if you play the quarter slots.

Not that I mean to put down the dog show. This is no cocker spaniel specialty event. This is the 1988 Gaines United States Dog Obedience Classic—the annual national dog obedience championship, a dog world Final Fur. At the Haci you can find the Orel Hershisser of heeling, the Wayne Gretzky of dumbbell retrieving, the Steffi Graf of scent discrimination. Probably there is no canine Ben Johnson, although at one point I overheard the following exchange about a Doberman pinscher:

"That's a big bitch!"

"She's on steroids."

I didn't go to spend three days with 190 dogs because I'm a longtime dog obedience aficionado. I doubt I'll be at this year's Obedience Classic, which begins on the Friday after Thanksgiving at the Odeum near Chicago. The reason I traveled to the Hacienda was that I fell

under the influence of a dog obedience guru. It began innocently enough. Every few weeks I went out to watch her teach a bulldog named Bandit to sit, come, stay and not to threaten the neighbors. In the course of these visits, something happened to me. I began to believe, as does this trainer, that obedience training is not just a matter of teaching sit, come and heel but that it is also ennobling and fulfilling for both the dog and the trainer.

I should mention, I suppose, that the trainer's name is Vicki Hearne, that she is not only a dog trainer (she would object strongly to that *only*) but also a poet, essayist, novelist and has been a visiting professor of English literature at places like Yale University and UC Riverside. She is best known for the book *Adam's Task*, a philosophical inquiry into the nature of dogs, horses and cats, and of the morality and meaning of training the first two of these creatures.

It did occur to me after some of my visits with her that perhaps it was not dog training itself but her poetic analysis of it that entranced me. That's why I ended up at the Classic. I figured that I would see plenty of obedience, but also

the feel of a P.G. Wodehouse novel—estates, horsiness, kennel managers. (If I had a kennel manager, my dogs would be obedient too.)

Today, the world of dogs and dog obedience is essentially middle class, and it is vastly more active than it was in the early years. More than 1,500 obedience trials are held each year by various dog clubs under the aegis of the American Kennel Club, and more than 115,000 dogs are entered in the trials. They try to qualify in three classes: Companion Dog (CD), Companion Dog Excellent (CDX), or Utility Dog (UD). Many of the obedience trials take place as part of larger shows and exist in the shadow of the breed competition, which is about looks, not performance. At most obedience trials the dogs are somewhat less polished than those who enter the Classic. They're more like the dog I heard about from Jim Dearing, former AKC obedience director.

"There was this basset in Long Island whose name was George," Dearing said. "His owner was Lou Blum. George was entered in Utility class 74 times and never earned his Utility title." In failing

In 1777, the Duchess of Edinburgh threw a ball  
and word got out that Drambuie was to be served.  
They came from as far away as Albuquerque.



Would you like to be known for throwing a legendary party? Serve Drambuie. In a Rusty Nail (half Drambuie, half Scotch), on the rocks, or simply in a glass by itself, Drambuie makes quite an impression. It's the one liqueur flavored with wild heather honey and the finest malt whiskies. Just make sure you have enough. You never know when three or four thousand people will stop by. Drambuie. Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1745.

**Drambuie.** The stuff legends are made of.

To send a gift of Drambuie anywhere in the U.S., where legal, call 1-800-238-4373.

to get that title, George performed a number of legendary feats, such as pushing a dumbbell along the ground with his nose instead of picking it up to retrieve it. Once, when he had a good chance to qualify, he fell asleep and fell

up in its center and three smaller ones set up at the back. Around the periphery of the room are dogs on leashes and dogs in crates, and the people who came with them.

There are lots of different breeds here, but one is predominant. Of the 190 dogs, 70 are golden retrievers—big, happy, bouncy blonds. Next in number are Shetland sheepdogs (28) and border collies (23). The shelties are self-possessed in the ring and careful, but they have a reputation for being shy, easily distracted and inventive (a bad thing). Myself, I like the border collies, medium-sized doggy-looking dogs, with big splotches of white and black or brown fur.

On the first day, I watch the dogs jump. The goldens sail over the barriers with their tails flying like pennants. Dobermans go up and over deliberately, with no attempt to pick up speed before they spring into the air—popping a jump, it's called. The border collies don't jump at all; they dive over the barriers. And they don't just pick up the dumbbells—they kill them. I never saw so many dead dumbbells in my life. Run to the jump. Dive over it. Race to the dumbbell. *Snap*. There. Broke its neck. Quick. Bring it back. Here it is. How about that? Send me after another one. Please! Quick! Now!

The dog everybody has told me to keep an eye on is Stride, a golden. At the previous Classic, Stride and his trainer, Terri Arnold, from Swansea, Mass., were leading going into the final round. Everything was going perfectly until the drop on recall. In this exercise, done completely with hand signs, the handler signals the dog to come from the other end of the ring and as

the dog runs to him, signals the dog to drop. Stride complied perfectly. But when Arnold told Stride to get up from the drop and come to her, finishing the exercise, she gave a voice command as well as a hand signal. It was the trainer's mistake, not the dog's, and it put them out of the running.

Now, in the heeling exercise, Arnold walks along, hand at her waist, eyes ahead, in measured formal steps. Each hand signal is clear and simple. Stride is solid, quick and, to a noninitiate, uncannily precise, sitting squarely in front of Arnold (a "front") and perfectly parallel at her side when an exercise is over, his paws always neatly together. His head is just at Arnold's knee in heeling, his pace not a beat off hers.

I can't see a thing wrong with Stride's performance, and neither can the judge. Out of a possible 200 points, Stride doesn't lose a single one. At the end of the day, Stride has a total of one point off, out of a possible 400. Still, Stride is tied with Ruby, another golden retriever, owned by Laurie Rubinfeld. Ruby didn't have a perfect exercise today, but she was docked only half a point in each of her two appearances. Ruby came in second in the 1987 Classic a year earlier.

As a sport, if in fact that's what it is, dog obedience is unique. There is no race, no physical clash. No movement in dog obedience is physically difficult for a healthy dog to perform or requires any



TONY MENDOZA



ENRICO FERRORELLI

A shar-pei puppy (top) found the Classic to be a dozer; Hearne (with Bandit) says obedience training ennobles both trainer and dog.

over during an exercise called the long stand. But his most memorable performance was in an exercise that requires a dog to retrieve, at the direction of the handler, one of three gloves dropped in different parts of the ring. "George went to the correct glove," Dearing said, "but his ear fell over it. George picked up his ear and returned it to Lou."

To get to the dog show at the Hacienda, you have to walk by the slot machines. Once past long files of clanking machines—sometimes richer, sometimes poorer—you reach the convention room, a hall which has four big rings set

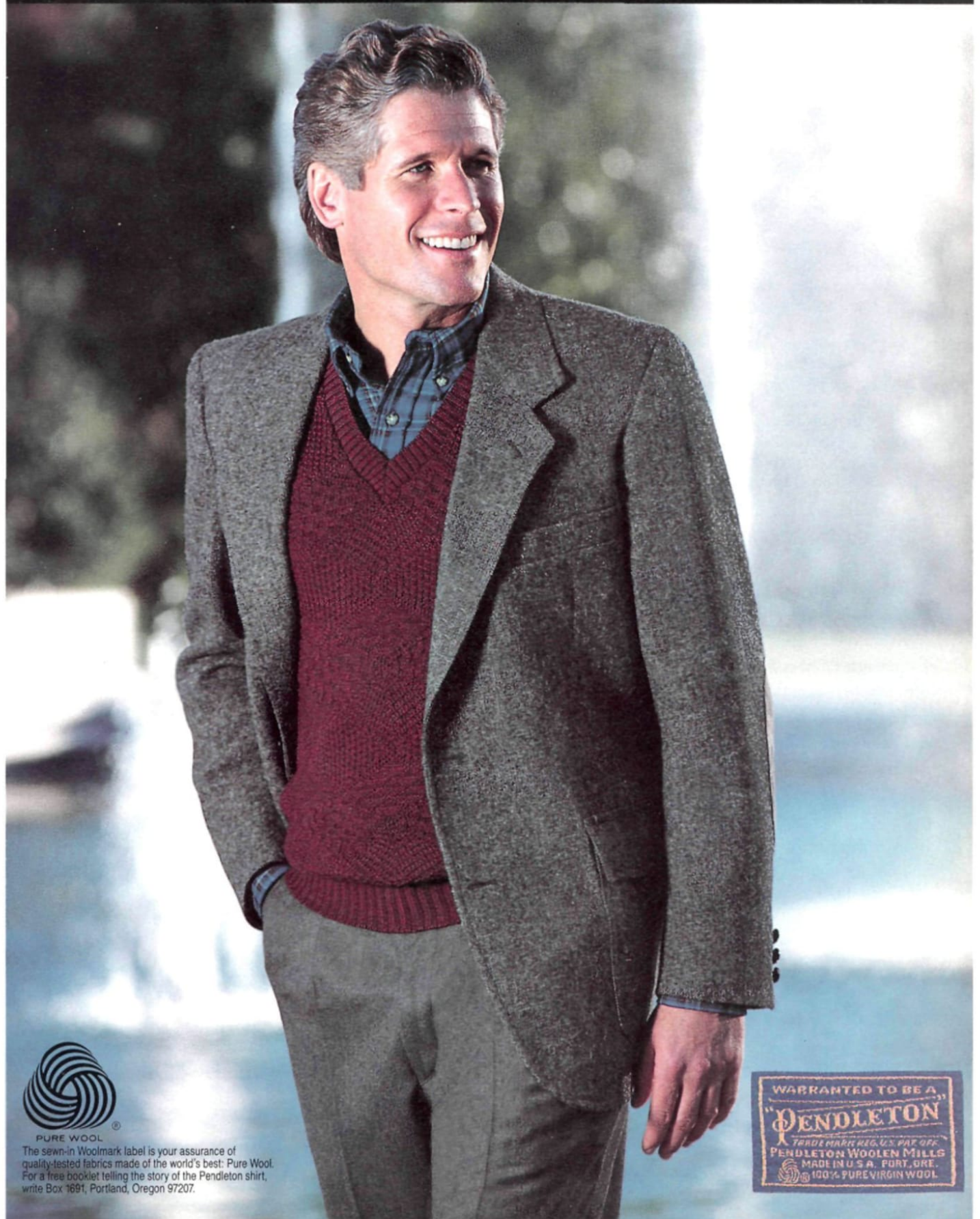


TONY MENDOZA

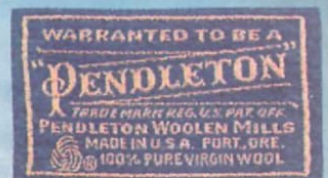
Stride, a golden retriever, kept pace with Arnold at the Classic.

# THERE'S A PART OF YOU THAT'S PENDLETON.®

Pendleton Sportswear. From a collection of American originals.



The sewn-in Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested fabrics made of the world's best: Pure Wool. For a free booklet telling the story of the Pendleton shirt, write Box 1691, Portland, Oregon 97207.



unusual skill. What requires practice is getting the dog to do it the way you want it, when you want it. And what the obedience trial tests is intangible: a relationship, a partnership of some sort between the human being and the dog.

The trial is not an intellectual competition like chess, either. Some competitors even say that a smart dog is a handicap. Bob Adams, a columnist for *Front and Finish*, the magazine that bills itself as "The Dog Trainer's News," says that intelligence is not necessarily what you want in the obedience ring, where the same actions must be repeated over and over. "A dog that's real smart would rather lie on the couch," he says. "You don't want an independent thinker." Of course, golden retriever partisans like Arnold disagree vehemently. Arnold tells me that Stride is "one of the most intelligent dogs ever."

The one undisputed quality of goldens is that they are "willing." As another highly successful trainer puts it, "They

don't care to do anything other than please you." The more intensely competitive the sport has grown, the more important such willingness has become. To get an edge, any edge, trainers flock to the most trainable breeds—and, within those breeds, to the best dogs. In the '60s, four or five points off would have been a top-notch score. These days, the most ambitious trainers aim for a perfect score, certainly no more than a point or a point and a half off.

This kind of competitiveness, according to some trainers, has taken the sport away from its roots. Bernie Brown of Lake Villa, Ill., has been in obedience for three decades. One of his best dogs, Duster, a golden, was Ken-L Ration Dog of the Year—that's sort of like winning an obedience trials Oscar—three years in a row (1979–81). In the early '60s, Brown says, "The sport was pleasing to the eye, a working partnership, a dog giving forth; you saw eagerness, happiness, willingness." The prevalent

breeds then were Dobermans, German shepherds, poodles and miniature schnauzers, and many of the trainers were men. Today, says Brown, the sport is 90% women, and "the performances are more mechanical, workmanlike, toned down to get the accuracy. It takes a different kind of dog, a different kind of dog trainer. You handle a dog in order not to make a mistake, rather than working a dog to show the *naturalness* of the dog. You're looking at 16ths of an inch now. That's not what a dog was bred to do."

It is, however, exactly what dogs are bred to do these days. "Dog training is 95 percent picking the right puppy and five percent not screwing up," says Brown. His colleagues obviously agree. Ruby's sire, a dog named Reggie, a spectacular obedience dog, won the Classic in the Superdog class in 1986 and 1987. In 1988, 12 of his offspring were competing in the Classic. The trainers call them Reggie-dogs.

Before you buy a CD changer, there are two things you should consider. Your home. And your car.

Because Pioneer makes a compatible 6-disc CD changer system for both. So now you can enjoy your favorite music wherever you go.

The key to home and car compatibility is Pioneer's unique 6-disc magazine, which works in all Pioneer home and car CD changers. It's the most convenient way to load, catalog and store



**LIMITED EDITION CD**  
Free With Purchase Of Any  
Car CD Player Or Home 6-Disc  
Multi-CD Player By 12/31/89.

**SUPER STARS**

ONE DISC  
JAZZ  
CLASSICAL  
ROCK  
POP  
FUNK  
DISCO  
R&B  
COUNTRY  
GOSPEL  
CHILDREN'S  
FANTASY

**SUPER CD**

Thanks to Pioneer  
this is the only place you'll

On the second day of the show, Stride's performance is less than perfect; so says the judge, who marks off 3.5 points. To me, this trial is indistinguishable from his perfect performance of the day before, but what do I know? Behind me, two trainers were talking during the trial as if Stride was screwing up one thing after another. The next dog is Ruby, so I ask one of the kibitzers to talk me through it. Here's the play-by-play:

"There's a crooked sit"—I peer at the dog and see that perhaps she is not in perfect alignment—"and there's a crooked front, and *there* you can see the judge marking his card for something."

What is going on here becomes clearer. This is not merely an attempt to get the dog to do what you tell it to do; that's plain old obedience. Any dog owner can do that. What the people and dogs here are going for is geometry. There is a Platonic, or perhaps Euclidean, ideal to which the dog's movements, and those of the trainer, must conform.

For example, an obedience dog is supposed to be extremely attentive to its trainer all the time, even when it is heeling. The dogs in the Classic, particularly the goldens, never take their eyes off their handlers. By contrast, a pet at heel or a Seeing Eye dog—or a guard dog, for that matter—looks around, keeping an eye on the world while staying near its master's knee.

Take, for instance, Cam, a German shepherd. Just before the Classic, Cam got top marks in an obedience trial and the Schutzhund trials—obedience plus guard-dog-style tracking, agility and man-work—at the German Shepherd National Show in Houston, the first time a dog had done this. At one point during the Classic, I run after Cam and his owner, Leonie Pulis, through the Hacci's parking lot, waving my notepad. The dog stops in its tracks and checks me out. Cam is not spooky or aggressive, nor is he about to let me get away with anything. He's very steady, very serious,

very aware. I think to myself, "Now *that's* quite a dog." If I were a cop, this is the dog I would want with me. However, Pulis says that Cam's alertness can work against him in obedience trials because, rather than staring robotically at her, he wants to keep an eye on who's doing what outside the ring.

So small are the mistakes on which points or half points are lost that many obedience trial handlers make sure their pants are the same color as their dogs' fur. The idea is that minuscule errors in heeling are less visible against a similarly colored background, sort of like camouflage. During practice with their dogs some trainers seem to be dropping something out of their mouths. They are "spitting for fronts," filling their cheeks with little bits of hot dog and spitting them out so that the dog will sit straight in front of them, staring at them, keeping an eye on that all important mouth for the next time a snack pops out.

Still, for all the efforts at precision and



CD Changer system,  
never be without your music.

© 1989 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA

your compact discs.

All of Pioneer's home and car CD changers feature the latest in digital technology, as well as multiple programming capability and random play.

Of course, there are still some places where you won't be able to enjoy Pioneer's CD Changer system. But we're working on it.

**PIONEER**

For more information and the name of your nearest Pioneer Dealer, call toll-free 1-800-421-1404.





Saunders was instrumental in popularizing obedience trials.

accuracy, for all the concern about a half point here or there, these are dogs. That means that sometimes they are going to blow it. This happens to several very good dogs in the first day. In his second round, it happens to Stride. He blows a glove. That is to say, he flunks the same exercise that caused George the basset to retrieve his own ear. What Stride does is start to go toward the glove and then turn around, drop to the ground and look at Arnold. That's it. He loses 31 points for this trial and is out of the running.

Ruby continues to hold steady. In

the ring, she is neat and careful. Rubenfeld is equally careful, even outside the ring. Later, I find out that Ruby doesn't sleep well in strange places. To help the dog get a good night's sleep, Rubenfeld climbs into bed early in her room at the Hacienda, turns out the lights and pretends to fall asleep.

In *Adam's Task*, Hearne writes about the actual business of getting a dog to sit and heel precisely,

just as the trainers at the Classic do. Her interest is in the nature of the contract a trainer and a dog enter into, a contract with mutual rights and responsibilities. According to Hearne, what gives us the right to say, "Joe, sit!" and, by extension, to enter Joe in the Classic is this: Given the nature of dogs, requiring *absolute* (her word, my italics) obedience of Joe enables him to reach and savor his highest instinct.

**Ruby capped a great year in trials by winning the Classic and, later, the author's heart.**



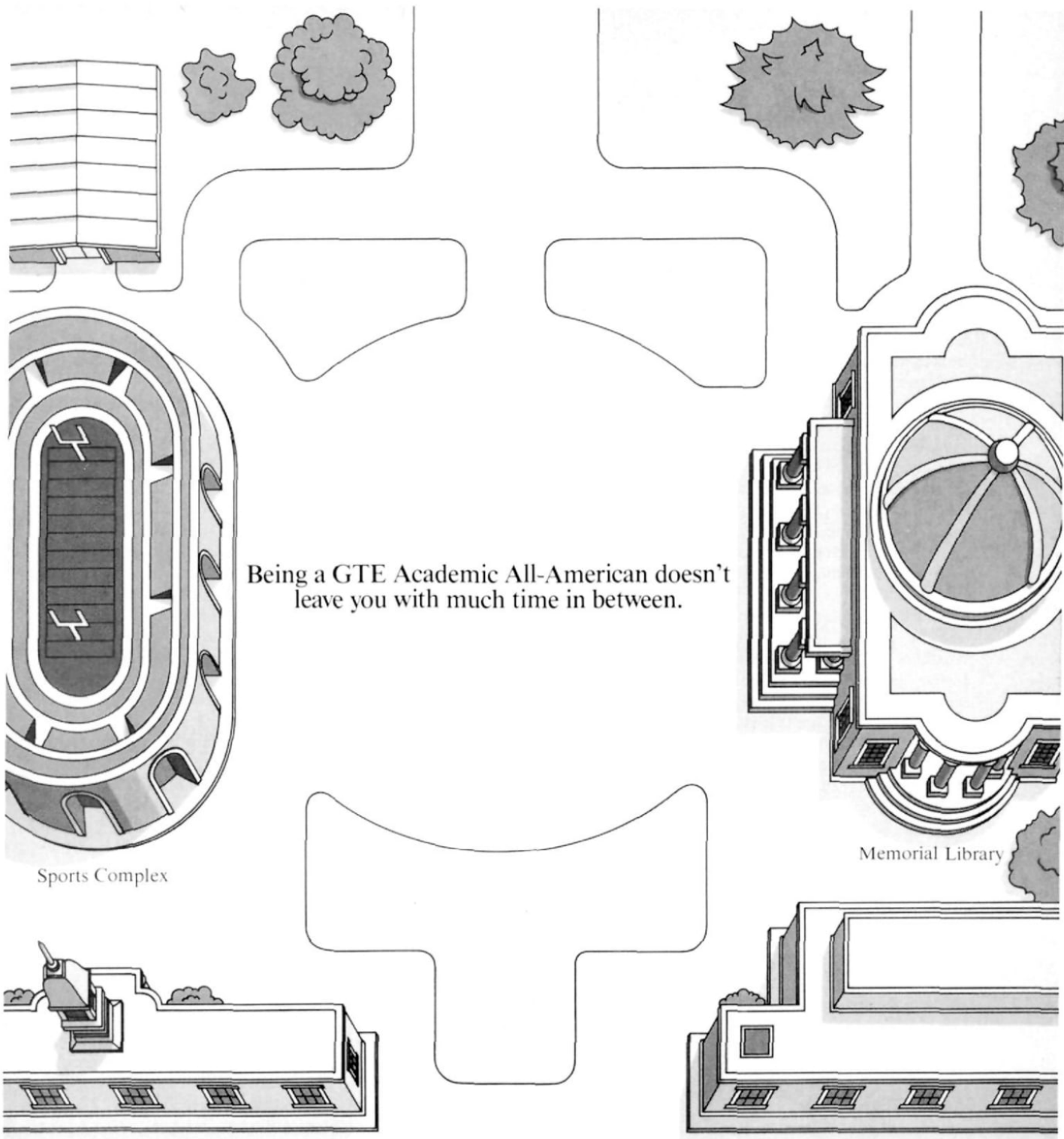
It's an idea that's hard to swallow, particularly in Las Vegas. Spitting for fronts and matching pants to a dog's color doesn't seem to be an aspect of anybody's highest nature (in fairness to Hearne, I should say that in her view, food training is an insult to the dog). But then, when I am most tempted to think of these dogs as just somebody's hobby, the dogs themselves suggest otherwise. A golden retriever presents a retrieved dumbbell with unmistakable pride. A border collie attacks a dumbbell with its brand of bravado. A trainer stares into her dog's eyes before the final round and says, "Can you do it, Ryan? Can you do it?" He could, and he did.

At the very least, it's clear that these dogs are not just going through the motions because they have to. They are *in* the game, whatever the game seems to them to be. And most of them are having one hell of a good time. I don't believe you can force an uninterested dog to heel and sit with angles so clean it appears as if he knew Euclid personally—and not wag his tail at the same time.

There is no single moment of triumph in this competition, no final perfect score that knocks out a close competitor. In the end, the challenge is really about consistency. Ruby, who Rubenfeld later tells me was the "wimp of the litter," meets the challenge. She wins with steadiness, steadfastness and precision. She may be a wimp, but she doesn't crumble. Over the three days, she and Rubenfeld lose a total of eight points out of a possible 1,200.

A few weeks later I visit Ruby in Monsey, N.Y., where she is taking a vacation at home. She and Rubenfeld and I go to a park, where Ruby . . . disobeys. She finds some awful piece of garbage on the ground and snatches it up, refusing to answer a recall until she swallows it. She is admonished by Rubenfeld, who is not at all pleased. Ruby, on the other hand, is clearly content with her crime. Garbage is, after all, irresistible to any dog. And as Rubenfeld had said earlier, while watching her superbly trained competitor growl at a rubber ball and flop around on the couch, obedience champion or not, "A dog is a dog." ■

*James Gorman is a free-lance writer who has enrolled his cairn terrier in obedience school.*



Being a GTE Academic All-American doesn't leave you with much time in between.

Sports Complex

Memorial Library

We can only imagine how it feels.

You're on a team, your course load is full and your time is tight.

But each year there are hundreds of student-athletes who not only survive such a schedule, but seem to thrive on it.

And each year, together with the College Sports Informa-

tion Directors of America, we at GTE strive to honor their effort and achievement.

So it's to Academic All-Americans everywhere that we offer this salute. And it's also for you that we're keeping this message short.

After all, we know how busy you are.



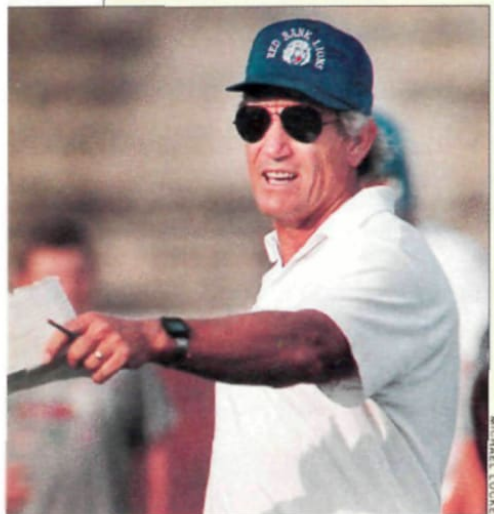
**GTE**

THE POWER IS ON

## ■ A MATTER OF HONOR

The same week I read Rick Telander's article on the lack of integrity in big-time college football (*Something Must Be Done*, Oct. 2), I read an editorial in *The Chattanooga Times* praising the football coach at Chattanooga's Red Bank High, Tom Weathers (*below*), for teaching his players a lesson in integrity. With his team leading Hixson High 40-0 at halftime, Weathers instructed his assistants to give everyone on the bench a chance to play in the second half. They did just that, and one of the players turned out to be academically ineligible, though neither the coaches nor the player knew it at the time. Although the incident might well have gone unnoticed, when Weathers realized what had occurred, he informed the Tennessee Secondary School Athletic Association, which ruled that Red Bank would have to forfeit its 40-11 victory. As the editorial concluded, "Coach Weathers taught his players, and the rest of the Red Bank student body, that some things are more important than winning and integrity is one of them." He who has ears to hear, let him hear.

JACK C. BISHOP JR., Pastor  
Signal Mountain (Tenn.) Baptist Church



MICHAEL LOGGE

## ■ THE ALL-DECADE TEAM

During the summer the first thing I do upon receiving SI is read Peter Gammons's *INSIDE BASEBALL*. I was flabbergasted when I saw his pick for Shortstop of the Decade (Oct. 2). Ozzie Smith is among the best fielders in the game. He is also a good base stealer and exciting to watch. But if I were a general manager, I would rather have Cal Ripken Jr. Ripken has had eight straight seasons with 20 or more home runs, 80 or more RBIs, 80 or more runs scored and 25 or more doubles. As for fielding, Rip had only eight errors in 162 games this year; Smith booted 17. And Rip hasn't missed a game since early in the 1982 baseball season.

J. WILLIAM COOK IV  
Shrewsbury, Pa.

Honorable mention is not good enough for Boston's Dwight Evans. His offensive and defensive feats and his consistency have been overshadowed only by his humanity and his integrity. I find it hard to displace any of the three outfielders named to this team, and I know how Gammons would feel about naming a DH (ouch!), but omitting Evans only underscores the fact that he has been the Most Underrated Player of the Decade.

JOHN C. MONAHAN  
Monroe, La.

Why Gary Carter as Catcher of the Decade? He's a "me" player. Bob Boone would be a better choice. Also, how about splitting first base between Eddie Murray and Don Mattingly?

ROY IRLE  
Anderson, Ind.

Ryne Sandberg over Willie Randolph at second? You must be joking.

CHRIS KLEM  
Brick, N.J.

## ■ BIG-TIME SOLUTIONS (CONT.)

Rick Telander's article on big-time college football hit the nail on the head. But perhaps even more revealing was the reaction of Michigan coach Bo Schembechler to the article. He told *The Capital Times* of Madison, Wis., "Rick Telander is a loser. He's been a loser all his life." Nice response, Bo.

Here's a coach who, through the sweat and toil of young men who commit four or five years of their lives to football, has generated millions of dollars for his athletic department. Yet he won't even respond to the obvious flaws in the system. Schembechler may win games, but when it comes to dealing with the problems in the system, Bo knows hypocrisy.

CHRISTOPHER BLYTHE  
Madison, Wis.

Indeed, something must be done to curb the exploitation of college athletes. However, I'm not sure Rick Telander is on the right track. He fails to provide the most telling statistic of all—the percentage of college athletes who make a living in the pros. It's pretty low—only 2.7% for basketball and 2.4% for football. His proposal for an Age Group Professional Football League would only encourage the pursuit of this improbable dream and leave many more exploited athletes without a college education. Let's remember that an academic scholarship is pretty good compensation for services rendered on the football field. The hypocrisy of college football is not the lack of payment but the lack of commitment to education on the university's part.

DAVID J. EVELD  
Houston

That SI is willing to print articles like Telander's is the reason I have subscribed for the past 22 years. While I might not agree with all his solutions, he has obviously done his homework and can back up every one of his assertions. I have always maintained that it is ridiculous to call the gift of an education to a football player a scholarship. The athletes are rarely scholars, and they are not wooed by universities for their academic abilities. A scholarship is the waiving of tuition for someone who wants to pursue an education.

I suspect that this article will generate more heated response than any you have published in years, and well it should.

MICHAEL BROOKS  
Laurel, Miss.

After reading Telander's essay, I reflected upon my experience as a student at

BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.  
© 1999 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC. MIAMI, FL. RUM 40% ALC. BY VOL.

Three wise men.

Bacardi rum,  
made in Puerto Rico.

Having good taste is knowing what tastes good

Wake Forest in the early 1980s. When I was a freshman, the football players lived in a vintage-1950s dorm on the quad, as did most other students. Some of us even had freshman players and walk-ons as roommates. On the field, the Deacons played well but were generally overmatched. We cheered for them anyway, because many were our friends.

By the time I graduated, in 1983, athletes were ensconced in a palatial dorm complex behind the gym. They had mandatory drug tests for all players and mandatory study halls for freshmen and those players with poor grades. The implication was clear: They were there to play big-time football. It became normal to hear booing at games if the team did not live up to new, higher expectations.

Wake is the second-smallest school in Division I-A (Rice is the smallest) and has the second-worst alltime record among the 106 I-A schools (Kansas State has the worst). I wonder: Are all

these changes worth an occasional 6-5 season?

BRYAN FICHTER  
*Laurel, Md.*

Like thousands of others, I direct my contributions to the athletic department of the school I support. If that school had no big-time football or basketball, I wouldn't contribute. Even though my contributions are athletic-department directed, I am helping to keep the university from having to raise tuition and fees, because contributions to the athletic department keep it from draining general school funds. Besides, without big-time football and basketball, how would universities continue to operate nonrevenue sports?

WILLIAM S. EVANS  
*Nashville*

Not all athletic directors of big-time programs hoard their profits. The LSU

athletic department had such a profitable year in 1988-89 that AD Joe Dean donated \$2 million to the university's general academic fund.

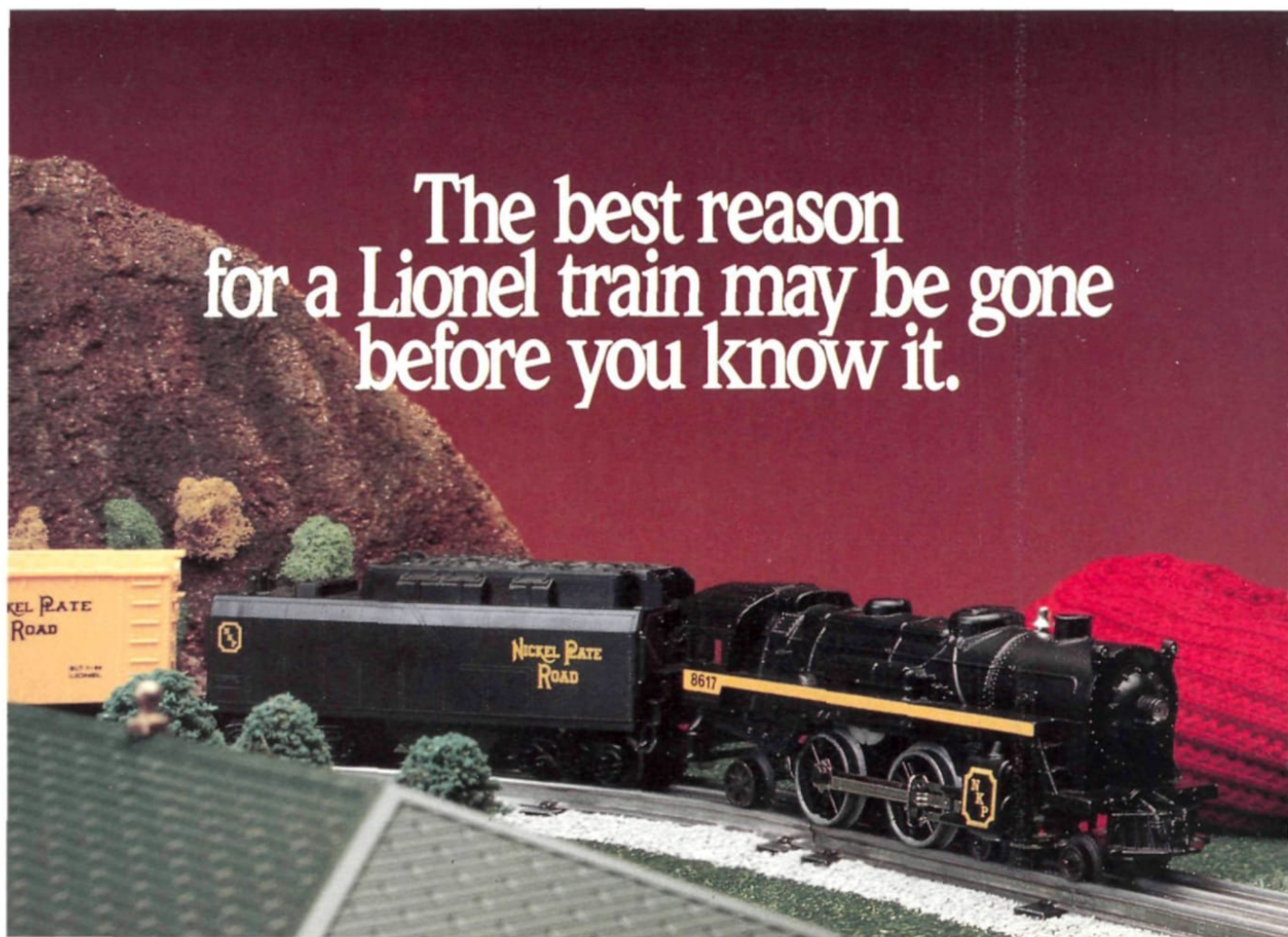
WILL MONTGOMERY  
*Atlanta*

## ■ NOT ENOUGH P.E.

SCORECARD's "Fat, Not Fit" editorial (Oct. 2) gave me fuel for a cause I am dealing with in my little part of America. In your item Wynn Updyke, dean of Indiana University's school of physical education and director of the study cited, says that our society's infatuation with fast foods and computer games contributes to the perpetuation of cream-puff males and marshmallow females. Let us look instead at our educational system.

My son, who is a first-grader, has had physical education three times in nine weeks of school. This is disgusting. I do not care if a first-grader has 100 recesses

The best reason  
for a Lionel train may be gone  
before you know it.



a day; recess is a supervised—not an instructional—activity. This state requires that public school students from kindergarten through the sixth grade receive instruction in eight programs. That is, unless excused for handicaps or religious beliefs, they must receive instruction in art, health, language arts (reading and writing), mathematics, music, physical education, science and social studies. The recommended instruction time for P.E. in the primary grades is 8% of the total instructional time, which in my son's day would be 28 minutes five times a week, or 46 minutes three times a week. P.E. three times in nine weeks isn't even in the ballpark.

SANDY TROWBRIDGE ROWAN  
Klamath Falls, Ore.

## ■ DOUBLY TRAGIC

Bruce Newman's article (*This Is for You*, *Sal*, Oct. 9) was a great tribute to the late Colorado quarterback Sal Aun-

ese and his teammates. The whole state of Colorado was touched by Aunese's courage and determination in his battle with cancer, and by the love the Buffaloes have shown him over the past six months.

SCOTT BOLITHO  
Englewood, Colo.

It is always a tragedy when anyone as young as Sal Aunese loses his life. However, I cannot understand why the press insists on helping the Colorado football team make a martyr of a young man of questionable moral character. Aunese was arrested and convicted of a misdemeanor assault. He was the acknowledged father of the coach's illegitimate grandson. Aunese should be mourned. But his death should not automatically qualify him as a hero worthy of public admiration.

MIKE MAHONEY  
Overland Park, Kans.

## ■ IN BLACK AND WHITE

This is a follow-up to your April 17 article (*Dark Forces*) on the question of whether black uniforms can make a team meaner and tougher. My softball team, representing Holy Trinity Greek Orthodox Church, wore black for many years. Although we were among the best teams in the league, we never won the championship. We were also the league's most-hated team, because we did more than our share of jawing. This year, however, we switched to white uniforms, and we went 24-1 and swept the championship series. We remained the most-hated team in the league, though.

GEORGE SEMERTSIDIS  
Canton, Ohio

Letters to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and should be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020-1393.



With surprising swiftness, the child who sees you as the center of his world changes. The moments that were once yours together become filled with other people, other experiences. It's called growing up.

But no matter how quickly the years seem to rush past, there's one thing that will leave a lasting impression. A Lionel train.

For nearly 90 years we've concentrated on making not just a toy, but a way to communicate with a child that's both moving and memorable. A way of sharing that brief time when a young mind is first opening up to the world. When he looks to you to teach, and is willing to listen.

This Christmas, put a Lionel train on your shopping list. Call us at 1-800-88TRAIN, and we'll tell you where to find a complete selection of Lionel trains near you.

Because when it comes to creating memories, we have the best training in the world.

© 1989, Lionel Trains, Inc.



Because no childhood should be without a train.™



## A CLASH OF CULTURES ON THE HOPI RESERVATION

BY JOHN GARRITY ■

In his more discouraged moments, Chuck Otterman considers the modern marvel that is Hopi High School—a sprawling, rust-colored structure baking in the sun 75 miles northeast of Winslow, Ariz.—and imagines it no longer exists.

"The desert is going to reclaim all this stuff," he said recently, staring bleakly at the four tennis courts that are rarely used, the football stadium that *can't* be used and the \$2-million terraced rock garden that *threatens* to slide to the desert floor. "There's been no upkeep. The dollars went for construction, not for maintenance."

Otterman, a 33-year-old father of six who came to the Hopi Indian Reservation two years ago to teach social studies at the new junior-senior high school, has only to look down to prove his point. Dust swirls around his shoes. The brown earth is crosshatched with deep cracks and shallow gullies. From goalpost to goalpost, not one blade of green grass shows its crown. The sod has dried up, died and blown away, leaving a spectacular view from the concrete bleachers of

desert valley and surrounding mesas . . . but no football.

"We had a big, nice scoreboard, too," says Otterman, who grew up in Roanoke, Va., and had never coached football before coming to Hopi High, "but the wind came up last summer and destroyed it."

In his more exuberant moments—say, the night a few weeks earlier when a fourth-quarter quarterback sack sealed Hopi High's 18-12 road victory over Alchesay High School's Apache team—the long-haired, wiry Otterman leaps, scissors his legs and screams like some demented conductor, to the amusement (and amazement) of his players. Or he turns his back to the field and gestures frantically to the Hopi fans to stand up and shout their support.

"I have to cheerlead as

**The Bruins got another scoreboard, but they couldn't use it.**

Otterman tried to inspire his troops before the Red Mesa game. The Hopis lost 14-12.

well as coach," he explains. "The Hopis don't know what you do at football games."

He means many of the Hopi players as well as the fans. Otterman recalls an early-season practice when he tried to explain blocking assignments on a sweep and got blank looks from half the team. Says Otterman, "Sometimes I go berserk because I tell them to do something and nothing happens. I mean, I knew this stuff when I was in second grade! The kids have to come to me and say, 'Coach, you think we know all this stuff, but we don't.'"

In their first year of football, the inexperienced Hopi Bruins went 3-7 in Arizona's Class 2A North Conference, which includes schools with enrollments between 300 and 600. (Hopi High has 308 students, some of whom live at the edges of the reservation, 45 miles away.) Last year, because of two fine pass catchers who have since left the school, the Bruins improved to 6-4. This year, despite having to play all of their games on the road because their own field is unfit to play on, the Hopis finished 4-4. For a desert people with no football tradition, the results should be gratifying, a source of tribal pride.

But skeptics ask: Why football? Much of the game's essence—particularly the emphasis on hitting, emotionalism and total commitment to victory—contradicts 850 years of Hopi culture and religion. The mesas themselves, flat-topped hills upon which the Hopis have lived since about 1125 A.D., testify to the



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL YARBROUGH



# The watch for those on their way to the bottom.

Next time someone tells you to go jump in a lake, wear a Timex Marlin™. It's water resistant to 100 meters. Plus it has both an analog and a digital display with alarm and chronograph. All yours for, shall we say, a rock-bottom price. **TIMEX MARLIN™**

Suggested retail price \$44.95. For the retailer nearest you call 1-800-FOR-TIMEX. ©1989 Timex Corp.



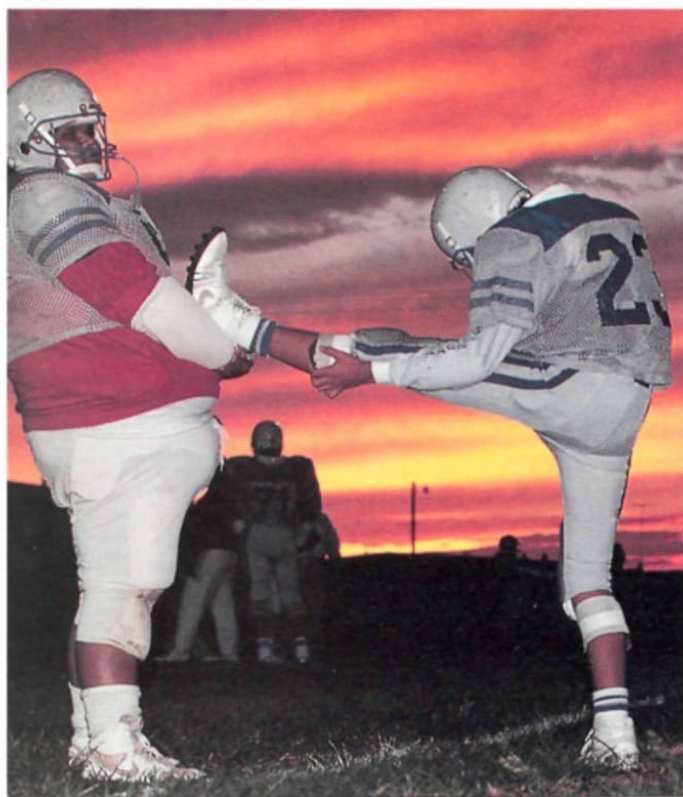
THE SALESMAN SAYS "HERE'S THE PUMP THAT PRESSURIZES THE ANKLE  
COLLAR IN THE NEW NIKE AIR PRESSURE BASKETBALL SHOE" SO HE

STARTS PUMPING AND YOU LAUGH AND SAY "BIIIIIG DEAL" BUT  
HE KEEPS PUMPING IT UP AND ALL OF A SUDDEN THE SHOE  
STARTS MOLDING TO YOUR ANKLE AND YOUR  
WHOLE FOOT'S FEELING GREAT  
AS HE KEEPS PUMPING  
AND YOU'RE SURE  
NOT LAUGH.

# ING NOW AIR



The Air Pressure from Nike. The world's first basketball shoe with a customized fit system.



Wilmen Hyoema (left) and Michael Kowena prepared for Red Mesa.

tribe's historically peaceful nature. The mesas' cliff walls once provided refuge from marauding tribes and Spanish conquistadors and still give privacy for certain traditional dances (actually religious ceremonies) performed in underground chambers, called kivas. The Hopis are noted for their ceremonies, their art—kachina dolls, pottery and jewelry—and their spirituality. They are not noted for their linebackers.

"They aren't used to our win-at-all-costs, beat-the-other-man mentality," says Otterman. "Their understanding of life, of what it means to be a good Hopi, goes against what it takes to be a good football player."

touchdown passes (game and season). This season Huma has not had such sure-handed receivers to throw to, and his numbers have fallen off—which, according to Otterman, has made his teammates and Huma himself more comfortable. "Individual success," says the coach, "makes them uneasy."

Greg Wahnee, a senior flanker who is one of the few Hopi High players who has lived off the reservation, agrees that the Hopis are not football naturals. "I'm a Comanche," says the native of Lawton, Okla., "and when I came here, I found out the Hopis weren't as aggressive." The streetwise Wahnee smiles and adds, "I'm a different Indian."

No one reflects that confusion of purpose more than Hopi High's star quarterback and safety, Jarrett Huma. "It's hard to be a Hopi in the 20th century," the shy teenager wrote in a school essay assignment. "Everything in a Hopi is emphasis on the life of all living things. You are taught to be humble and generous."

Quarterbacks, on the other hand, are taught to be cocky and dominating. Huma, a junior, passed for 2,923 yards as a sophomore and set northern Arizona prep records for total offense, passing yardage and

To stir the Hopis' competitive fires, Otterman sometimes resorts to classic coaching technique and becomes what he calls "the yelling motivator." He does so with trepidation, because the previous varsity coach lost his job when parents and tribal leaders complained that he verbally abused the players and encouraged them to retaliate when they were behind in games by hurting opponents. In one breath, Otterman explains how he must get his players to change—"I've got to get those guys to hate to lose"—and in the next, he chastises himself for undermining Hopi culture, saying, "The school staff really freaked out when I told them we were doing exactly what the missionaries tried to do—de-Indianize the Indians."

It is a stressful role for Otterman, who lives with his wife, Tammy, and what will soon be seven children a hundred yards or so from the school, in a boxlike adobe house owned by the U.S. government. And while he hides his burnout symptoms from his players and students, it would take a magician to hide the bureaucratic bungling that has plagued Hopi High's football program from the beginning.

When the new school's stadium was deemed complete in May 1987, it had no rest rooms, no concession stand, no press box and no fence to keep out non-paying spectators. Those frills weren't in the stadium specifications. And at first no one noticed that the goalposts had

**Because their stadium was a mess, the Bruins played every game this year on the road.**





## There's really no other choice.

Heineken is America's number one selling imported beer. Amstel Light is America's number one selling imported light beer. Which proves that when it comes to great tasting beer, there's really no other choice.

Imported by Van Munching & Co., Inc., New York, NY

# FOR IDEAL CARE OF THINNING HAIR, PROGAIN STANDS ALONE.



**Upjohn**

A leader in the research  
and care of thinning hair.

F O C U S

been installed 110 yards apart instead of the customary 120, leaving only 90 yards between the end zones.

The goalposts were later corrected, free of charge, by the contractor, but the other shortcomings remain. The lack of a fence, besides hurting home-game revenues, allowed roaming cattle and sheep to graze on the field. When Otterman went to a Hopi rancher to complain, the weather-beaten old man snorted and said, "Those cows were here before you, and they'll be here after you've gone."

The biggest screwup, of course, was letting the stadium turf die. No one stepped forward to accept blame for that, but the school's previous principal and the school business manager both resigned amid accusations of mismanagement. When Otterman took over the football program in July, at the request of the Hopi school board, he and the players inspected the stadium field and declared it unusable. "When we saw that field," recalls Duvaughn Figueroa, a senior who plays tackle and defensive end, "we felt like no one cared about us."

The school board accepted Otterman's recommendation, and Hopi High suddenly faced a daunting schedule—eight road games, some as far away as a five-hour drive—and a total cutoff of ticket and concession revenues.

Practicing proved to be no picnic, either. The only usable land was a weedy patch maybe 40 yards wide and 60 yards long, below the school and behind the tennis courts. The school has no mowers, so the players stomped down the grass themselves and drove out the rattlesnakes and scorpions. A sprinkler fed by a long hose keeps the ground soft enough to use, but there is no real grass—just clumpy weeds and cow pies. The footballs turn white with dust.

Otterman won't say whether the situation has cost his team any victories, but he points out that the absence of goalposts on the practice field caused him to shelve field goal attempts and PATs for the season. And the first time his team lined up on a real football field this fall, Otterman had to scream frantically for his linemen to spread out. Having gotten used to playing shoulder-to-shoulder on their narrow plot at home, they were poised in the middle of the field like inseparable sextuplets.

"It's unbelievable what these kids have gone through to play football," says line coach Weldon Kowena. "You have to admire them for sticking it out."

In October an open meeting was held at the school to address the stadium issue. Predictably, no one accepted the blame for its disintegration. Bill McConnell, the Phoenix area facility manager for the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA), said his office would send Congress a \$300,000 proposal to, among other things, restore the stadium turf and install a fence and irrigation system, but he said it would be futile to ask for lawn mowers or toilets when other Indian facilities had pressing needs of their own. The next night, at the Alchese game, Hopi tribal chairman Ivan Sidney expressed skepticism about the BIA's proposal. "What you're hearing," he said, "is the typical government answer: 'It's our responsibility, but we don't have the money.'" Sidney proposed, instead, a scheme in which the tribe would finance the field repairs by "selling" small squares of turf to individual Hopis. However, like the BIA official, Sidney could not promise that the field would be repaired in time for the 1990 football season. "There are obstacles," he admitted, "but we are going to make it. All we want is a helping hand, not handouts."

The game itself seemed an antidote to the depressing debate over purposes and means. Hopi High trailed the Apache team 12-6 at halftime, but Otterman and his assistants gathered the team in the far end zone and threw a few logs on the motivational fire. The players huddled and put their hands together, chanting "Nahoungvitoat'a," a Hopi expression that, roughly translated, means "Pride, push it"—and ran out for the second half.

One long Hopi drive stalled at the goal line, but the Bruins' luck changed with 1:56 left in the third quarter, when an underthrown Huma pass bounced off a defender and into the hands of wide receiver Clifford Nodman for a touchdown. In the fourth quarter Huma hit wide receiver Gary Yoyokie Jr. for another touchdown, putting the Bruins up by 18-12.

For the rest of the game, Otterman whipped up his players and the Hopi fans behind the bench. The players on

the sidelines clapped their hands and chanted, "DEE-fense! DEE-fense!" The parents stomped their feet on the aluminum stands, prompted by Otterman's arm waving, and raised their voices to inspire the boys on the field. And when the last seconds ran off the clock and the Hopis had won, their exuberance as they leaped and hugged each other seemed no less genuine than that in any other small American town, where Friday nights in the fall have meant football for a lot longer than three years.

"We're under a microscope because of what happened here the last two years," Otterman said later. "These people are just waiting to say, 'Football is bad, we don't want it.' And maybe they're right. I really don't know. I don't think the Hopis knew what they were getting into."

Neither did Otterman, of course. Life on the reservation is so removed from the city world he left behind in Little Rock, Ark.—where he worked as a computer specialist—that even football seems, at times, to be overwhelmed by the desert and the sky. When Hopi High played at Red Mesa last month, the moon and a distant fog conspired to produce a weird light that Otterman had never seen before. "It kind of looked," he says, "like milk running down off the mesa, the way the light was hitting it."

A week later, the Bruin season ended on a less transcendental note. St. John's, a non-Indian school 175 miles southeast of Hopi High, crushed Hopi High 56-0. Otterman and his assistants resigned, citing a lack of community support for the football program. The activities bus, which had transported players to their homes after practice, lost its funding. And there was no money to repair football equipment.

Otterman, who also coaches the basketball team, seemed grateful to be leaving the dusty practice field for the comfortable confines of Hopi High's modern gymnasium. "The kids understand basketball, and they like it," he says. "Hopi basketball doesn't present as many problems."

Maybe not, but the Hopis noticed last fall that cracks were beginning to open between the boards on the gym floor. It seems the gym was built without a humidifier to counter the desert air. ■



## One of the only other sources of light with a warranty longer than ours.

Not only are Big A Halogen Headlights 40% brighter than regular headlights. They are also backed with a Lifetime Warranty. If they should ever fail, Big A will replace them, free, as long as you own your car.\* Try finding a set of regular headlights with a warranty that shining. Contact your nearest Big A Auto Parts Store for details.



A limited warranty.  
Certain limitations and validation requirements apply. See warranty certificate for details.



## New Cross Pen Stands. Compact.



The perfect complement for your home or office. Shown, our metallic pen stand with Classic Black® ball-point pen. New pen stands also available in black, burgundy, and mahogany finish. From \$35 to \$50. Lifetime mechanical guarantee.

**CROSS®**  
SINCE 1846

# AN M.D.-TO-BE WHO KNOWS HER WAY AROUND A SCULL

BY J.E. VADER ■

Kris Karlson is a world-champion rower and a member of the U.S. national team. Because of these achievements, she dreads hearing the O word. "When I got back from the world championships last year, everyone asked, 'Are you going to the Olympics?'" says Karlson. "I got so sick of it. Then in October everyone asked, 'Did you go to the Olympics?' It was really tiresome."

Her answer was always, "No." Karlson didn't go to the Seoul Games because she had—and still has—a weight problem. She is a lightweight sculler in an ocean of heavyweights. Big rowers generally go faster than small rowers, and Karlson competes in races for women who weigh 130 pounds or less. Unlike the world championships and other major competitions, Olympic rowing doesn't have a lightweight classification.

This September in Bled, Yugoslavia, Karlson not only successfully defended her lightweight single sculls title but, with C.B. Sands of North Reading, Mass., won the lightweight double sculls as well. It was the first time anyone had swept the single and double sculling

events in world championship competition since Jack Kelly (later better known as the father of Grace Kelly) did so 69 years ago.

When Karlson was growing up in Warren, N.J., she "wasn't real good at any kind of land transportation," says her mother, Nancy, with parental tact. "But she could swim."

"I wasn't a high school athlete," says Karlson, 26. "I can't chase a ball, I can't hit a ball with a racket, I'm not a good runner. Rowing attracts the kind of person who is too much of a klutz to do anything else."

The 5' 9", 130-pound Karlson is all legs and elbows and determination—good qualities for a rower—but she did not lay eyes on a racing boat until she was a freshman at Williams College. As a lark, she went out for crew, and ended up rowing women's eights for four years. "It was fun," she says, "but we weren't exactly a force to be reckoned with."

When Karlson started medical school

**Karlson (front) won the worlds with Sands but must bulk up to make the 1992 Olympics.**

at the University of Connecticut in 1985, she tried single sculling. On the narrow, twisting Farmington River she learned to row with two oars. The next fall she won a lottery for a chance to compete in the Head of the Charles, America's most celebrated regatta, in Cambridge, Mass. She finished second in the open-club single sculls and realized that she was pretty darned fast in her tiny, tippy scull. "Everyone kept asking me who taught me how to scull," she says. "What was fun is that nobody taught me."

"Kris is really a targeted individual," says John Marden, her coach and Sands's husband. "She sets short-term goals for everything and watches the clock all the time."

Marden started coaching Karlson when she made the national team, in 1987. Before then Karlson's self-taught stroke was so rough she called it "killing fish." Marden tried to smooth it out, although, he says, "it's hard to get her to be patient and slow down."

Juggling rowing workouts, competitions and medical school rotations is tricky enough, but it would be nearly impossible to complete a residency program—which can require as many as 100 hours a week in a hospital—and continue as an elite athlete. So Karlson, who will graduate from med school this spring, plans to spread her internship over 18 to 24 months and then put off her residency to concentrate on making the 1992 Olympics.

"It's hard to know what she's capable of," says Marden. Although she should make the Olympic team, whether she will seriously contend for a medal in single sculling is another matter. Most women medalists have weighed at least 30 pounds more than Karlson. "Many lightweights have tried," says Marden, "but they don't do well."

Karlson will add muscle, bulking up to perhaps 138 pounds. She thinks she can earn a medal in a double scull, or perhaps a quad. Even if she doesn't do well in the Olympics, she won't regret having made the trip. It's not hard to imagine one of Karlson's patients 10 years from now saying, "Hey, I heard you used to be some kind of rower. Were you ever in the Olympics?"

Dr. Karlson would like to answer simply, "Yes." ■





©1989, Russell Corporation

THE MOST COMPETITIVE  
ATHLETES IN THE WORLD  
WEAR RUSSELL ATHLETIC.



FOR YOUR RUSSELL ATHLETIC  
RETAILER, CALL 1-800-526-5256.  
IN NEW JERSEY, 1-800-624-0470.

Can you tell the aquarium from our big screen TV?



Neither could the experts.



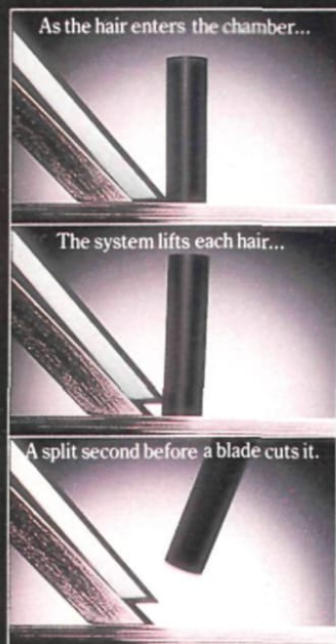
There's something fishy going on here. ☞ One of these pages features an honest-to-goodness aquarium tank. The other, a Hitachi big screen television. But which is which? ☞ Thanks to Ultravision,<sup>™</sup> even our experts can't agree. That's because it's the only TV with 800 lines of resolution, which makes the picture clearer, brighter and sharper. ☞ Is your curiosity piqued? Then call 1-800-HITACHI and find out where to see Ultravision for yourself. But, don't compare its picture to other big screens, compare it to real life.



© 1989 HITACHI Ltd. ULTRAVISION is a trademark of Hitachi Ltd.

# WE MADE CLOSE COMFORTABLE.

Norelco's patented "Lift and Cut™" shaving system gives you a shave that is skin close—without the blades even touching your skin.



The continuous precision-cutting action of dozens of lifters and self-sharpening blades—at thousands of revolutions per minute—gives you a shave like none other.

The Norelco® Lift and Cut shaver. What makes it close, makes it comfortable.

 **Norelco®**



© 1989 Norelco Consumer Products Company.  
A Division of North American Philips Corporation, Stamford, CT 06904

## THE FALL OF THE WALL

Last week's extraordinary events in East Germany raised questions about the future of that country's powerful Olympic sports machine. As of Monday, millions of East Germans had taken or were taking advantage of their newly granted freedom to travel—most were flocking to West Germany—and at least some of them had no intention of returning home. Although it may not be known for a while if any prominent athletes or coaches were among those leaving for good, top soccer players Gerd Weber and Hans Richter and former world champion cyclist Uwe Unterwiesing were said to be among the tens of thousands of East Germans who fled through Hungary, Poland or Czechoslovakia in previous weeks to find new homes in the West.

The underpinnings of the East German sports system may be in jeopardy. That system demands great discipline and sacrifice from its athletes. As a reward for their single-minded pursuit of sports, the athletes are given cars, homes and money, and are allowed to travel to the West and buy prized Western goods—privileges that are no longer so special. To the extent that freedom of speech and thought blossoms in East Germany—and prize money from Western pro sports becomes accessible—athletes may become less willing to let a government sports federation control their lives. Beyond that, economic reform could make nonsports careers more attractive and force the government to slash its huge sports subsidies.

Despite the events of last week, reunification of the two Germanys does not seem imminent. Neither does the possibility of the two Germanys fielding a combined Olympic team—although the prospect remains intriguing. Together, teams from East Ger-

many and West Germany would have led all nations in medals at every Winter and Summer Olympics from 1972 through '88, except for the boycotted '80 and '84 Summer Games. But if the East German sports system weakens, a combined German team might not be a juggernaut. When Germany last fielded a combined Olympic team, at the '64 Summer Games, it finished fourth in total medals, with 35.

Last week's events stirred hopeful talk of Berlin hosting the 2004 Sum-

mer Olympics. And East and West did unite for a small sporting cause on Saturday. The Hertha soccer club of West Berlin offered free admission to its game against Wattenscheid to 10,000 East Berliners. Thousands of East Germans went over or through the Berlin Wall, cheered Hertha to a 1-1 tie and returned home—most of them, anyway—to the East. Who could have imagined it?



PATRICK McDONNELL

mer Olympics. And East and West did unite for a small sporting cause on Saturday. The Hertha soccer club of West Berlin offered free admission to its game against Wattenscheid to 10,000 East Berliners. Thousands of East Germans went over or through the Berlin Wall, cheered Hertha to a 1-1 tie and returned home—most of them, anyway—to the East. Who could have imagined it?

## SCARE TACTICS

Boxing promoter Dan Duva gave his Little Falls, N.J., neighbors a real scare on Halloween. Duva, whose stable of fighters includes No. 1-ranked heavyweight contender Evander Ho-

lyfield, dressed his nine-month-old son, Bryan, as rival promoter Don King. Dan put Bryan in a tiny white tuxedo, made his hair stand straight up with a heavy dose of styling mousse and draped around his neck a "gold" pendant topped with King's trademark: a crown and the letters DON.

"Everybody knew who he was supposed to be," said Dan. "We got a lot of laughs and a lot of candy." King, who handles champ Mike Tyson, has been taking a hard line with Duva in recent negotiations for a proposed Holyfield-Tyson bout. That may have been on the mind of Duva's wife, Kathy, when she said, "Halloween is traditionally when you dress up as the thing you fear the most and exorcise the demon."

## PETE SPEAKS

Pete Rose said last week that he's receiving psychiatric help for a gambling disorder and isn't sure if he will even apply for reinstatement to baseball when he becomes eligible to do so next August. Rose, who was "permanently" banned from the game on Aug. 24 for his gambling and his unsavory associations, gave interviews to Phil Donahue, Barbara Walters and selected print journalists to coincide with the release of his book *Pete Rose: My Story*, written with Roger Kahn. In both the book and the interviews, Rose, who has hired a Cincinnati public-relations specialist to help him repair his image, continued to contend that he never bet on baseball and was "framed" by the nine people who told baseball investigators otherwise. Rose said he has taken up golf to keep busy in the spare hours he once devoted to betting.

A grand jury in Cincinnati is still investigating Rose for possible tax evasion, and his p.r. blitz of last week—during which Rose contradicted sever-



Did a blast from these ultrasonic binocs cause Ile de Chypre to throw his jockey?

## THE MYSTERIOUS BINOCULARS

**T**HREE-YEAR-OLD THOROUGHBRED COLT ILE DE CHYPRE WAS LEADING BY THREE lengths in a race at Royal Ascot on June 16 of last year when, just 150 yards from the finish, he veered sharply left and threw his jockey, Greville Starkey. Why did Ile de Chypre act up? If you believe some bizarre testimony given in a London courtroom this month, it was because he had been zapped with ultrahigh-frequency sound from a transmitter hidden in a pair of binoculars—a contraption that could wreak havoc on horse and dog racing.

South London car dealer James Laming, 49, who's on trial for his alleged participation in a cocaine ring run by former show-jumping rider Rene Black, says he invented the ultrasonic binoculars as part of a race-fixing plot that he claims was devised by Black. Laming testified that during the June race his brother, Robert, stood at trackside with the battery-powered binoculars and—to test them—"nobbled" Ile de Chypre with a beam of sound too high-pitched for humans to hear but ear-shattering to horses. "It was simply a case of raising the binoculars, pressing the trigger and—*bosh!*—that was it," said Laming.

British racing-mystery novelist Dick Francis said he wished he had thought up such an imaginative plot. But Laming insists that his ultrasonic binoculars, which contain a 22-watt amplifier and ceramic transducers—the equivalent of powerful loudspeakers—aren't fiction. Indeed, electronics experts say that such a device is plausible, and veterinarians say that horses do hear high-frequency sounds that humans cannot. Starkey testified that when Laming's legal team gave him a private demonstration in early November, the binoculars made the horse Starkey was riding go "out of control." Last week Britain's Jockey Club warned all British horse tracks to be on the lookout for ultrasonic zappers.

Laming's trial is expected to conclude next week. His defense is that he had no idea that Black, who pleaded guilty last month to cocaine trafficking, was involved with drugs; Laming says he associated with Black only because Black gave him \$16,000 to develop the binoculars. When asked by skeptical prosecutors how he came up with such a high-tech device, Laming, who says he taught himself electronics by reading the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, replied, "I am not a genius, but I sometimes have ingenious ideas."

al statements regarding his gambling that he had made to baseball investigators and reporters earlier in the year—did not in any substantial way refute the evidence against him collected by the commissioner's office. But Rose's willingness to seek help for his addiction is an encouraging sign. "I thought you had to gamble every day to have a problem," he told Walters. "I didn't really start thinking about [having] any kind of problem until they took the game of baseball away from me. Then I had to wake up."

## AND THE WINNER IS . . .

Not to spoil the preview that our college basketball experts have put together for you (page 46), but we here at SCORECARD already know who's going to win the NCAA title next March. We relied on the Delta Upsilon factor. Each summer the DU fraternity holds an international convention on a college campus. It picks the site about a year in advance. In 1986, DU chose Indiana to host the '87 convention; in March '87, the Hoosiers won the NCAA title. The frat selected Kansas for its '88 gathering, and the Jayhawks went on to win that year's NCAA crown. DU picked Michigan for its '89 confab, and—sure enough—the Wolverines won last spring's NAAs.

Last week DU named the site of its 1990 convention. Let us declare, then, that even though SI's basketball staff doesn't expect them to make the final 16, the 1990 NCAA champions will be the Fighting Illini of Illinois.

## THEY SAID IT

- Diego Maradona, Argentine soccer star, to a reporter complaining about the limited media access to Maradona's million-dollar wedding last week in Buenos Aires: "You didn't invite me to *your* wedding."
- Sam Goodwin, Northwestern State University of Louisiana football coach, after telling some players who had never flown before to use gum to keep their ears from popping during a team flight: "It worked fine, except some guys had a hard time getting the gum out of their ears." ■



When you spend  
2,922 days mellowing  
in an oak barrel, you're  
very, very sociable  
once you get out.

**WILD  
TURKEY**

8 years old, 101 proof, pure Kentucky.



**P A R E D.**

**I T ' S   W H E N   Y O U ' V E   H O N E D   A N D**

**C H I S E L E D   D O W N   T O   N O T H I N G   M O R E**

**T H A N   W H A T   Y O U   N E E D .   C L A S S I C**

**G A P .   F O R   I N D I V I D U A L S   O F   S T Y L E .**

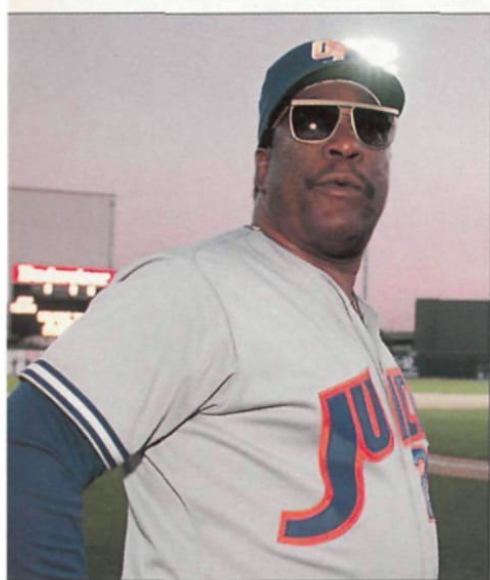
**G A P**

Gap chambray shirt \$30, as worn by  
SONYA WILANDER, model,  
and MATS WILANDER,  
professional tennis player

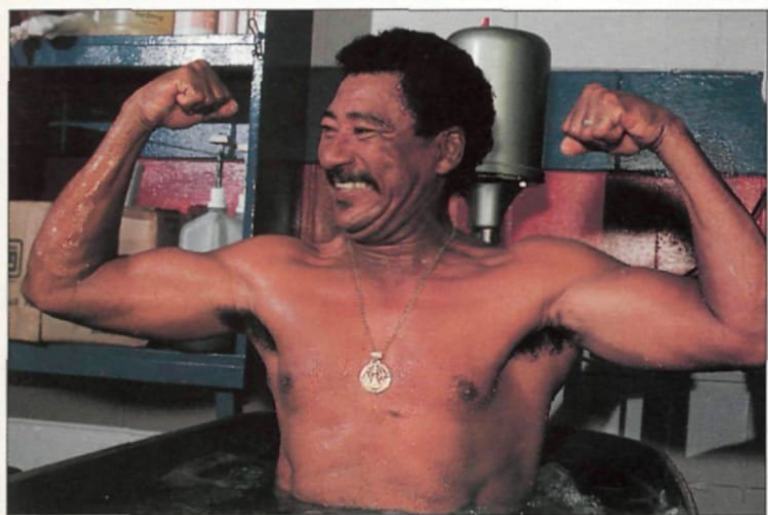


# THE BOYS OF

*The Senior Professional Baseball Association has plenty of gung ho players.*



CHUCK SOLOMON

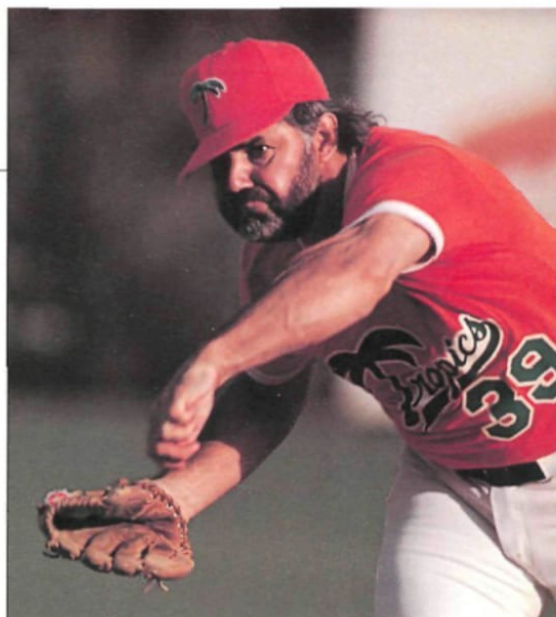


CHUCK SOLOMON

Among the SPBA's billboard attractions are (clockwise from upper right) Al Hrabosky, Nettles, Cuellar and Juice manager Gates Brown.

# WINTER

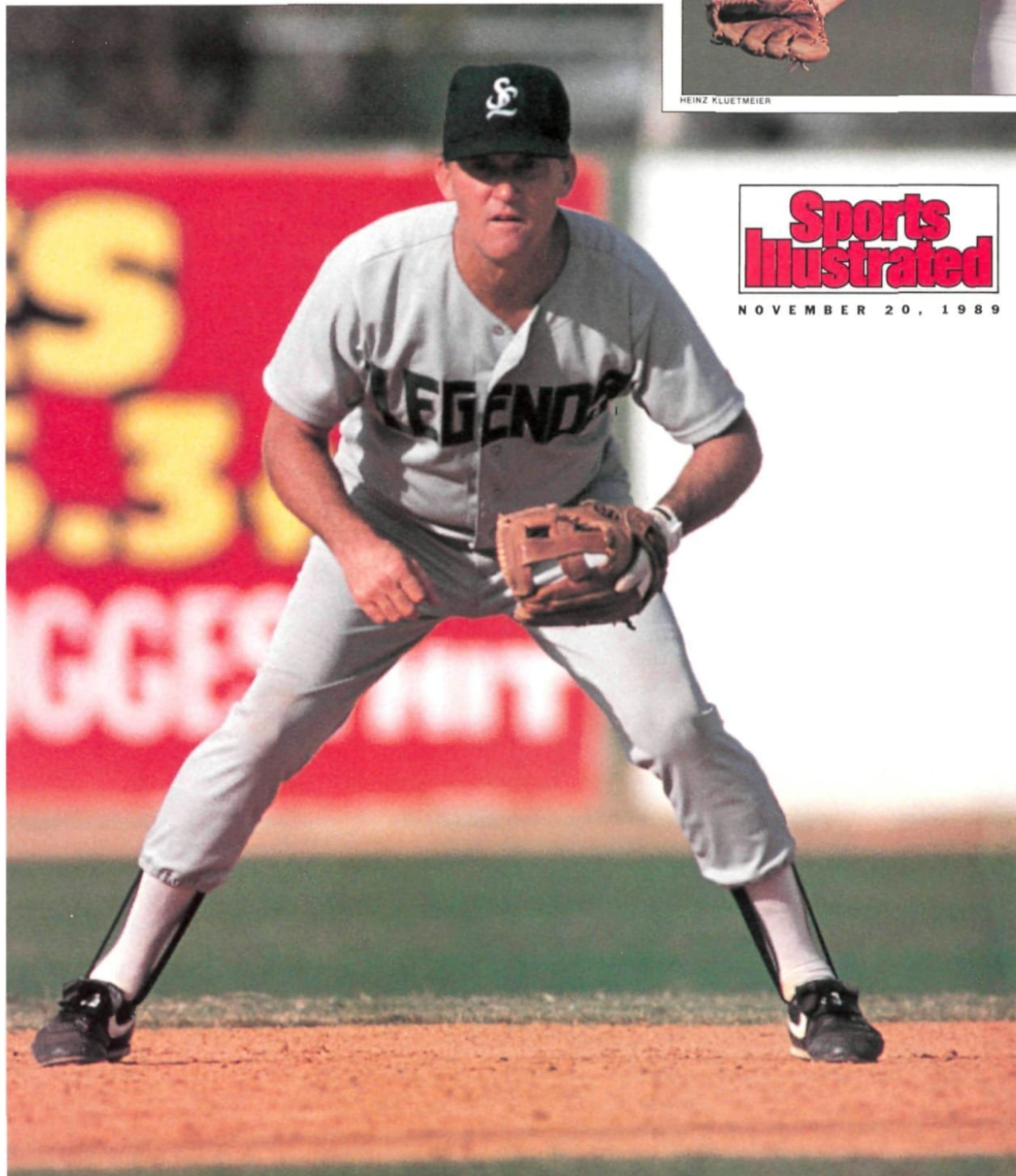
*Now all the new old league needs is some fans*



HEINZ KLUETMEIER

**Sports  
Illustrated**

NOVEMBER 20, 1989



CHUCK SOLOMON

## “I came down here for therapy, and to relax. The real world—now that’s hardball.”

BY STEVE WULF

**Y**OU'RE THINKING, OUT-OF-SHAPE players who have been out of sight, out of mind for too long. You imagine batters adept at the hit-and-waddle, outfielders who attempt corrective-shoestring catches and pitchers who paint the gray. You can't tell the players without a *Baseball Encyclopedia*, you say.

While the play in the newly formed Senior Professional Baseball Association (SPBA) is certainly a cut below the big-league version, it's a mistake to think of the Florida-based SPBA as a league in which every day is Old-Timers' Day. The players on the eight teams that will each play 72 regular-season games through January are in surprisingly fine fettle, and their play has been surprisingly crisp. If the major leagues

are *The Show*, then this is *The Late Show*, a chance for the players, who are 35 and over (catchers may be as young as 32), to become part of a team once more and a chance for fans to watch some of their favorites again. "I saw *Field of Dreams* four times," says 42-year-old cosmetologist and Winter Haven Super Sox DH Bernie Carbo. "This is like a *League of Dreams*."

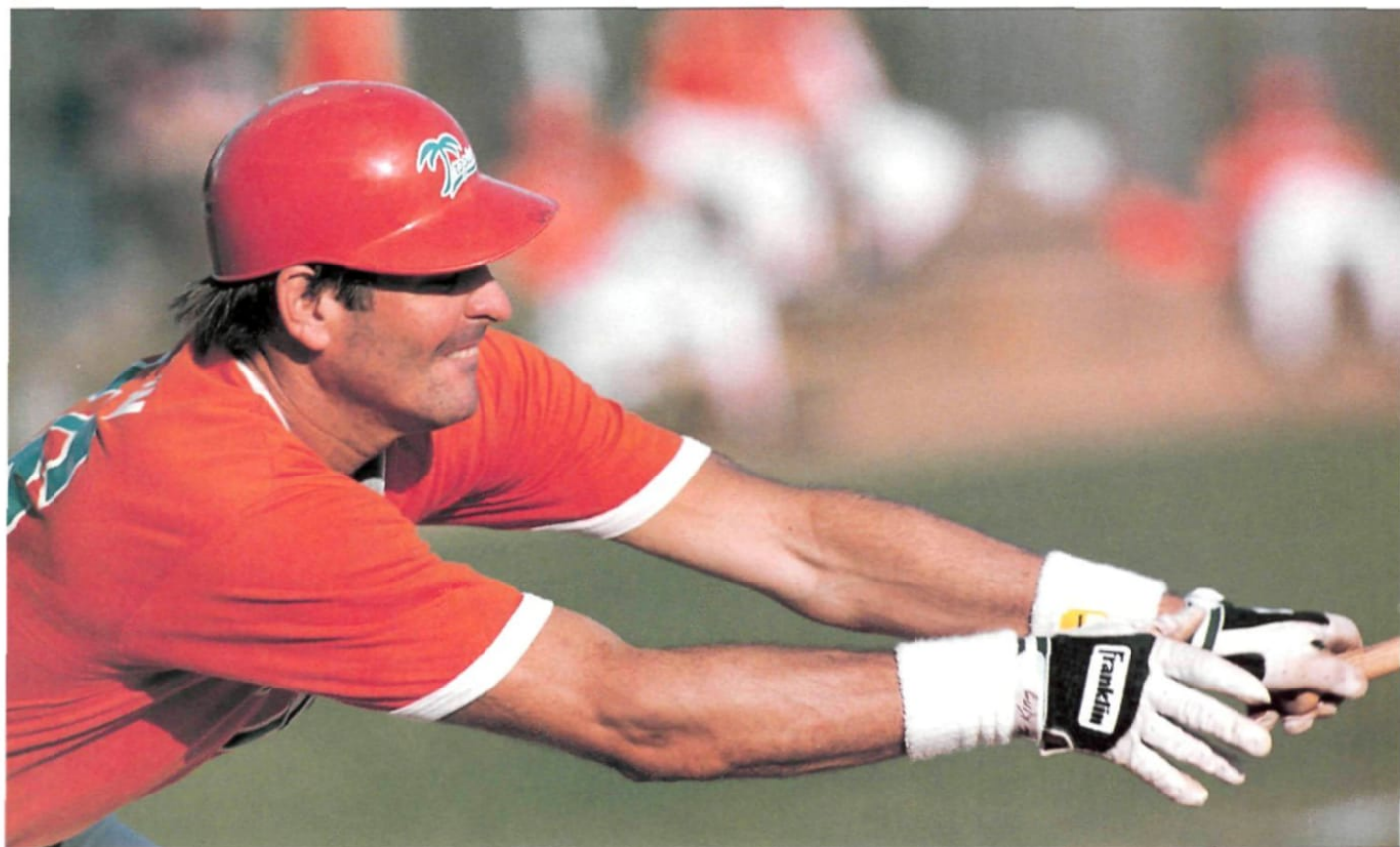
Just as in that movie, famous players started appearing from out of nowhere when they heard that the SPBA would begin play on Nov. 1: Dave Kingman, Bill Madlock, Jon Matlack, Ferguson Jenkins, Bert Campaneris, Graig Nettles, Cecil Cooper, Mike Cuellar, Juan Tyrone Eichelberger... well, some are more famous than others. While Jenkins is probably the only future Hall of Famer in the league, there are many former All-Stars, and baseball fans can still get a rush from seeing names like Tiant, Blair,

Hrabosky and Rivers in the box scores.

Of course, not many baseball fans have actually seen a game in the Seniors circuit. Because of ballpark and player availability, the SPBA had to begin play at a time of year when tourists are out of season in Florida. Consequently, there have been games at which it would have taken less time to introduce the spectators than the players. League officials are hopeful that the tourist migration, which begins in December, will boost attendance significantly; until then, it's difficult to determine whether the league can put up the numbers necessary for survival. The ceiling on a player's salary is \$15,000 a month, with the average closer to \$7,000. To break even for the season, a franchise would have to average 2,000 spectators a game; so far the league average is 1,113, with a high of 3,404 for the West Palm Beach Tropics' opener and a low of 324 for a Winter Haven Super Sox game.

The Super Sox are not to be confused with the Sun Sox (Fort Myers) who are not to be confused with the Gold Coast Suns (Miami and Pompano Beach) who are not to be confused with the Tropics

Just as in his major league days, Tropics slugger Dave Kingman swings—and misses.



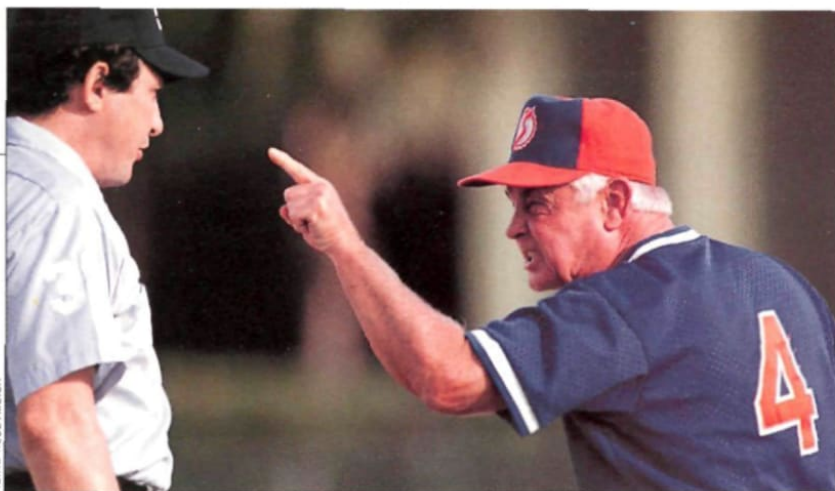
(West Palm Beach) or with the Juice (Orlando). Rounding out the league are St. Petersburg Pelicans, the St. Lucie Legends and the Bradenton Explorers—or Explos, as they're called in the local paper. Something will have to be done about the team names. But as Pelican relief pitcher Joe Sambito, 37, says, "There are some wrinkles in the league. No pun intended."

One of those wrinkles was evident in a game the other night at Al Lang Stadium in St. Pete between the Pelicans and the Super Sox. The last-place Sox were trailing the first-place Pelicans by a score of 3-2 in the top of the third. With a man on second and one out, 38-year-old cleanup hitter Leon Roberts, who hit 22 home runs for the Mariners in 1978, was due up. Wait a minute! Up to the plate stepped a pinch-hitter. Number 37. Bill Lee?

Now, the Spaceman, as he was so aptly known during his illustrious major league career, was a pretty fair hitter for a hurler, and Roberts had been suffering from an intestinal bug. But there was suspicion running rampant in both dugouts, in the press box and in the stands that the real reason Bill Lee was being sent in to pinch-hit by the Super Sox manager was because the Super Sox manager was none other than Bill Lee.

Lee, 42, was greeted with a chorus of boos as he stepped in to face righthander Milt Wilcox. The negative reaction resulted, in part, from the unorthodox strategy and also from the fact that a few days before, Lee had referred to St. Pete skipper Bobby Tolan as "an anal-retentive black man" and to the Pelicans as a "militaristic regime." The boos turned to jeers when the orally fixated Lee was caught looking at strike three. When the inning was over, Lee trotted out to left field to assume the position. In the next half-inning, he butchered two balls, helping the Pelicans to build a 10-2 lead. Lee did take the mound for three innings, and gave up St. Pete's 15th and 16th runs. As a hitter, he doubled in the fifth and laid down a perfect bunt in the seventh—perfect for third baseman Roy Howell, who stepped on the bag to get the force with two outs and two on.

After the 16-3 massacre, Lee told reporters (all two of them), "I'm waiting for the moon to lose its horns. That's what Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé In-



Also true to form was Suns manager Weaver, who kicked up some dust and got the boot.

dians said before he defeated General Sheridan at Big Hole." As Lee offered up his factually flawed history lesson, his players looked at him with eyeballs almost audibly rolling.

Some people are rolling their eyes at the whole concept of seniors baseball. David Letterman even did a Top 10 list of things overheard at a SPBA game. For example, "That's not Morganna, that's Bea Arthur." Or, "Oatmeal, get your red-hot oatmeal."

The idea for a seniors league came to Jim Morley, a 33-year-old Colorado real estate developer and former minor league outfielder, while he was sitting on a beach in Australia last January. Upon returning to the States, Morley mailed off 1,250 postcards to former players, outlining his venture, and the response was overwhelming. In the end, more than 700 players wanted to be considered for the 192 roster spots. Morley enlisted Curt Flood, the former Cardinals outfielder who pioneered free agency, to be the league's commissioner, and spent more than \$100,000 organizing the





**An ovate Otis, 42, brightened the Sun Sox with three consecutive three-run homers.**

league, running up tabs on three credit cards. "If it weren't for American Express, this league would never have come off," Morley says.

After reserving the St. Pete franchise for himself, Morley selected the other seven owners from 73 interested investors. Each franchise will spend in the neighborhood of \$1 million in the first year, and part of its return will come from a modest cable-TV contract. Among the owners are Russell Berrie, a toymaker, who bought the Gold Coast club, and Mitchell Maxwell, a New York theatrical producer, who purchased Winter Haven. The two men worked one of the most original trades in baseball history last month: Winter Haven traded Luis Tiant to Gold Coast for 500 teddy bears and the rights to Ralph Garr.

"I see this league as a metaphor for the '90s," says Maxwell. "The players and owners are so committed to this idea—not to make money, but just to have fun. In the '80s it was take, take, take. We're all trying to give." It was

Maxwell who gave Lee a chance to manage. But after the 16-3 loss to the Pelicans, which dropped the Super Sox to 1-6, Maxwell decided to take away Lee's managerial duties; he then went out and hired Ed Nottle, a manager in the Red Sox minor league system, to take over the team.

The move was an indication that the SPBA is getting serious. "Too serious," says Madlock, 38, a businessman in Pittsburgh and the Orlando DH. "I came down here for therapy, to relax. I was going to have a nervous breakdown swimming with the sharks. The real world—now that's hardball. So I don't want to get into a situation where I have to worry about winning every day. I just want to have fun. Excuse me while I go do my sprint. That's singular."

There have already been some remarkable performances on the Senior circuit. Amos Otis, 42, had three consecutive three-run homers over two games last week for Fort Myers. Thirty-nine-year-old Larvell (Sugar Bear) Blanks, a 165-pound shortstop for the Juice, hit a

450-foot homer off Mickey Mahler in Bradenton on Nov. 8. "A big man would've been proud of that one," says 44-year-old Hal McRae, who with Al Oliver, 43, forms the Hal and Al DH combo for the Expos. Eichelberger, 36, had the league's first complete-game shutout for West Palm Beach on Nov. 8 and is the early-season favorite for the league's Cy Old Award. As for Most Valuable Patriarch, well, Dan Driessen, 38, was batting a cool .487 for Fort Myers through Sunday. The two best teams in the league have already emerged: the Pelicans (8-2) in the Northern Division and the Dick Williams-managed Tropics (9-1) in the Southern. As another indication of the level of seriousness, Earl Weaver, manager of the Suns, has already been thrown out of one game and has trashed the quality of umpiring in the league. (He apologized the next day.)

The busiest men in the twilight league are, naturally enough, the trainers. "We

had a 40-minute wait to get into the trainer's room this morning," said Bradenton shortstop Garth Iorg, 35. "I wish I had the ice-machine concession for this league," says McRae.

The up side, though, is that some guys are seeing their toes for the first time in years. "I was up to 228, and my blood pressure was way too high," says Carbo. "When I heard about this league, I got down to 196, and now my blood pressure is 120 over 82." Says Lee, "We're saving lives and lowering insurance premiums. There are guys here who would have been dead in 10 years, and we're adding 15 years to their lives."

The players have come back for a wide variety of reasons, and from all walks of life. Some need to make a little money, some are trying to recapture their youth, some even hold out hope that they can use the SPBA to get back into the majors. "I quit to spend more time with my family," says 35-year-old Steve Kemp of the Pelicans. "But things didn't work out, and I ended up getting a divorce. Maybe this will get me another shot as a DH somewhere in the big leagues. At least now my daughters have a chance to see me play on television."

"I know some people think it's silly that some of the players are trying to get back into the majors," says McRae. "But this country was built on dreams. And if you can't dream, you die."

That's the thing. The senior league is not about being old. It's about trying to feel young again. These players came back because they miss the action, the camaraderie, even the bus rides. "The best part about riding the bus now," says Oliver, "is that we have stories to tell."

And this is one league in which every player has a good story. Take Gary Alexander of the Explorers. A former big league outfielder and catcher, Alexander, 36, is now a fire fighter in south central Los Angeles, Station 57, one of the most dangerous urban areas in the country. "I used to think the ninth inning was pressure," he says. "Pressure is a 911 call about a little girl at the bottom of a swimming pool. Pressure is a kid from a gang holding a gun over you as you try to save his friend from bleeding to death. But I think I'm lucky to be with the fire department. I was lucky to find a sense of purpose outside of baseball, and the best thing is that the firehouse is a lot like the clubhouse." Alexander's job al-

lows him to take as many as 58 straight days off; on Nov. 14 he's going back to L.A. to work one day, then he'll return to Florida.

Or listen to Dave Rajsich, a 38-year-old lefthander for the Pelicans: "When I found out about the league, I was the night manager at a motel in Flagstaff, Arizona. I started throwing against the wall next to the dumpster at my apartment complex. First ball I threw missed the wall entirely."

Or Blanks, who came down to Florida 12 hours short of his degree in physical education at Sul Ross State in Alpine, Texas: "I stayed in shape playing on the college tennis team. All-Conference the last three years."

Last Friday, the Super Sox played the Expos before a cozy crowd of 559 at McKechnie Field in Bradenton. It was a beautiful day for a game, and, by squinting just a little, you could believe that you were watching two major league teams out there. Iorg started a nice double play. Roberts made a long running catch. Cooper hit a blast over the fence in right. The only discordant notes came when the P.A. announcer linked the players with their last major league teams, not the ones with whom they played the longest. Thus, it was "Al Oli-

**As player-manager, Lee pinch-hit, then pitched—then was relieved as manager.**

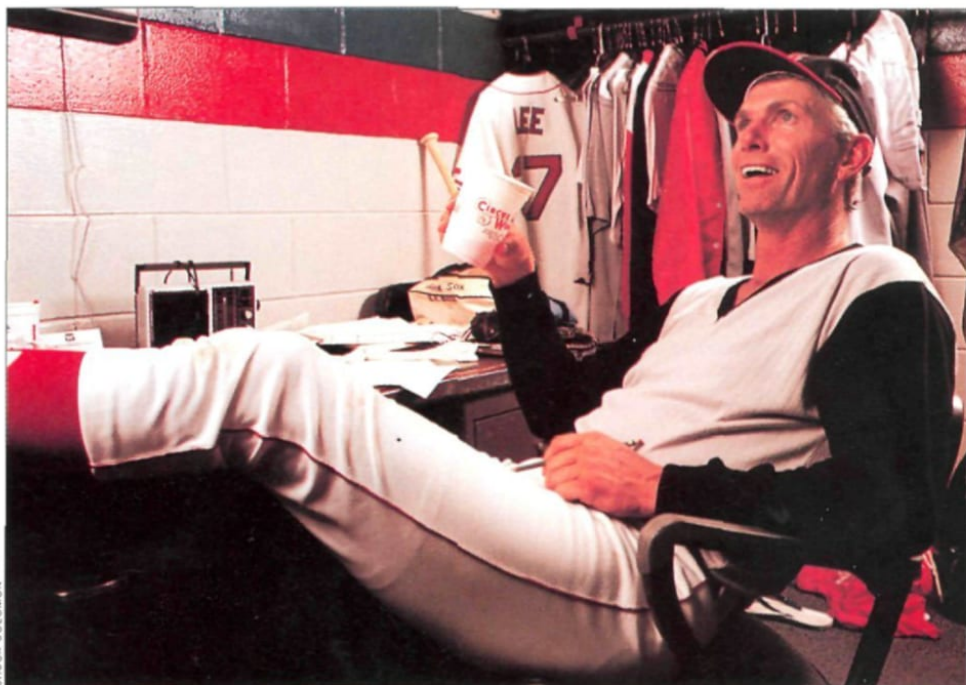


**Tiant (left) joined Paul Blair on the Suns after being traded for 500 teddy bears.**

ver of the Toronto Blue Jays," and "Butch Hobson of the New York Yankees." Gee, if the Bambino had played senior ball, he would have been "Babe Ruth of the Boston Braves."

It was a hard-fought, exciting, see-saw game. In the bottom of the eighth, Bradenton, trailing 6-5, had the bases loaded with two outs, and their best hitter, Iorg, was facing Pedro Borbon. On a 2-2 pitch, Iorg hit the ball on the nose, and time seemed to stop. But the line drive was right at centerfielder Tony Scott and the inning was over.

In the ninth, Lee, ex-manager, ex-leftfielder, ex-pinch-hitter of the Sox, came on in relief and retired the Expos in order to save the 7-5 victory. His teammates streamed out of the dugout to congratulate him, as if he had just saved a game in a pennant race in the last week of September. No matter that it was the second week of November. All the world was young again. ■



# A RUN FOR THE ROSES

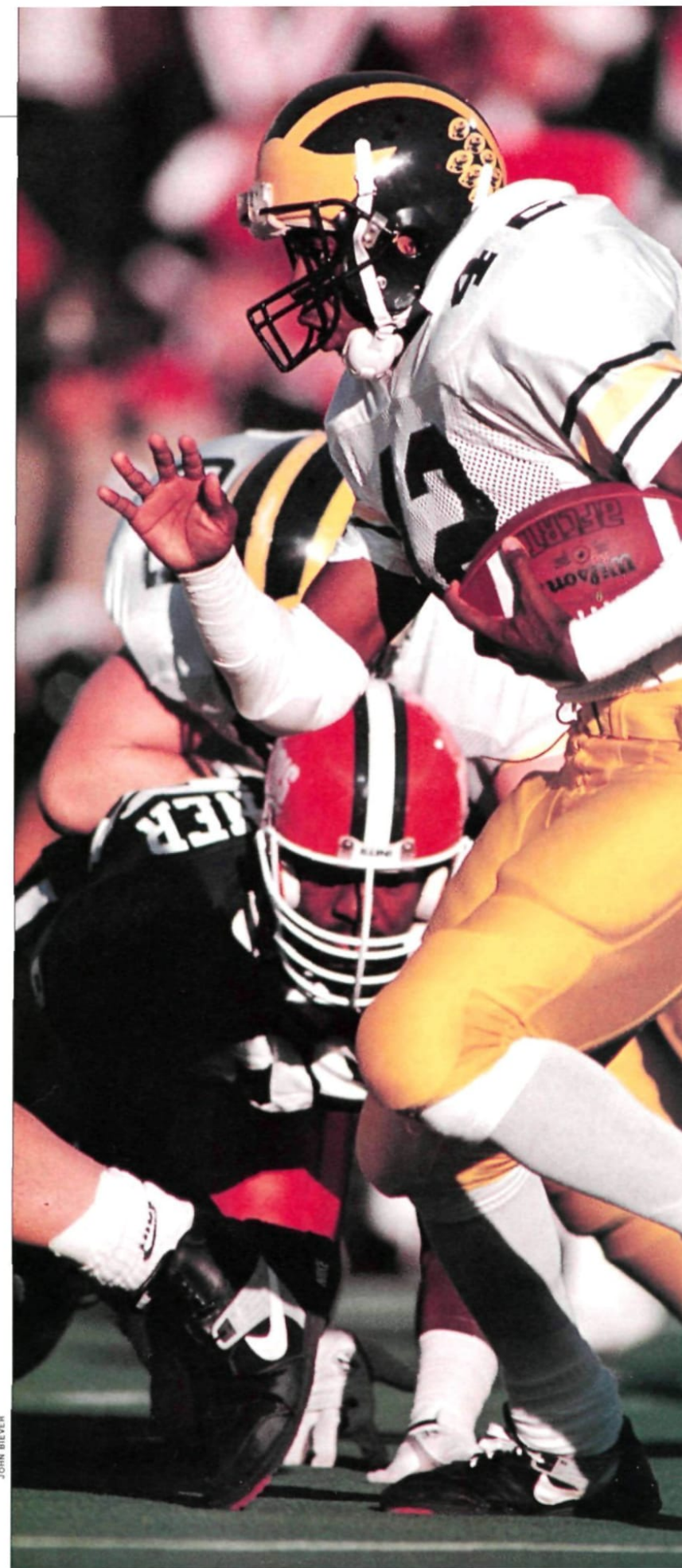
*Michigan looks to be en route to Pasadena again after a game Illinois could have won*

BY DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

ILLINOIS RAN 63 PLAYS LAST SATURDAY in its 24-10 loss to Michigan. Sixty-two of them will be forgotten. One will live in infamy among the Illini. On a sparkling afternoon in Champaign, Ill., during which Illinois performed, for the most part, marvelously to brilliantly, this one play will forever be remembered as The Play that kept the surprising Illini from either tying or beating the Wolverines and going to the Rose Bowl.

It seems too cruel that so much came down to so little: Trailing 17-10, Illinois had a fourth-and-one on the Michigan four-yard line with 4:34 left in the third quarter. Everything leading up to The Play had been so bright, so promising, so on track. The Play was set up by Illinois cornerback Henry Jones's interception of a pass by Wolverine quarterback Michael Taylor that gave Illinois the ball on the Michigan 31. Then, to nobody's surprise, quarterback Jeff George calmly and coolly took the Illini toward the end zone. And, ultimately, The Play.

There was indecision along the Illinois sideline in the moments before The Play. On the field there was confusion. But no timeout was called. George dropped straight back. Tight end Dan Donovan, lined up on the left side, ran into the end zone and cut toward the sideline. But he was covered by Michigan safety Vada Murray. Improvising, Donovan turned back toward the center of the field, but as he did, George threw to where Donovan had been, and Mur-



JOHN BIEVER



ray tipped the ball harmlessly away. What an awful game football can be.

Losing coach John Mackovic obviously, and correctly, had elected to go for the touchdown instead of a field goal. A tie would accomplish the same thing as a win: Since neither Michigan nor Illinois had a Big Ten loss, a tie in this game—and an eventual tie atop the league standings—would give the Illini the Rose Bowl bid, because they had gone to Pasadena less recently than the Wolverines. If Mackovic had elected to kick a field goal, the Illini would have still needed a touchdown to triumph.

The Play was an emotional blow from which Illinois never recovered. Similarly, it was a huge moment for the Michigan defense, which clearly had taken to heart a sign in a meeting room back in Ann Arbor: YOU CAN LEARN AS MUCH CHARACTER INSIDE THE FIVE-YARD LINE AS YOU CAN ANYWHERE ELSE.

Strangely, it seemed almost certain that something untoward would befall Illinois. Seconds after the first half ended, one small episode provided a telling clue as to which team would win. The Illini, trailing 17-10, generally jogged and walked off the field toward their locker room, seemingly dispirited and morose. The Wolverines, on the other hand, dashed off in high spirits, though the first half had given them scant cause for such exuberance.

After all, over that span underdog Illinois had played beautifully—and George even better than that. Michigan owed its lead to a fluky, 73-yard run on the game's second play from scrimmage by long-strike junior running back Tony Boles—this year he has touchdown runs of 91, 85, 64, 46 and 39 yards. Boles's gallop was an off-tackle play designed to gain four yards or so. But after a crushing block by pulling left guard Dean Dingman, the Illini saw nothing but the soles of Boles's shoes until Jones caught him on the one-yard line. On the next play, fullback Jarrod Bunch scored.

It was a devastating downer and the crowd of 73,069 went comatose. But George, the junior who had transferred two years ago from Purdue, trotted onto the field with a swagger, and in 4:05 and 10 plays—four of them perfectly timed passes—took the Illini into the end zone.

**Boles's 115 yards rushing included a 73-yard gallop on the game's second play.**

Fullback Howard Griffith's three-yard dive tied the score. Michigan came right back with a 47-yard field goal by J.D. Carlson; so, of course, George promptly led his team back for a field goal of its own, a 25-yarder by Doug Higgins.

Quarterback Taylor scored on a two-yard run shortly before the half to make it 17-10, but the Michigan defense was looking mortal, even shaky, in the face of George's onslaught. And the rest of the Illini were going all out. The signs pointed to an impending Illinois win.

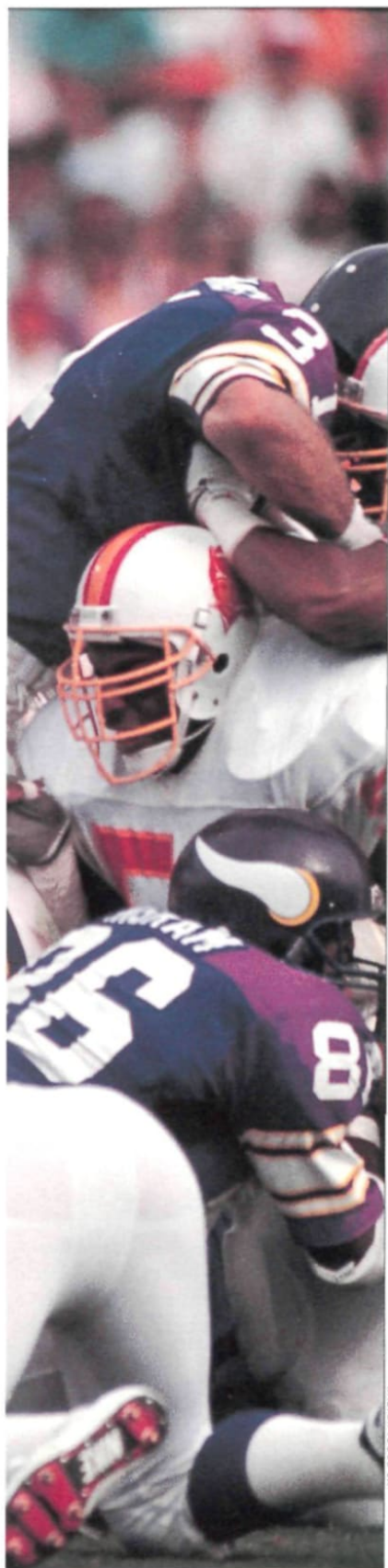
Then Illinois dragged itself off the field at intermission, and Michigan sprinted. And that spoke volumes. The Illini *could* have won, but, it seemed, they didn't realize how close they were. And so unless 8-1 Michigan loses to Minnesota this week or Ohio State on Nov. 25 (the Buckeyes have already lost to Illinois, 34-14), the Wolverines will go to California as champions of the Big Ten. Illinois, now 7-2, will slip into Pasadena via the back door should Minnesota or Ohio State upset Michigan.

The reason for Michigan's success this season is that it is a team, not a playground for stars. Take away Boles's long gainer and he had just 42 yards for the day (including a 13-yard run for Michigan's final touchdown); five Wolverine receivers shared nine receptions; four defenders each had six solo tackles.

Coach Bo Schembechler, in a conversation last Thursday in Ann Arbor, had proved to be a prophet. Said he: "We have to have no turnovers [they had one, Jones's pass interception]. Our punting has to be solid [much-maligned punter Chris Stapleton boomed three for a whopping average of 51.6 yards]. The defense has to play great against the run [it allowed only 92 yards rushing] because we have no chance of stopping their passing [George completed 22 of 38 passes for 253 yards]. We can beat them—and they can beat us."

With that kind of insight, no wonder Michigan strong safety Tripp Welborne, who had a late interception and who even Schembechler admits is one of the best he has ever coached, says, "If Bo feels I'm not performing up to par, then I would be unwise not to heed what he says." Which is why another sign at Michigan reads WHEN YOU ARE THROUGH IMPROVING, YOU ARE THROUGH. The Wolverines, it appears, are anything but through. ■





# ROCKY FLIGHT INTO FIRST

*Though jolted by salary disputes and charges of racism, the Vikings have soared to the top of the NFC Central*

BY JILL LIEBER

**T**O MANY MINNESOTA VIKING PLAYERS, general manager Mike Lynn has long had a reputation as a miserly version of the Wizard of Oz. He's the invisible authority figure who decides destinies with a wave of his hand. "When I joined the team, the veterans took me aside and said, 'That's Mike Lynn. He's the guy you have to worry about,'" says cornerback Carl Lee, a seven-year veteran. "Players on this team are conditioned to fear him."

Until recently, Lynn, 53, did little to dispel this image. He's the only general manager in the league who doesn't attend training camp. He never goes to practice, and until the last few weeks he avoided the locker room on game days. With an estimated annual salary of \$1.5 million, Lynn is one of the highest-paid executives in the league. He wears expensive suits purchased at Fred Hayman of Beverly Hills and owns a national historic landmark mansion in Holly Springs, Miss., where Ulysses S. Grant lived with his family while preparing for the Vicksburg Campaign.

But share the wealth? No way. Lynn regularly boasts about his low player payroll. Going into this season, the Vikings ranked 18th in the league in pay. His rookie wage scale, with its year-and-an-option contracts, cheap salaries and minuscule signing bonuses, is legendary. According to NFL Players Association figures, a rookie who signs with Minnesota is almost invariably the lowest paid of the players drafted in a given round.

One of Lynn's standard lines to agents during stalled negotiations is,

**Walker, who ran for only 48 yards on Sunday, went up and over for the clinching score.**

"Tell your guy, 'Good luck driving a truck.'" As if that's not insulting enough, when Lynn finally gets the player's name on the dotted line, he brags about how he signed the poor stiff for much less than the market rate.

Lynn offers no apology for his way of doing business. "I'm not here to win a popularity contest," he says. "My most important function is the acquisition of players. Once they're signed, they're the responsibility of the head coach. They're working for him. That has always been my management style."

But during this year's training camp and the early part of the 1989 season, Lynn's impersonal style backfired, tearing apart a team that many observers had favored to win the NFC title. That crisis of bad feelings, which included charges of racism against Lynn, now seems to have passed, and Lynn has made an effort to be more sensitive to his players. A team that appeared on the verge of collapse a few weeks ago has recovered, perhaps remarkably, to win six of its last seven games and knock the Chicago Bears out of first place in the NFC Central division for the first time in 5½ seasons.

That doesn't mean the Vikings aren't struggling on the field. They'll show flashes of brilliance and then appear to lack leadership and direction. The Vikes' 24-10 victory over the Tampa Bay Buccaneers on Sunday was typical of their play this season. They won with defense—seven sacks and a fumble return for a touchdown—and a sputtering offense that ranks 19th in the league. They sustained only one long drive, though it was the clincher, a 76-yarder that consumed nearly eight minutes of the fourth quarter.

Running back Herschel Walker, who has had one spectacular performance—



148 yards against Green Bay—since arriving from the Cowboys on Oct. 12, rushed for only 48 yards. At the moment, coach Jerry Burns considers Walker the team's third most effective back, behind Alfred Anderson and Rick Fenney, in trap-block plays. Before the Walker trade, the Vikings ran a split-back offense and used primarily trap

**Studwell, who endured a bloody contract war, helped hold Buc rushers to 90 yards.**

and sweep blocking in short-yardage situations. Walker, however, prefers to line up in the I formation and has little experience running behind traps. Eventually, Burns says, Minnesota will run more than half its plays from the I.

Quarterback Wade Wilson, who had the NFL's highest completion percentage last season, has also had trouble getting in sync with the offense. He missed four starts with a broken knuckle on his left ring finger and hasn't thrown well since his return to the starting lineup two weeks ago. Against Tampa Bay, he wound up tied with Fenney for the team lead in rushing yardage. And in a 23-21 overtime victory over Los Angeles on Nov. 5, Minnesota scored all its points on seven field goals and a safety.

With six games to go, the Vikings are 7-3 but remain a question mark instead of a sure thing: a fabulously talented group of players who haven't dominated their opponents the way they were supposed to. "We're just not a team that's used to winning a lot," says wide receiver Leo Lewis. "We haven't quite come together. There have been periods in games when we haven't shown

much emotion. We're missing a leader."

During the stretch drive to the playoffs, two questions remain. Have the Vikings overcome their resentment of Lynn? And do they have the capacity to continue to raise the level of their game?

The first signs of the Vikes' troubles came in late July. Minnesota was coming off an 11-5 season, after which nine Vikings, the largest number from any NFL team, had made the Pro Bowl. Lynn had informed eight of those players that he was willing to re-sign them or extend their contracts. (The exception was tackle Gary Zimmerman, who had received a new contract before the 1988 season.) Five other prominent veterans were unsigned. But when training camp opened, only Wilson had a new contract, a four-year, \$4.35 million deal. Nine players were missing, including eight starters.

"I knew this [the contract disputes] would slow our development as a team," says Burns. "We had talented people. I didn't want them thinking, 'I' or 'me.' I wanted them thinking, 'we' and 'us.'"

Although four players—cornerback Reggie Rutland, middle linebacker Scott Studwell, running back Darrin Nelson and Lewis—came to terms on contracts during the first two weeks of the preseason, the negotiations left them, and the rest of the Vikings, drained and bitter. They saw that Studwell, a 13-year veteran, had to go to the wall to squeeze out a \$500,000 salary. "It was money, money, money, every day," says Lee. "Guys were saying, 'Money is all I care about.'"

Normally passive tight end Steve Jordan was transformed into a vocal militant by his negotiations, which dragged out until Sept. 6, when he signed a \$2.1 million three-year contract. Safety Joey Browner, a black belt in Bugei Kai Bujutsu, threatened to quit football and take up acting in martial arts movies. Browner, who was coming off his fourth consecutive Pro Bowl season, wanted a \$1 million annual salary instead of the \$350,000 he was scheduled to make. Lynn refused; Browner said he wanted out. Defensive end Chris Doleman, who was to pull down \$400,000 in 1989 but wanted to be compensated like fellow Pro Bowl end Bruce Smith of the Buffalo Bills (\$1.2 million), angrily broke off his negotiations, saying he would test the free-agent waters in February '90.



Which would you choose  
if you were thirsty and known  
for having great taste?



The choice is simple.  
America chooses the less filling beer that tastes great. Miller Lite.



To describe the 1990 Plymouth Laser RS Turbo, one touch of the accelerator is worth a thousand words. The 16 valve dual overhead cam turbo engine gets you from 0 to 60 in a breathtaking 6.6 seconds. Only where legal, of course. But while the performance may make your heart race, the price won't. And you get standard

# GO TO JAIL IN



power assisted four wheel disc brakes, five speed overdrive manual transaxle, tilt steering column – plus our 7 year or 70,000 mile warranty.\* Visit your local Chrysler-Plymouth dealer today for a test drive. Or call 1-800-PLYMOUTH. Because these cars will go fast.



**Plymouth Laser**

# 6.6 SECONDS



\*Protects engine, powertrain and against outerbody rust through. See limited warranty at dealer. Restrictions apply. ©Plymouth/Chrysler Motors, 1989

# You can reach more of the world by UPS than you can by telephone.



All the telephone cable on earth can't connect you with as many people as UPS can.

Fact is, UPS International Air service now reaches nearly four billion persons worldwide.

That's more than double the number that can be reached by phone. And a rather powerful demonstration of UPS's international capabilities.

Today, 175 different coun-

tries and territories are served by UPS. With Electronic Customs Pre-Alert to speed your delivery over international borders. Computerized tracking for quicker inquiry response. And never a surcharge for those out-of-the-way places.

(After all, Ponape or Mauritius may be out of the way for some, but not for UPS.)

Perhaps most impressive of

all, our efficiency enables us to provide this unusually high level of service for prices which are usually lower than what other companies charge.

So if you've got to reach someone somewhere else, by all means, pick up the phone.

And call UPS.

**We run the tightest ship in the shipping business.**





WALTER IODIS JR.

Star wide receiver Anthony Carter, who was to earn \$450,000, demanded to be traded unless he was raised to \$1 million. Doleman, Browner and Carter have yet to sign new contracts.

**Lynn is trying to warm up.**

The bad feelings toward Lynn intensified when the Vikings traveled to Memphis to play the Kansas City Chiefs in their first preseason game. The day before the game, Lynn threw a lavish party for his friends and the press at his Holly Springs mansion. Two Minneapolis TV stations broadcast live from the shindig, and one interspersed its reports with footage from *Gone with the Wind*. Several black players were upset by the juxtaposition of the movie's Civil War and slavery scenes with Lynn's party. They jumped to the conclusion that Lynn had grown up in the South, and they wondered if he was racially biased.

Even though they routed the Houston Oilers 38-7 in the season opener, the Vikings' morale remained low. They then lost 38-7 to the Bears and 27-14 to the Pittsburgh Steelers. Linebacker Jesse Solomon, who held out all of training camp before signing a one-year deal, designed T-shirts and caps emblazoned with the slogan 45 FOR 1.

"It's a takeoff on the team's theme this season, 40 for 60, which means 40 guys playing all out for 60 minutes," says Solomon, who was sent to the Cowboys in the Walker deal. "My slogan, 45 for 1, means 45 playing for one—Mike Lynn."

To help ward off an avalanche of ill will, Burns called a players-only meeting on Sept. 25. It was a disaster. Several Vikings worried aloud that money issues were keeping the team from focusing on football. Lee pointed a finger at Wilson's contract and implied that Wilson's negotiations had gone quickly because Wilson is white. Then Lee, Solomon and Doleman discussed why they felt that management was racist.

Burns appointed Lee and Jordan to discuss the players' feelings with Lynn, and several meetings ensued. Lynn decided it was time to show a more human side. He reminded Lee and Jordan that he was from Scranton, Pa., not the South. And he told them that he came from a working-class background. When he was 12, his father died of a brain tumor, and a few weeks later his mother

was severely injured in a car accident. She and her four children were forced to subsist on a \$30-a-month welfare check. Lynn told the players that he moved to Memphis, as a theater manager, in 1962, and that he later was active in the integration of movie houses, staged two historic football games involving four black colleges and worked to register black voters.

Meanwhile, Browner, who is black but had not voiced an opinion about racism at the Sept. 25 meeting, insinuated in a national TV interview on Oct. 1 that Lynn was a racist. To complicate matters, only one other Viking, defensive end Doug Martin, who also is black, stood behind Browner. When the press asked Browner to cite examples of Lynn's racism, he wouldn't. He talked only of "perceptions."

"The real question is, Why did Joey get hung out to dry?" says guard Dave Huffman, who is white. "Joey isn't one to say anything rash. He's not a troublemaker. If he sees a problem, then you'd better look into it. I don't perceive a race

problem on this team. I think it's a player-management problem. But I may be totally off base. It was terrible that Joey was left dangling in the wind."

Wilson and Browner kept their disappointment in their teammates to themselves. "I let it die," says Wilson. "It was like a crack in a dam. Patch it up immediately or it'll break through."

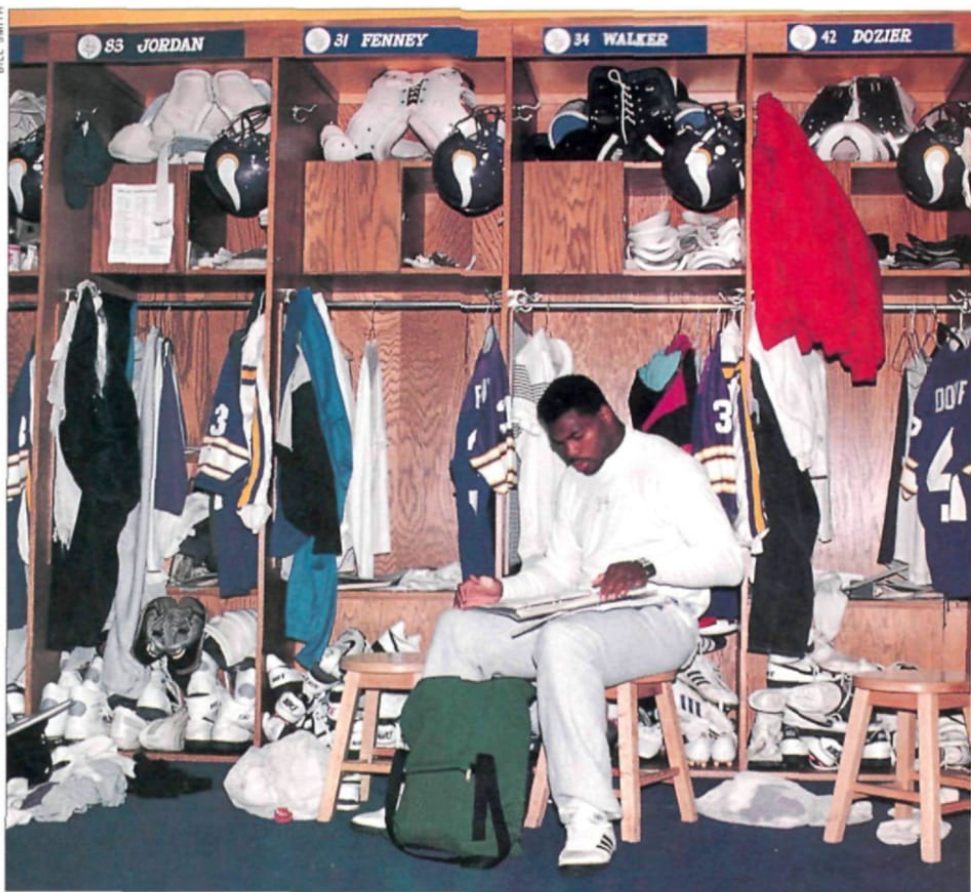
Says Browner, "It was draining to me. But I'm a man. I learned to accept [the consequences of] what I said and play harder. I've promised not to speak about this any further. I don't want to do anything that will break the team apart."

In the weeks since the controversy over the racial charges, Lynn has started visiting the locker room before and after games. He is also predicting that Minnesota will become one of the five best-paid teams in the league by next season.

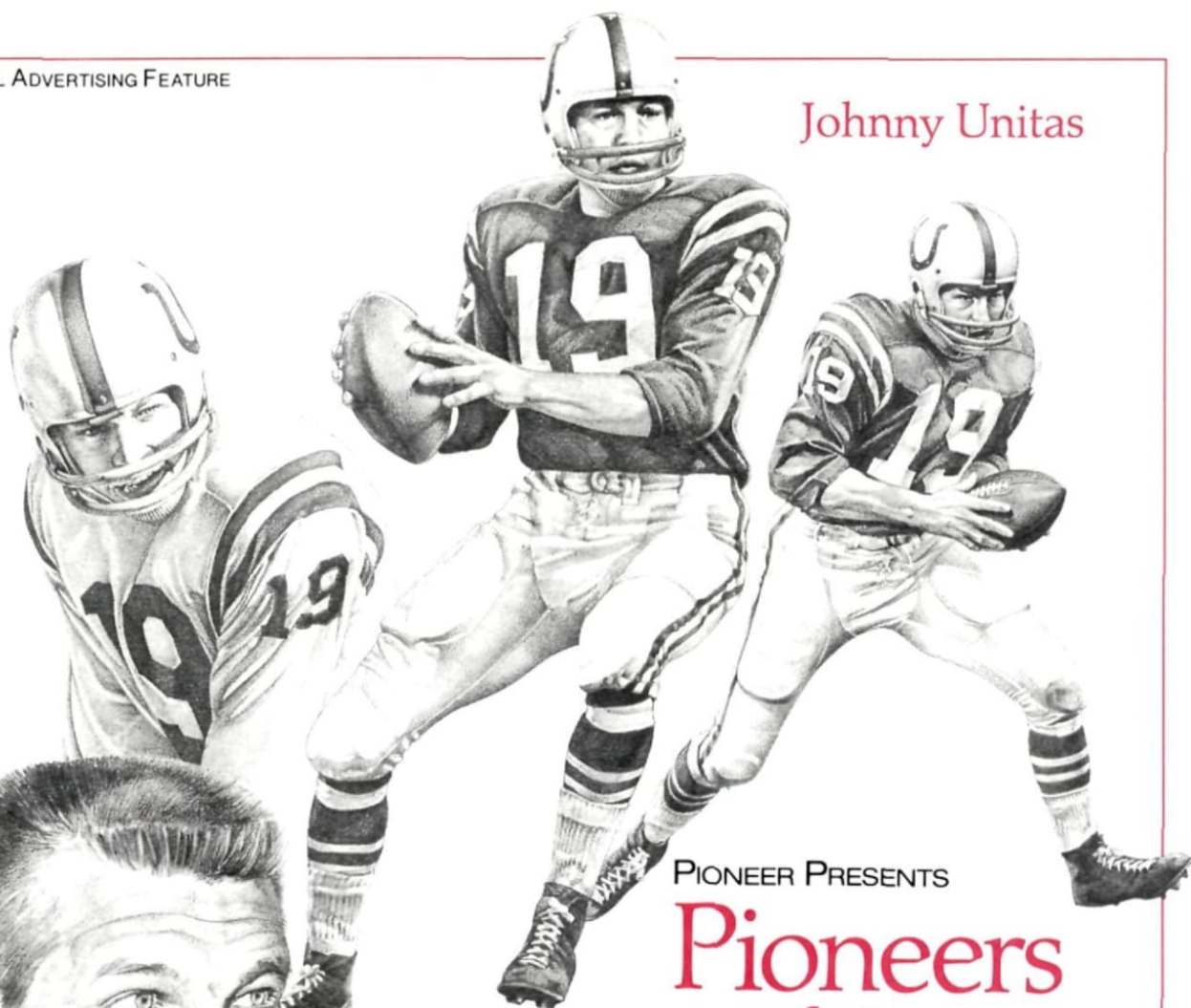
"I truly believe everybody knows we have a good thing going," says defensive tackle Keith Millard, who signed a three-year, \$2.5 million contract in September. "A real good thing. We have a good system, with good players. We have a good chance to go to the Super Bowl. We've all realized you don't come across this very often. We've put aside any personal differences. We're doing everything within our power to win."

So far, it's working.

**The playbook wasn't written with Walker, who has been struggling for weeks, in mind.**



Johnny Unitas



PIONEER PRESENTS

## Pioneers of Sports

**B**altimore vs. New York, NFL championship game, 1958. 1:56 remaining. Colts have the ball, down by three, on their own 14. Johnny Unitas at quarterback. Money in the bank.

During his 18-season NFL career, all but one with the Colts, Unitas established himself as pro football's premiere passer and field general.

When he retired in 1973, the three-time MVP held career passing records for most attempts, completions, yardage and touchdowns. Although those standards have since been topped, this one may never be: he threw touchdown passes in 47 consecutive games.

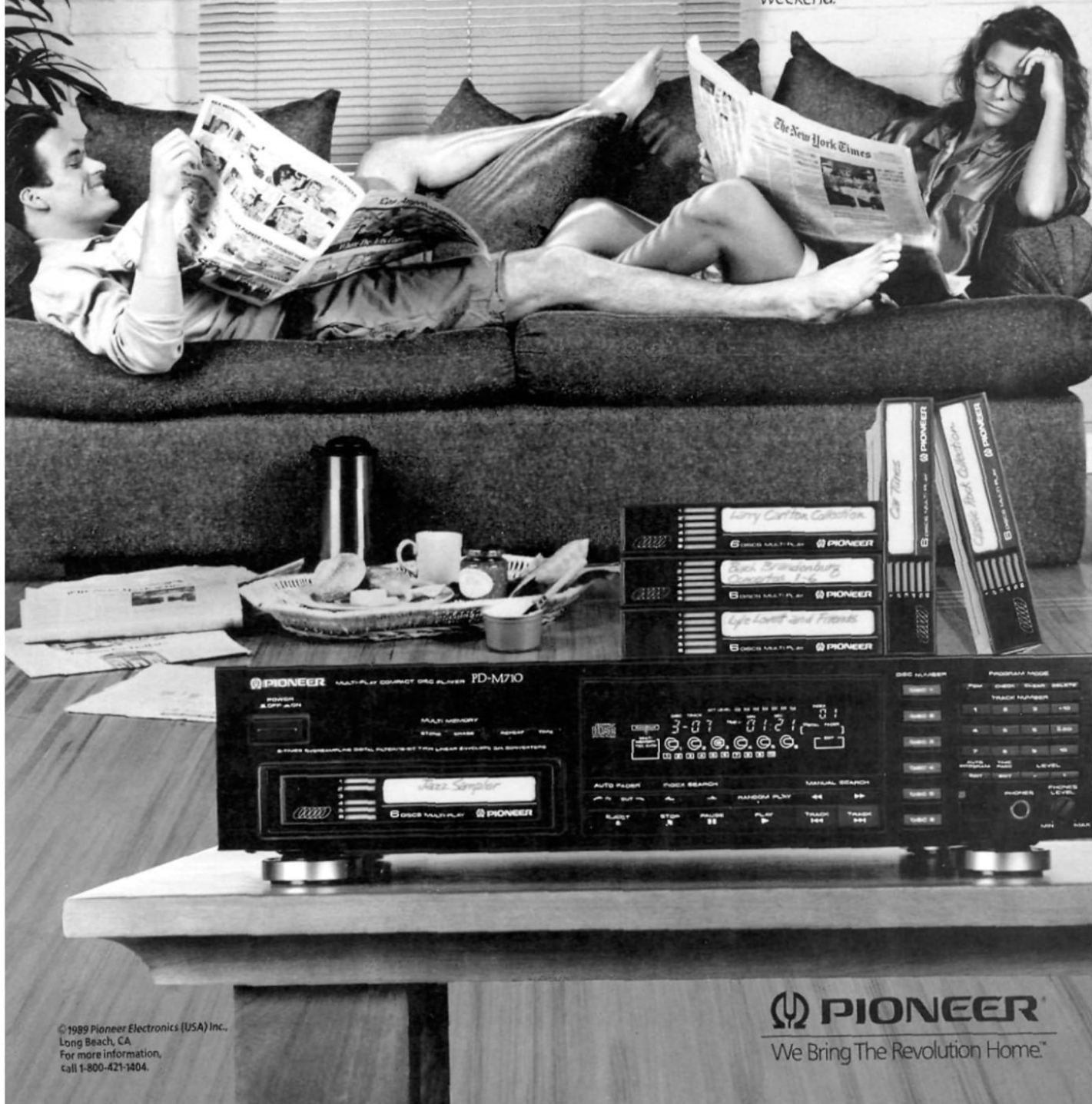
Records aside, Unitas assured himself a place in history on that cold, windy afternoon in New York's Yankee Stadium. In those last two minutes, he drove the Colts to the tying field goal, and in overtime he led them 80 yards to the title-winning touchdown. Many people believe that this was the greatest pro football game ever played.

Unitas made the precise "two-minute drill" an integral part of every team's offense and the one last hope for every desperate fan. It was as much a Unitas trademark as his black high-top shoes. Johnny U would lead his team downfield with such strength and bearing that, as Colts tight end John Mackey once said, "It was like being in the huddle with God."

**Sunday morning.** Time to kick back, get comfortable, and perfect the art of doing absolutely nothing. The ideal companion? Pioneer's new PD-M710 six-disc CD player. Now you can enjoy up to six hours of your favorite music without lifting a finger.

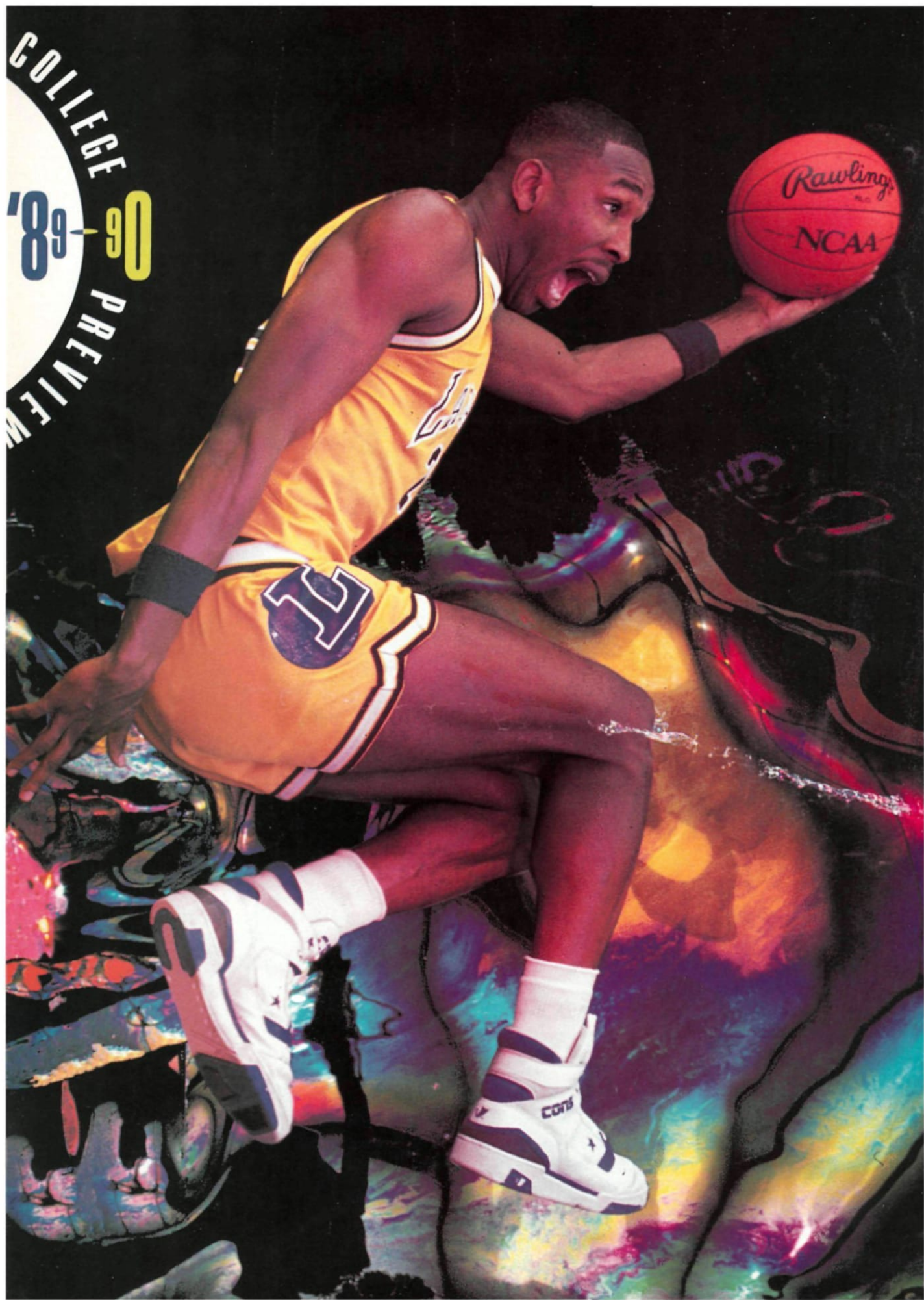
The secret is Pioneer's innovative six-disc magazine format. It works in both Pioneer home and car multi-play systems and allows you to catalog and store your favorite CD's. And it even features Non-Repeating Random Play, which is like having your own computerized disc jockey.

All of which means you can spend less time changing your music and more time enjoying it. But don't wait for the weekend.



© 1989 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc.,  
Long Beach, CA  
For more information,  
call 1-800-421-1404.

**PIONEER**  
We Bring The Revolution Home.™



COLLEGE  
'89-'90  
PREVIEW

# BUSTIN' LOOSE

The college game is on a rootin'-tootin' shootin' spree

BY CURRY KIRKPATRICK

**L**ionel Simmons

of La Salle is just the ticket for the run-'n'-stun era; his

strength and quickness have taken the Explorers

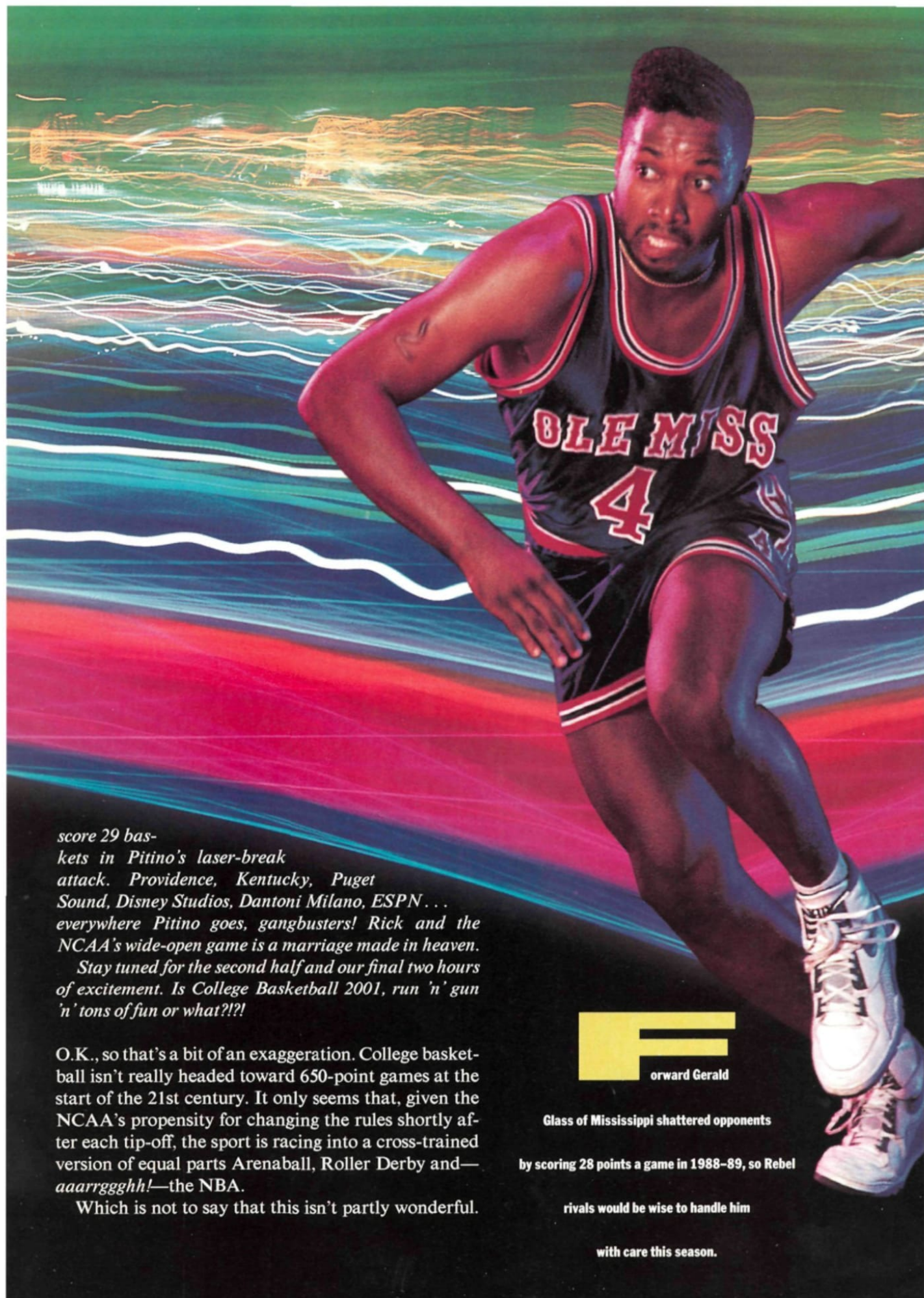
out of the depths and into the

NCAA tournament the past two years.

*Hello, everybody! We're here liiiiive at the MaxiDome, where 400,000 stunned spectators have just watched Princeton's Trampolin' Tigers hold off the Gallopin' Gaels of St. Mary's and take a 174-165 lead into the locker room at the half of the NCAA Midcentral Sub-metro Semiquarterfinal Regional as we continue the countdown toward the 2001 NCAA Final Four. Coach Billy Tubbs's Tigers converted a passel of their patented five-point field goals from midcourt of the new 150-foot playing floor to get an early 49-point lead before Rick Pitino's Gaels took advantage of the 12-second shot clock to get back in it. Let's look at some highlights.*

*Here's Princeton's 7'7" Hobey (Dock) Worker absolutely face-jobbing the Gaels with one of his characteristic monster dunks over the 15-foot-high rim. You may recall that following the NCAA's 1998 decision that athletes could be put on an unlimited collegiate payroll, Tubbs dipped into Old Nassau's vast endowment to out-bid Duke, UNLV, Stanford, and Franklin and Marshall for the rights to Worker.*

*But here's Roosevelt (Socio) Path coming right back for the Gaels. Path picked up eight of his allotted 24 fouls in the first four minutes but then broke loose to*



*score 29 baskets in Pitino's laser-break attack. Providence, Kentucky, Puget Sound, Disney Studios, Dantoni Milano, ESPN... everywhere Pitino goes, gangbusters! Rick and the NCAA's wide-open game is a marriage made in heaven.*

*Stay tuned for the second half and our final two hours of excitement. Is College Basketball 2001, run 'n' gun 'n' tons of fun or what?!?!*

O.K., so that's a bit of an exaggeration. College basketball isn't really headed toward 650-point games at the start of the 21st century. It only seems that, given the NCAA's propensity for changing the rules shortly after each tip-off, the sport is racing into a cross-trained version of equal parts Arenaball, Roller Derby and—aaarrggghh!—the NBA.

Which is not to say that this isn't partly wonderful.

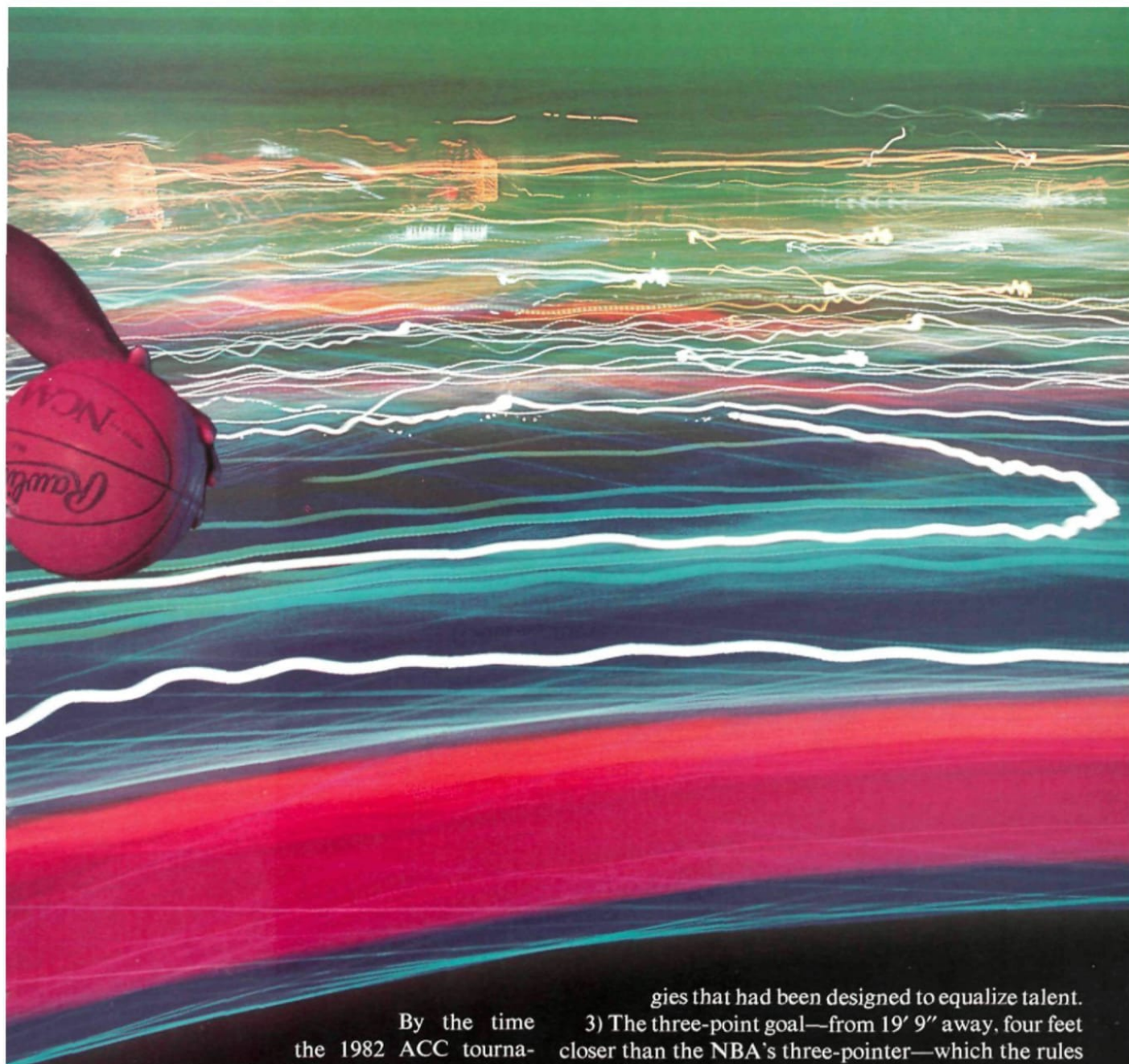
**F**orward Gerald

Glass of Mississippi shattered opponents

by scoring 28 points a game in 1988-89, so Rebel

rivals would be wise to handle him

with care this season.



By the time the 1982 ACC tournament championship game between North Carolina (with Michael Jordan and James Worthy) and Virginia (with Ralph Sampson) ended 47-45 for the Tar Heels, coaches Terry Holland and Dean Smith had walked their sport into heated controversy. As everybody playing within the jurisdiction of NCAA national rules editor Edward Steitz soon found out, this low-scoring fiasco soon begat:

1) Steitz himself, the previously obscure athletic director from Springfield College, who suddenly began wielding more power than all the Bobby Knights and Billy Packers put together.

2) The brainchild of Steitz's rules committee, the 45-second shot clock, which by the 1985-86 season had become mandatory for all college games and had eliminated those awful delay tactics and most other strate-

gies that had been designed to equalize talent.

3) The three-point goal—from 19' 9" away, four feet closer than the NBA's three-pointer—which the rules committee virtually ramrodded into place before the 1986-87 season; it inflated scores, encouraged spine-rippling finishes and gave the have-nots something to replace the stall as a means of beating the big boys.

4) The specter of Loyola Marymount, a small school located across the tarmac from Los Angeles International Airport and coached by Paul Westhead, terrifying purists with a team that last year scored 94 points *in a half*, had 181 points in a game and finished the season averaging 112.5 an outing.

After the installation of the almighty ticker in 1985, scoring in the NCAA tournament jumped to 143 points a game for both teams, a 15.6-point increase over the previous season, and it climbed steadily to 158.5 last March. Meanwhile, in the final season of the '80s, total scoring in all Division I games rose to an av-

erage of 151.4, the highest level since 1975. Much of this came as a result of the increased use of the three-pointer. Last season nearly one of every five shots attempted was a trey, and almost nine baskets per game were made from behind the 19' 9" arc.

Do all these numbers make college ball irresponsible? Or irresistible? Does such speed kill—or save—the game? And is this passionate affair with rapid-fire shooting and scoring all that new, or simply *déjà vu*?

In 1976–77, UNLV averaged 107.1 points a game on the way to the Final Four. Of course, Runnin' Rebels coach Jerry Tarkanian was a proponent of the helter-skelter, no-system, no-defense style of play, which couldn't win consistently and would never last. At least, that was the rap.

"In 1976, when I took Rutgers to the Final Four, we averaged 93 points," says Tom Young, now the coach at Old Dominion. "But when I told Abe Lemons [another practitioner of the running game, who was then at Pan American] how much people were enjoying that style, he said, 'Yeah, but nobody thinks you can coach when you play that way.'"

However, as Young points out, "it might be the most difficult way to coach—keeping things in control when everything looks like it's going bananas. I know it goes against all the basic concepts: Get the ball in the paint. Balance the floor. Be patient. Take good shots. But is it good or bad? I think we're in the entertainment business. Defense isn't bad; it's just that offense is more exciting."

But more exciting than winning? "Two years ago we beat Southern Mississippi in double overtime, 141–133," says Virginia Tech coach Frankie Allen. "I didn't have as many people tell me they were glad we won as said, 'I really enjoyed that game.'"

On the other hand, score in the 50's enough times and, win or lose. . . .

In March 1988, Bob Weltlich of Texas was dismissed as coach after some of his players, fed up with the slow pace of Weltlich's game, went to Texas athletic director DeLoss Dodds and just . . . said . . . no.

Into Austin rode Tom Penders, late of rootin'-tootin' Rhode Island, who guided the Longhorns to 25 victories while averaging 94.3 points, an increase of almost 24 red-hot ones a game. Suddenly, home attendance climbed from an average of 4,028 (less than the Texas women's team drew) to 10,011. "To me, with the clock and the three-point arc, there are few benefits to playing any other way," says Penders.

The Longhorns' success only mirrored that of the Southwest Conference as a whole; last year its teams

# S

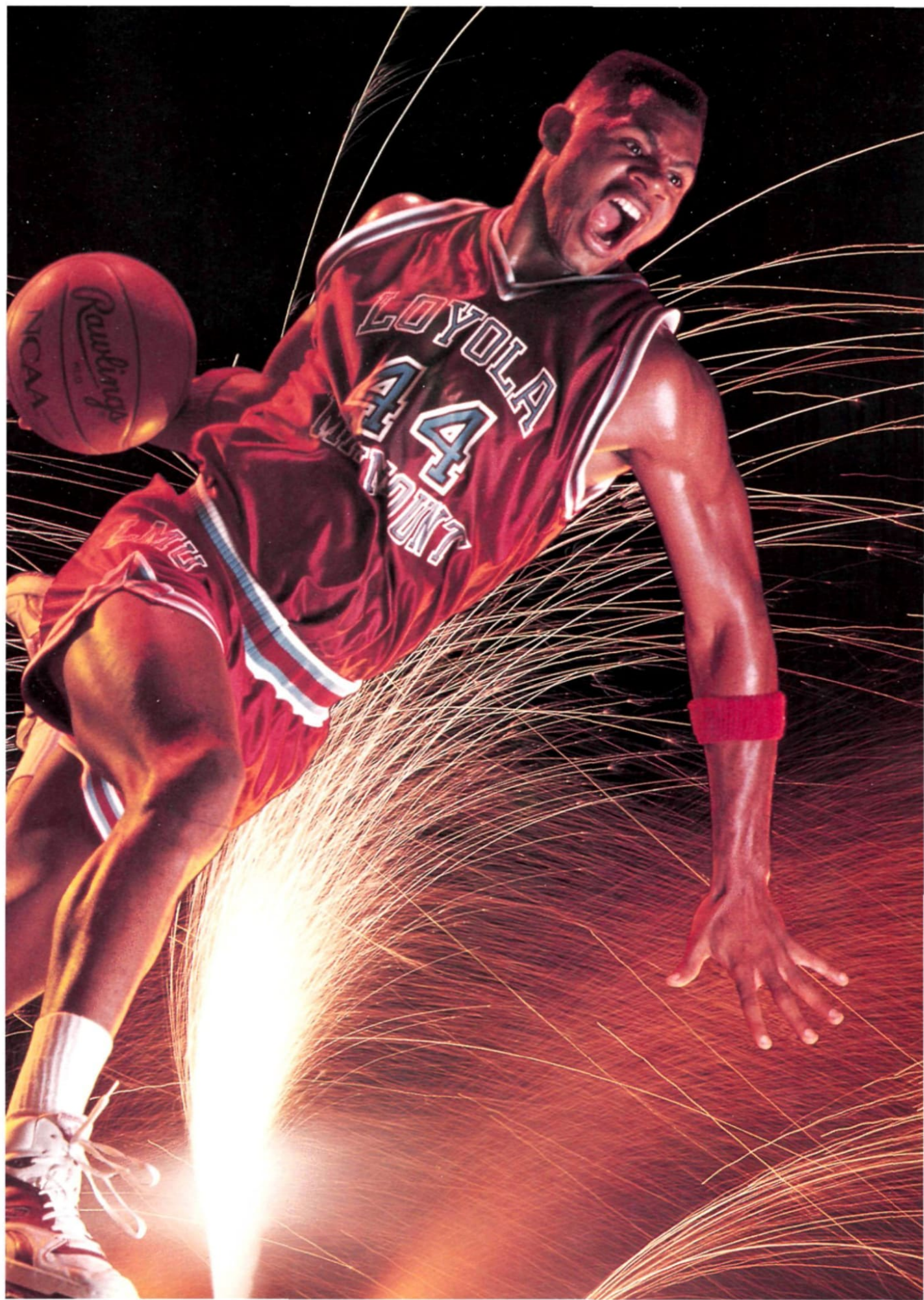
parks should fly—and


scoring records fall—when explosive forward Hank Gathers,

last year's top scorer (32.7 points a game)

and rebounder (13.7), leads Loyola Marymount against

Oklahoma on Dec. 23.





cracked the 100-point mark 26 times, the most memorable game being a 120-101 victory by Arkansas over (who would have guessed?) Loyola Marymount.

"The fast game fits me," says Nolan Richardson, whose Razorbacks were 25-7 in his fourth season at Arkansas. "Everything I do is fast. When I play golf, I swing way too fast. I can't help it. That's me. But I can't imagine anything better than what we had last year. We totally won over the fans. The more we scored, the more they wanted. A lot of them were blue-collar people who came in tired or dissatisfied with their jobs. They left unwound and happy. That's what up-tempo basketball can do."

"That's why I don't like baseball," says South Alabama coach Ronnie Arrow. "You sit there for three hours and the score is 1-0." Arrow's Jaguars led the Sun Belt Conference in scoring last year with 91 points a game (ninth in Division I) and have now won 38 games in the last two years. But Arrow made his mark at San Jacinto Junior College in Pasadena, Texas. It was the jucos—along with the NBA influence of Pitino, Westhead and Bradley's Stan Albeck—that have fostered the sprint-and-stun attack that is so fashionable now at the major colleges.

**B**ut some coaches still don't like the no-defense connotations of the running game. "We're not a run-and-gun team," insists Syracuse's Jim Boeheim, who would be hard pressed to persuade the 30,000 or so upstate New Yorkers who trek through snow squalls to view UNLV East games of that fact. "We're fast-break, like the Lakers or Celtics, but I'd be very upset if we were ever referred to as a run-and-gun team. Our defense generates our running game. A team like Loyola Marymount lets the other team score, then tries to outscore them with threes. We don't even emphasize the three."

Traditionalists might be surprised to discover that amid all this newfangled scoring mess, the conference that led the nation in three-point accuracy last season (.409) was the supposedly tedious Big Ten. Moreover, the reputedly deliberate, formerly four-

cornered Tar Heels of North Carolina have led the ACC in scoring in three of the last five seasons. The Heels scored 90 points per game last year.

The Big Eight has been more affected than any other conference by the careening of the college game. It has been transformed from a plodding conglomerate into a glamorous collection of speed merchants and has led all other conferences in points scored for six years running.

For many years the Big Eight couldn't attract players who could run. That changed when the conference built new arenas, which lured better players, which in turn attracted television in a self-perpetuating cycle. The Big Eight got turned around quickly after Tubbs came to Oklahoma from tiny Lamar in 1980 and began getting players like Stacey King and Mookie Blaylock, NBA first-rounders this season; and after Johnny Orr moved to Iowa State from Michigan, also in '80. Larry Brown contributed to the style at Kansas from '83 to '88. This season the runnin'est Big Eight team might be that's right, Oklahoma State, which was called Oklahoma A & M back in the 1940s, when Henry Iba's teams won two NCAA titles by scores of 49-45 and 43-40.

"I heard the rumblings when I came into the league that I couldn't play this way," says Tubbs. "But I knew if I got the players I wanted, I'd play any old way I wanted. What I want to be like is the UCLA of the old days. The Bruins scored 100—and nobody ever accused them of being out of control."

"We're in a cycle that says it's neat to score points. But we think at a different level at Oklahoma. One hundred points is an average game for us. People yawn and say O.K., what else is new? At 120, we're not doing too bad. At 130 to 135, that's better. At 150 and above, we're really cooking."

"What's coming? A 100-point half, a 200-point game. It's going to happen [best bet: Sooners at Loyola Marymount, Dec. 23]. Look, I'm not advocating everybody play this way, but we've got 10 games on national TV this season. Tell you something? We go into homes across the country, and people know the names of players on our *bench*! You go into a home and a 14-month-old kid is nicknamed Mookie. That's TV, like it or not. I like it."

That's also entertainment. And run 'n' gun. And college basketball exploding on the brink of the 1990s. And Tubbs hasn't even considered the Princeton job yet. ■

# We're concerned about the abuse of our products.

## And we're doing something about it.

### Know When To Say When

This nationwide consumer education and awareness campaign began in 1983 and is designed to encourage responsible consumption of beer. A series of prime time television commercials and other promotional materials reminds consumers not to overindulge, and provides suggestions to bartenders and hosts on responsible serving. "Know When To Say When" has allowed us to apply our marketing expertise and deliver a message of personal responsibility to a broad cross section of the American public.



### Pit Stop

This program was developed to encourage responsible behavior by college students during Spring Break and other school vacation periods. In cooperation with local and state governments, "Pit Stop" personnel provide coffee, doughnuts and, to those of legal drinking age, a message of personal responsibility and caution at state-owned rest areas along major highways. "Pit Stop" has been so successful that it has been expanded to other travel occasions.

### Good Sport

As the world's largest sponsor of sporting events, we are committed to seeing that they continue to be enjoyable, family entertainment. "Good Sport" is a program that brings facility management, team owners, and concessionaires together to actively encourage responsible fan behavior. It provides a comprehensive action plan carefully designed to help keep sporting events fun and safe for all fans.

### S.A.D.D.

We are the major corporate sponsor of S.A.D.D. (Students Against Driving Drunk). This independent organization has used the power of the students themselves to fight the drunk driving problem among teenagers. The program encourages a healthy dialogue between parents and their teenagers on drinking. While not condoning underage consumption, S.A.D.D. provides a real-life solution to a serious societal problem. We have provided a special grant to expand the program to colleges and universities. Write: S.A.D.D., P.O. Box 800, Marlboro, MA for more information.



### I'm Driving

We support the designated driver concept through sponsorship of the "I'm Driving" program. "I'm Driving" is promoted with counter cards, table tents, buttons and other educational materials. This program is not a substitute for responsible drinking, but it offers a sensible option in potential drunk driving situations.



### Your Alcohol I.Q.

This program is designed to educate consumers about alcohol use in an easy-to-understand, entertaining format. A video starring "LA Law's" Michael Tucker and Jill Eikenberry takes the viewer through the truths and myths surrounding alcohol. Anheuser-Busch has developed this program in the belief that education is the best tool available to encourage responsible consumption and reduce abuse. "Your Alcohol I.Q." is available as a free rental at 25,000 video outlets around the country.

At Anheuser-Busch we, like any responsible manufacturer, are concerned by the abuse of our products.

The vast majority of the 80 million Americans who enjoy beer do so responsibly. But those few who abuse it can have an impact far beyond their numbers. An impact that reflects on us as a company, on our products and employees, and on the much larger population of responsible beer drinkers.

On this page you'll find a brief introduction to a few of the programs we've helped create, or help sponsor, to lessen that impact.

The absolute solution to the abuse of alcohol isn't on this page. That's a challenge our society as a whole has before it. We must all continue to take the problem seriously, as parents, hosts, friends and citizens.

As a brewer we feel an added responsibility. The ancient craft we practice is designed to produce a beverage of friendship, refreshment and moderation. We brew beer to be enjoyed responsibly.

If you have comments or suggestions, please let us hear from you. And please take a few moments to see if you can play a role in any of the programs mentioned here. We'd welcome your help.

**We brew our beers to be enjoyed... responsibly.**



*Anheuser-Busch, Inc.*

For more information write: Anheuser-Busch, Inc. Consumer Awareness and Education, One Busch Place, St. Louis, MO 63118.

© 1989, Anheuser-Busch, Inc. St. Louis, Mo

**WITH A NEW  
4.0L ENGINE AND  
PUSHBUTTON 4WD,  
IT STILL HAS  
THE COMPETITION  
PLAYING FOLLOW  
THE LEADER.**



**THE TOUGHEST  
COMPETITION WE HAVE  
IS OURSELVES.**

Ford Ranger is America's best-selling compact truck for three years running\*. And, try as they might, the competition just can't catch it. And to make matters better for you and tougher for the competition, the 1990 Ford Ranger STX 4x4 now offers an available 4.0L multi-port electronically fuel-injected

engine. And Ford's exclusive pushbutton four-wheel drive is standard. Together they form a combination no one can match.

GREAT FEATURES. STANDARD.

You also get standard features like a five-speed manual over-drive transmission, Twin-Traction Beam front-suspension, cast aluminum wheels, all-terrain tires, anti-lock rear brakes and an AM/FM stereo cassette player.

TRANSFERABLE 6/60  
POWERTRAIN WARRANTY.

Covers you and future owners on major powertrain compo-

nents for 6 years/60,000 miles. Ask to see a copy of this limited warranty at your Ford Dealer.

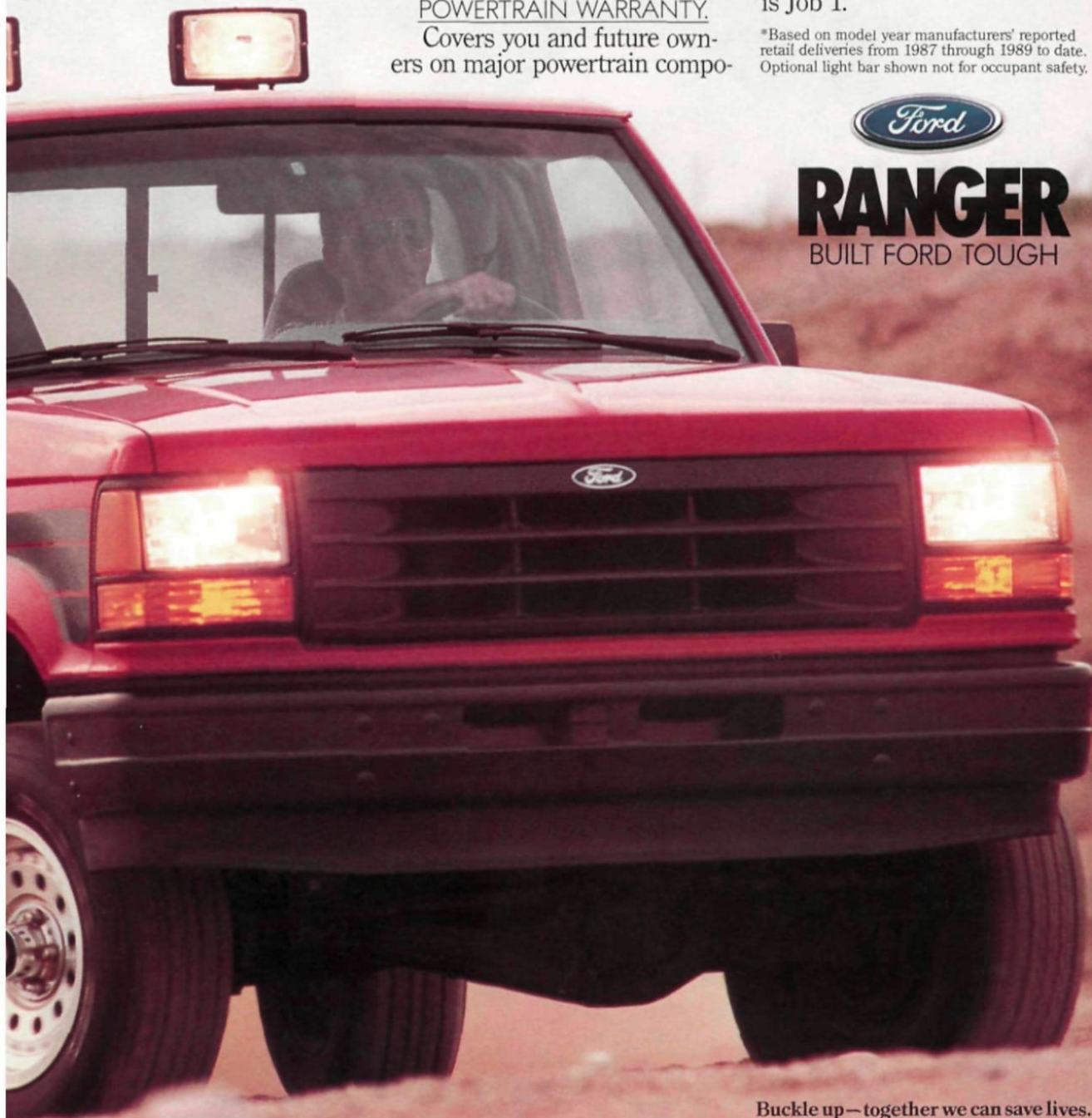
BEST-BUILT  
AMERICAN TRUCKS.

The best-built American trucks are built by Ford. This is based on an average of consumer-reported problems in a series of surveys of all Ford and competitive '81-'89 models designed and built in North America. At Ford, "Quality is Job 1."

\*Based on model year manufacturers' reported retail deliveries from 1987 through 1989 to date. Optional light bar shown not for occupant safety.



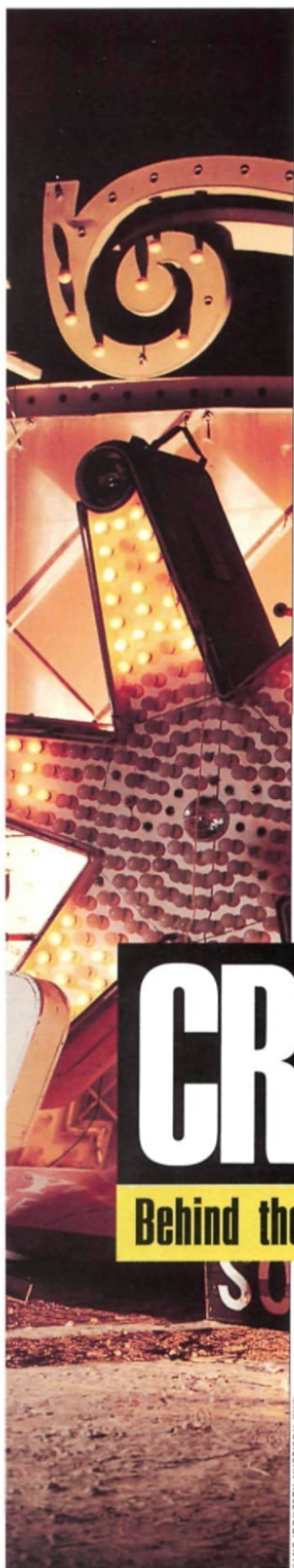
**RANGER**  
BUILT FORD TOUGH



Buckle up — together we can save lives.



Johnson (left) and Stacey Augmon should put the Rebels up in lights again this year.



**T**HE VISION ENDURES: A TIGHT GAME. A close call. Feelings on edge. The home team cheerleaders gather along the baseline at Oklahoma's

Lloyd Noble Arena, screaming for support from the crowd. Susan Molasky, the wife of the co-founder of Lorimar Studios and a founding partner of the Lacosta (Calif.) Hotel and Spa, races down the aisle in furs, leather, jewelry and assorted other regalia. She came from Las Vegas and supports the Runnin' Rebels of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. She's not here looking to cast the next Charlene Tilton. Or to get a massage. She's not even happy. Uh-oh. Molasky stops a few feet away and faces the cheerleaders. She thrusts out her arm. She jabs her middle finger high. Molasky shouts, "F—— you!"

Hard by the glaze of the Vegas strip; amid the NCAA charges, investigations, and lawsuits; right there with all the slings and arrows of outrageous reputation—if a Rebel player can't turn pro, he can always turn cards—at the heart of the UNLV basketball program, the outside world would probably be astonished to find an actual heart, impassioned fans and even a real university.

The outsiders' mindset is characterized by the question Vegas residents have been plagued with for years by many of the 17.2 million tourists who annually visit their fair city: What hotel do you live in?

There are houses and schools and churches (plus the

# CRASS AND CLASS

**Behind the glitz of UNLV basketball is a real school in a real city**

483,692 wedding chapels lining Las Vegas Boulevard) and lawn mowers and car pools in Sodom-on-the-sand. And there are live students who actually attend classes at UNLV, no kidding, barely five blocks from the Strip. They go to lectures and labs right around the corner from Jerry Tarkanian Way, in fact, even though they go for somewhat different reasons than the slump-shouldered, perpetually worried Tark, the UNLV basketball coach, sometimes seems to imagine.

"I've been hearing about some of you guys missing class,"

**BY  
CURRY  
KIRKPATRICK**

## RUNNIN' REBELS

he said to his basketball team a few weeks into preseason practice. "Anybody misses class, we're going to run you at six a.m., run you till you vomit. There's no excuse for this. We can't have you missing class. You miss class, you lose your scholarship. You miss class, you can't play. You can't play, and there goes our depth."

Depth of pockets, on the other hand, Las Vegas has. The weird thing is that until Tarkanian arrived and the basketball team started winning, nobody at UNLV really tapped into the most obvious pockets, the ones belonging to the members of the UNLV Foundation, now chaired by Elaine Wynn, a board member of Golden Nugget, Inc., the parent company of her husband Steve's new Mirage Hotel and Casino.

For all of Tarkanian's negatives—his cavalier attitude toward education being foremost—say this for him: While building a basketball program this close to the NCAA edge, Tarkanian somehow coincidentally gave life to a stagnant university. And his team has become a rallying point for a community in dire need of one.

The multimillion-dollar fights come and go in the Vegas parking lots. Jerry's Kids show up only on Labor Day. Frank, Sammy and Don Rickles, fixtures on the marquees lining the Strip, live in L.A. Even local boy Wayne Newton plays gigs in Atlantuyuk! City. But UNLV basketball stays right there, homeboys through and through, the one national entity Vegas can call its own.

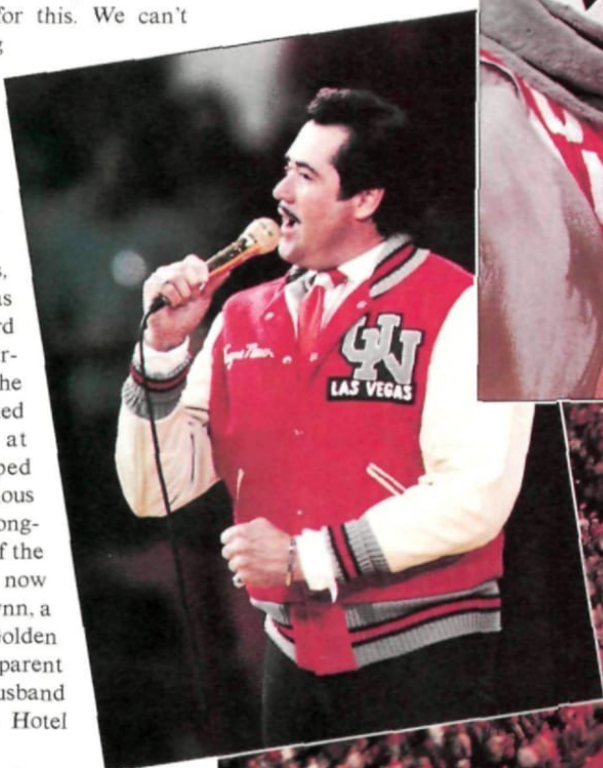
"There was a time when I was a Rebel fanatic, but I wasn't really involved with the university," Elaine Wynn said the other day while planning the rather subdued opening of the Mirage so that the pools containing the live dolphins would not be set aboiling by the flames from the exploding volcano. "When the team got a place to play on the campus [the 18,500-seat Thomas & Mack Center], we

all discovered that there actually was a campus. Students went there. It was wholesome and beautiful. Steve and I have 8,000 employees at the Mirage and the Golden Nugget. We have to be concerned about the welfare and educational opportunities for these people's families in Las Vegas. Naturally, I got pulled to the academic side of UNLV."

Some pull. In the past three years the 50-member foundation has raised more than \$50 million for capital improve-

ments—not basketball improvements—at UNLV. "Las Vegas is a community that wants desperately to be respected," says Wynn. "We bend over backward to lead normal lives. It fills this town with great pride to present anything of such high quality as the Rebels. But if you were to take a poll in the community, I bet eight of every 10 people would say their prime concern is that UNLV make it big as an academic institution."

Fine. O.K. But Wynn means special-



Hoopla Vegas-style includes a laser light show and such peripherals as (clockwise from left) Newton and Whoopi Goldberg; a shark in the rafters; and Tark and selected heavyweights.

ists' stuff, degrees in Baccarat Etiquette or Open-Neck-Shirt Management, right? "Naw," says sophomore Mike Jerlecki, who came to UNLV from Goshen, Ind.—and not to play basketball. "English, biology, finance. My friends back home say, 'They have those classes there?' I've just about convinced them I don't spend all day sitting around making parlays."

Last month, in its annual survey of

The Las Vegas image is difficult to overcome. While Alistair Cooke appears in a lecture series on campus, the towering neon billboards located nearby read: ENGLEBERT HUMPERDINCK. Not to mention PAI GOW AND PAI GOW POKER; SLOT PLAYERS DRINK FREE. Since the NCAA is suspected of having snoops behind every roulette

can shimmy-shake in the precincts of the Via Veneto—which they did recently at the McDonald's Open—yet remain Southern belles just kiddin' around. But Maxson had to persuade UNLV's cheerleaders to forgo their sensational bare-midriff outfits in the NCAA's last spring lest Tipper Gore or somebody slap an X-rating on the tournament.

Then there's Tarkanian. At a basketball camp last summer, when some coaches' heated discussion of abortion turned to Roe vs. Wade, the oblivious-as-usual Tark piped up with "[Matt] Roe should have never left Syracuse." And Maryland shouldn't have forced Bob Wade's resignation, right, coach?

In the same 1987 season in which UNLV's proud collection of true students, nice guys and terrific players was reaching the Final Four in New Orleans, Tarkanian was wooing Lloyd Daniels, a talented player from New York City who could barely read after attending four high schools in three years and was busted in a drug sting in downtown Las Vegas. Tark was also hot on the trail of Clifford Allen, who was in a juvenile detention home as a result of a probation violation of an earlier armed robbery conviction.

That neither Daniels nor Allen became a *Runnin' Reb* wasn't because of any misgivings Tarkanian had.

And so too this year. While Tark may have not only the best team in the country but also the best player—6' 7" Odesa (Texas) Junior College transfer Larry Johnson, who originally signed with SMU but never attended because questions were raised about his SAT scores—he must cope with

two pending NCAA decisions, one from his 12-year-old lawsuit against the NCAA (the Supreme Court ruled



CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: COURTESY UNLV; JOHN W. McDONOUGH; JOHN W. McDONOUGH; GREG CAVAL; GREG CAVAL

America's cathedrals of higher learning, *U.S. News & World Report* rated UNLV as a "rising star" and among only three "up and coming" universities in the 15 Western states. School president Robert Maxson couldn't have been prouder if the Runnin' Rebs had just drilled UC Irvine.

"Academic excellence isn't one of the priorities here, it is *the* priority," Maxson says. "Because this is Las Vegas, we have to work extra diligently to prove ourselves, to not permit anything to detract from the academic mission."



wheel, UNLV knows it must behave in a manner that is above reproach.

Elsewhere, meanwhile, the scantily clad Memphis State pom-pom squad

# If your business is using MCI Execunet or Sprint Dial-1, you could be

Did you know that now if your business spends \$50 per month\* or more with MCI® Execunet or US Sprint® Dial-1, you can save money with AT&T *PRO*™ WATS.

And you'll never have to worry whether you're in the right plan, because with *PRO* WATS, your discounts grow automatically on bills from \$50 to \$5,000 a month.

You don't need any special lines or equipment, plus you can get additional discounts on many international calls to 47 countries, and discounts on all direct-dialed interstate AT&T Card calls. As well as free call detail reports.

How sure are we that you'll be satisfied with AT&T *PRO* WATS?

Just call us by December 31, 1989. We'll pay to switch you

\*Pending FCC approval, effective 11/20/89. Savings vs. other carriers are based on average business calling patterns using interstate direct-dialed calls. Actual savings may vary.  
MCI is a trademark of MCI Communications Corporation.  
US Sprint is a registered trademark of US Sprint Communications Company Limited Partnership.  
© 1989 AT&T

# in the wrong plan.

over and for 90 days, if you're not completely satisfied, we'll pay to switch you back to your old service. If you have dedicated lines, we'll even pay up to \$150 toward replacing each of them.

If you're using MCI Execunet or Sprint Dial-1, it's time to switch to new AT&T *PRO WATS*.

*AT&T PRO WATS. Another AT&T advantage.*

*For more information, call 1 800 222-0400.*



**AT&T**

The right choice.

## RUNNIN' REBELS

against him last December) and the other stemming from the investigation into UNLV's recruitment of Daniels. "The NCAA can find any little thing on anyone, but they are just not going to find any major violations on Daniels," Tarkanian says firmly. Yet there is speculation that a couple of T-shirts given to recruits—along with Tark's wife, Lois, having paid the rental on former Rebel player Armon Gilliam's cap and gown—might mean the end of his reign at UNLV. Says a close friend, "Jerry thinks they're finally going to get him this time."

His two Final Four appearances, seven Big West titles (in seven years in the league) and a colossal winning percentage (.823, second by .004 to Clair Bee among all the college coaches in history) aside, Tarkanian, 59, will always be known as the man who recruited dead-enders and druggies and kept the NCAA in courtrooms for more than a decade as he fought the organization's ruling that UNLV suspend him for two years or be put on probation.

"Tark the Shark. Coaching a team called the Rebels. In Las Vegas. Seems only fitting, doesn't it?" says Larry DuBoef, the Rebels' former radio broadcaster. Tark allowed DuBoef to come into the locker room at halftimes and into the huddles during timeouts—all for the benefit of KDWN listeners.

"Listen, Tark put this town on the sports map," says DuBoef. "All our lives we've been fingered and ostracized about the nature of our life-style and the gaming industry. So the NCAA stuff is just another notch in our belts. What difference does it make? This team makes us feel good about ourselves, good about Las Vegas."

The suspicion persists that at times unnamed boosters have become too wrapped up in UNLV basketball. After columnist John Henderson of the *Las Vegas Review Journal* criticized Tarkanian for bringing the troubled Daniels to campus—"prostituting the university,"



**Moses Scurry, the Rebels' 220-pound power forward, adds muscle to Vegas's high-flying style.**

he wrote—and described a group of boosters as actually applauding Tarkanian's defense of Daniels "like a herd of seals at feeding time," the paper received nearly 150 letters, some of them demanding that Henderson be fired. Moreover, his apartment was mysteriously broken into and trashed, with nothing missing except a phone recording machine.

It was Sig Rogich, a Vegas ad man, who brought Tarkanian to UNLV in 1973 from the relative obscurity of Long Beach State. Rogich was "basketball nutsy," as he put it, and a key member of the UNLV booster club. He sent another booster, Davey Pearl, the boxing referee, to Long Beach to sign Tarkanian to a contract and then in one day made 24 phone calls to Pearl before being persuaded that Tark was in the fold. But Rogich wasn't just nutsy; he had a vision

for his city. "The town needed to show another side of itself, to bring its factions together," Rogich says. "The quickest way to let the world know you're alive is through sports. Not that we didn't have our priorities straight. Now we just have them straighter. The Rebels were the catalyst that caused the community to recognize the campus."

They were a strange pair: Rogich, with his Italian designer suits, \$3,000 watches and friends in high places (Sinatra, Newton, Senator Paul Laxalt), and Tark, who had such a hard time recognizing celebrities that he once met an overalled Harry Belafonte at the Hilton and thought he was the janitor.

Rogich recently moved from Las Vegas. Having helped direct the national ad campaign that contributed to Ronald Reagan's landslide election in 1984 and quietly partnered Roger Ailes in producing the controversial Dukakis-battering commercials for George Bush last year, Rogich was named the new assistant to the president for Public

Suyong Bay, Pusan, South Korea, has a reputation for heavy weather. But the gusting winds and violent seas that confronted sailors



John Kostecki and crew.  
Silver Medal winners for Soling.

at the last Olympic Regatta were extreme by any standard. In two of seven races, winds topped 40 knots and waves

reached 12 feet, causing such havoc that, for many competitors, finishing became the only strategy.

But one group of athletes, the members of the United States Sailing Team, stood up to the rigors better than all the rest. Prepared for the grueling conditions by extensive weight and aerobic training, the American Team took home more medals than any other country. They earned Gold for Women's 470, Silver for Star and Soling, and Bronze for Men's 470 and Sailboard.

Many of the same sailors, along with a fleet of new aspirants, have turned their attention to the campaign for berths on the Olympic Team that will travel to Barcelona in '92. Whoever makes that trip will be doubly prepared, having faced four years of the toughest international competition, as well as the rigorous



Allison Jolly and Lynne Jewell sailing to Gold in the Women's 470 at Pusan.

## Rolex and the U.S. Sailing Team: A Tradition of Excellence.

development programs established by the Olympic Yachting Committee of the United



Olympic Gold Medal winners  
Lynne Jewell and Allison Jolly.

States Yacht Racing Union.

Rolex proudly supports both the USYRU and its Team because precision, endurance, and excellence are as inherent in a Rolex timepiece as they are in championship sailing.



# ROLEX

Rolex Oyster Perpetual Lady Datejust in stainless steel and 18kt gold with matching Jubilee bracelet.

Rolex Submariner Oyster Perpetual Date in 18kt gold with matching Oyster bracelet.

For more information about the U.S. Sailing Team write: USYRU, P.O. Box 209, Newport, RI 02840.

Write for watch brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 756, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022-5383.

Rolex, Oyster Perpetual, Datejust, Jubilee, Submariner and Oyster are trademarks. © 1989 Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc.

# The Sony Trinitron XBR. Your Typical Over-Achiever.



To the acknowledged brilliance of the Trinitron XBR picture,  
Sony now adds SRS—a sound advancement.

When is good just not good enough? When you're Trinitron™ XBR™ TV, and over-achieving runs in the family. That's why this year's brilliant color is even more brilliant. The sharper resolution even sharper. And that's just the beginning. Because this year also brings you an advancement that revolutionizes TV sound—SRS®—Sound Retrieval System. With circuitry so advanced it delivers richer, fuller stereo sound. The sound promised by ordinary TVs but never

delivered. The new family of Trinitron XBR TVs also gives you new ways to watch television. Choose from a host of sophisticated new conveniences like advanced digital picture-in-picture and A/V window on-screen displays. Just what you'd expect from people for whom setting the standard is standard procedure.

## SONY®

© 1989 Sony Corporation of America. Sony, Trinitron and XBR are registered trademarks of Sony. SRS is a trademark of Hughes Aircraft Company, a subsidiary of GM Hughes Electronics.

Events and Initiatives (read: image-maker).

Can Tarkanian have survived so long that he now has connections in the White House? "All I know is, Sig's supposed to be the hardest guy in D.C. to reach, but whenever I call, he's back to me in an hour," says Tark.

As if Tarkanian really needs any more highly placed buddies. Rickles invites him backstage between shows. Sinatra tells Tark he "prays" for the Runnin' Rebs. Diana Ross sang *Reach Out and Touch (Somebody's Hand)* to the players on the night Thomas & Mack Center opened in 1983. The list of performers at UNLV's annual fund-raising dinner has included Pat Henry, Helen Reddy, Charlie Callas and Joey Heatherton. Are we talking heavy Vegas or what? Soon, the one-and-only Newton will be costarring with Tarkanian in a UNLV basketball video.

Possibly there has never been more glitz and glitter surrounding a more unadorned, common everyday Jerry. Amid the bobbles, bangles and bright lights of America's showplace slumps a gloomy-looking man who still and ever appears as if life were a glacier and his team the *Exxon Valdez*.

To most fans, Tark is best known for his run-for-your-lives offense. Most of the scoring records broken last season by the Loyola-Marymount circus act were held by Tark's Runnin' Rebs. Yet it is the Rebs' aggressive full-court pressure defense and work ethic that earn Tark's team the most respect. "We're the hardhats' favorite, the laborers' team," he says. "Every working man who has to sweat for his pay has got to root for us."

Then there's the spectacular pregame light show at Thomas & Mack, the fireworks, the enormous mounted shark hanging from the rafters, the shark holograms racing around the rim of the arena, the shark hats and shark shirts and shark puppets and the high-rent (\$1,800-a-year per seat) Gucci Row. Gucci Row?

Normally sitting among Tark's inner circle at court-side across from the teams' benches are glamorous representatives from TV and films (Irwin and Susan Molasky of *Lorimar*; Dick Manoogian, a cosmetics entrepreneur and the producer who is responsible for hiring the renowned Chick Hearn to broadcast Vegas games back to the lucrative Los Angeles market), the hotel industry (the Wynns), boxing and medicine (Dr. Elias Ghanem, the chairman of the Nevada boxing commission); and the restaurant industry (Freddy Glusman, owner of Vegas's posh Piero's restaurant), along with goshknowswhatall visitors to Johnny Carson's late-night couch.

These are Tark's schmoozing pals, his nightly cocktails-and-dinner partners in the spangled gourmet rooms of Vegas. Tarkanian, a born-again health nut, rarely tipples—he has an occasional glass of wine—but he loves the side of coaching that most of his peers abhor: glad-handing, hanging out with fans and alumni, letting the basketball celebrity-sniffers get close enough for a really significant whiff. As he once said, "None of the boosters' kids go to UNLV. They go to USC or Stanford. [His own son, Danny, was a Runnin' Rebel point guard in the early 1980s and

and parking valets who plan work shifts around Rebel games and plan vacations so that they can accompany UNLV on its postseason tournament odysseys. "You think Tark is some dummy?" says a local businessman. "He's everywhere in town. He built this support from ground zero. That's why whenever he gets in trouble with the NCAA, the whole community comes together behind him. Does the NCAA actually think they'd ever have a shot in a court case in Vegas? The judge who ruled against Tark would be trying his next case at the bottom of Lake Mead." Well, at least there would be an opening on Gucci Row.

"My wife, Bonnie, married me just to get the great seat in Gucci Row," says Glusman, the high-rolling entrepreneur who owns a stable of boxers in partnership with Bob Arum, Las Vegas mayor Ron Lurie and none other than Tarkanian. In fact, UNLV basketball is the Gucci Row inhabitants' social scene, its windup toy, the major league franchise Las Vegas will never be allowed to possess because of its gaming industry.

One year Susan Molasky passed up a French Riviera vacation to accompany UNLV on a long road trip to the freezing Midwest, during which she sat huddled inside the Robertson Memorial Field House at Bradley in Peoria, Ill. She was a forlorn, hand-clapping audience of one—as the Rebs practiced.

Does such loyalty pay off with joy in the end? Of course it does. At Auburn one season, UNLV got a special dispensation to seat its fans down front—provided they minded their manners. That meant no Molaskian cussing. After the Rebs beat the Tigers in a blowout, Tarkanian

was quietly talking with the presidents of both universities on the court when Molasky shrieked onto the scene, stopping just short of a neck tackle. "Oh, Jerry," she cried out as the astonished prez looked on in horror. "I'm so proud of myself. I didn't say — once!" And nobody asked her what hotel she lived in back in Vegas, either. ■



**Tark—still a target of the NCAA—won't throw in the towel.**

is now a lawyer in Las Vegas.) But they all love us."

And not just the swells, either. Tark is a hero to Vegas's backbone—the hotel bellhops and chambermaids, the construction workers, the blackjack dealers





**T**HE FATHER SITS ON HIS FAVORITE couch. Every father should have a favorite couch. Louis Ford has delivered the mail for another day on the streets of Cambridge, Mass., and his walking shoes have been replaced by slippers. Home again. He is a tiny man with a spike of gray hair under his lower lip. He smokes a cigarette, relaxes. He is still dressed in his blue U.S. Postal Service uniform. The story begins at the end.

"Little Louis had to go to the bathroom," says the father.

# SPECIAL DELIVERY

**Rumeal Robinson arrived at Michigan from a home stamped with caring**

Little Louis nods in agreement. He is seven years old and has eyes the size of golf balls. He lies at the foot of the couch, looking up at Dad. He has heard the story a few hundred times, but he does not mind hearing it again. Does not mind at all.

"Three seconds to go," says the father. "Rumeal is on the foul line for the national championship. . . .

"Daddy, I got to pee."

The adopted twins, Tyrone and Ernie, are in another room. They, too, are seven years old. The father sometimes calls them Bert and Ernie. He also calls them the Devil and the Devil's Advocate. They are playing some kind of game. Their arguments can be heard in the distance. Christine, 14, is lying on the floor next to Little Louis. She also does not mind hearing the story again.

"So what can I do?" says the father. "I take Little Louis by the hand, and we go out through the exit. We hurry to the men's room. On the way, though, I see a television monitor. Seton Hall has called a timeout to try to make Rumeal nervous. We go to the bathroom. Seton Hall has called another timeout. We get Little Louis zipped up and we hurry back. Little

**BY  
LEIGH  
MONTVILLE**



Louis was in midroute when he received word that he would get to see Rumeal (shown at right in a midseason game) play in the Final Four.



**There's always room at the Ford Hotel, which is located on a recently renamed street in Cambridge.**

Louis runs to the seat, and I'm just standing there in the exit. I see the first shot. I see the second shot. I see it all. Don't miss a thing."

Let's see. Melvin, 19, is playing basketball somewhere. Donald, 24, is out, but he had better trim those bushes in the front yard soon if he knows what's good for him. Randy, 18, out of high school last spring, is traveling, figuring out what his next step in life should be. Helen, the mother, moves back and forth between the living room and kitchen. Rumeal is back at Michigan.

That's Rumeal Robinson. His picture is on the wall next to the couch. It's a poster, really, a shot of him celebrating the grand moment when the game and the 1989 NCAA championship were won. A videotape of the entire final—Michigan 80, Seton Hall 79—is in the pile of tapes next to the TV. Helen has not watched it very often because she cries every time.

"That was the final blessing," says Louis, lost in the reminiscence. "I took Little Louis to the bathroom, and I still got to see those foul shots."

He shakes his head. Did all of this really happen?

## THE BACKGROUND

The house is called the Ford Hotel, 11 rooms just off the quiet street. Donald gave it that name when he sat down for breakfast one morning and found himself next to yet another kid he didn't know. What is this, the Ford Hotel? The name stuck. The Ford Hotel. Kids always welcome.

In 1952 Louis came out of the Navy, bought the place for \$7,900 and married a woman with four kids. The marriage was fine and easy, but then the kids grew up and the woman died of cancer in 1969. Four years later, Louis married Helen. She had two kids.

Two, of course, was not enough. Helen also liked kids. "She thinks the same way that I do," says Louis. "The door always has been open here. If a kid has a

problem, if he needs a place to stay for a while, this is a place to come. We've had a lot of kids stay here for a while, calm down, find that their parents aren't such ogres after all, and go home. If you don't mind sleeping with someone else's foot in your face, you can stay here. We don't have a lot of rules. I don't believe in rules. I believe in talking, in love. Kids are a lot more intelligent than most adults realize. You can talk with kids. You don't have to agree with them, but you have to listen."

Rumeal was one of the first kids to arrive with a problem. He was quiet, shy, confused and only 12 years old. He arrived because Helen found him.

Helen is an active woman, a civic tornado, coaching teams, helping in organizations and working as a security guard at Rindge and Latin High. She heard reports about a child who was sleeping at night in the hallways of a local apartment complex. The kid had left home and was living on school lunches and whatever other meals he could find. He sounded like a character out of a Dickens novel.

## RUMEAL ROBINSON

Tipped off that he played basketball after school at Martin Luther King Grammar School, Helen appeared one afternoon in the middle of a game. There he was. She was surprised to find that she recognized him. He had played for one of her flag-football teams, but whenever she had looked at the team photo, he was the one kid whose name she didn't know. Who was this kid? She waited until there was a break between games and followed him to the water fountain.

"Hey, I know you," she said.

"I know you, too," the kid said.

"I hear you have a problem," she said. "How would you like to come to my house for dinner? We're having chicken."

News accounts have said that Rumeal was "abandoned" by his natural mother, but Louis says that term is too harsh. Rumeal was born in Jamaica and lived there with his grandmother for his first seven years while his mother worked in

Massachusetts. His parents were separated before he was born. By the time his mother sent for him, she had become a stranger, and even now the circumstances of her life remain a mystery to him. He had grown used to a lenient lifestyle at his grandmother's house. His mother wanted a stricter environment. They fought. He left to live with foster parents. He came back. He and his mother fought again. He left again.

He evinced a determination, even at that tender age, that seemed unique. He knew what he wanted. He was fearless. He did what he thought was right.

"We had some cross words once, maybe a couple of months after he came to live with us," says Louis. "I don't know what we were arguing about. It was nothing. But he says to me, just like this, 'I'll leave if you want.' I said to myself, 'Whoa, back off. This kid is different.'"

The Ford Hotel was exactly what the kid needed. He fell into the old house's rhythms, especially in sports. He played basketball on the dirt court in the front yard, where the rim was attached to a large oak tree. The kids didn't do much

dribbling because of the rocks, so everybody charged at the hoop for layups. Donald would scream to his mother to come out and watch. Then he would roll past the new kid and dunk. Soon, the new kid started working on that.

Days and weeks and months accumulated at the Ford Hotel. The kid never left. He grew more confident and open as time passed. He drew a picture of Dopey of the Seven Dwarfs one day in the kitchen and presented it to Helen. She put it on the side of the refrigerator and has never taken it down.

"Finally, we decided to adopt him," says Louis. "I sat him down and explained what we wanted to do. He asked if he would have to change his name. I told him no, that he had a fine name. He said he liked it, too, but if we wanted him to change, he would. We said no."

In Cambridge, basketball was important during much of this time because Patrick Ewing was from the neighborhood. First he was leading Rindge and Latin High to one state championship after another, and then he was at college, leading Georgetown to the NCAA title. Everyone was playing basketball. Helen knew Ewing, and sometimes she would

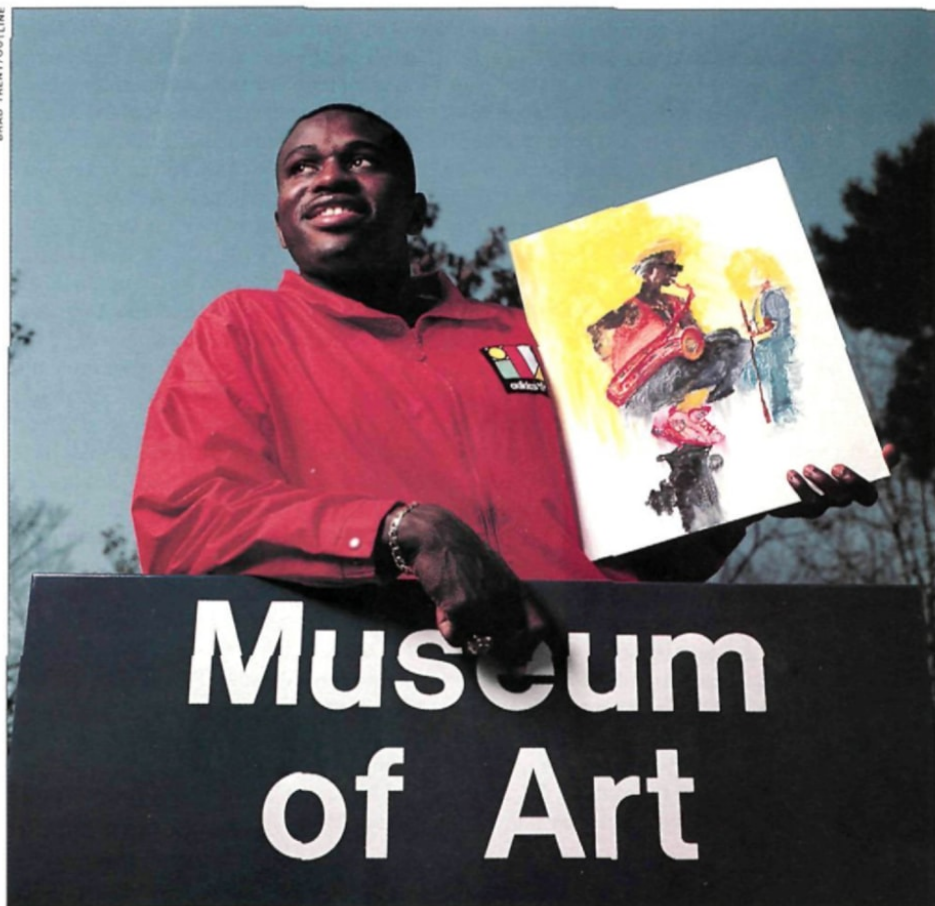
visit his mother. Sometimes she would bring along Rumeal. He would stare at the trophies.

When Georgetown won the national championship, in 1984, she talked with the mayor of Cambridge and suggested that the town hold a Patrick Ewing Day, with a parade. The mayor asked her to plan the festivities. "I became the Cambridge expert on parades," she says. "How was I to know that someday I'd be planning one for my own son?"

There were signs. When Louis headed to work every morning at 5 a.m., 15-year-old Rumeal would be coming through the front door, back from running—along the Charles River, through the courtyards of MIT, around the fringes of Harvard, all the while wearing a 40-pound vest. He played basketball nonstop. Rindge and Latin would win another state championship, this time with a guard, not a seven-foot center, as its star.

"All of us say we want to do something," says Louis. "We have dreams."

**Robinson now excels in art classes at Michigan, but his first work is displayed on the fridge at home.**



# RUMEAL ROBINSON

We just don't have the determination to follow them out. This kid always did."

## THE MOMENT

The press conference was held at the Seattle Kingdome the day before the Final Four began. Rumeal spoke amiably about Michigan's grand rise through the tournament under interim coach Steve Fisher; about Illinois, the Wolverines' semifinal opponent; about basketball. Following the session, he stood among a group of inquiring reporters who wanted to know more. "Where do you come from?" one of them asked.

"Cambridge, Mass.," replied Rumeal.

"What does your father do for a living?" the reporter asked.

One question brought another, and somehow the whole tale was told: sleeping in the hallways, moving into the Ford Hotel, being adopted. Dozens of fingers typed. Wasn't this wonderful? Columnist Michael Madden of *The Boston Globe* finished his account by describing how Helen (and Little Louis) would be sitting in the Kingdome, watching the games, while Louis would be back home in Cambridge, on his couch in front of the television, because the family didn't have enough money to send him across the country.

The phones at the *Globe* started ringing. A lawyer from nearby Hopkinton called the *Globe*. He had read Madden's story and wanted to send Louis to the Final Four. Another man called from Wellesley. Another from Dedham. Another from Cambridge. Soon the paper had received six offers to send Louis to Seattle. A copyboy put the six men on a conference call, and they decided to split the cost. The lawyer also found Louis tickets to the games.

Trouble was, it was Saturday, and the semifinal against Illinois was that afternoon. Louis had heard none of these plans. Where was he? The *Globe* contacted his supervisors at the post office, who found him out on his route. They plucked him off the street, stopped at the Ford Hotel long enough for him to pick up a bag Christine had packed while Louis was being found, and hurried him to the airport. He missed one flight at noon but caught another an hour later. He was in a happy cloud.

"I was hoping to get there for the second half," he says. "But the plane was

delayed a little. The pilot put the game on the radio. Illinois was leading."

Louis walked off the plane and didn't know what to expect. A man was waiting with a sign that read LOUIS FORD. Louis said that he was Mr. Ford. The man led him to a white limousine the size of an ocean liner. Louis started to sit in the front seat. The man offered him a seat in the back. Louis had ridden in a limousine before, but nothing like this.

"There was this music playing on the radio," says Louis. "I suppose I should have asked the man to turn to the game, but he was so far away I don't think he could have heard me. There even might have been a television in the back. I didn't know. I was new to all of this."

He arrived at the Kingdome as the crowd was leaving, still wearing his mailman's uniform underneath a Michigan jacket Rumeal had given him. He asked the people who were leaving who had won. Someone said, "You're wearing the right jacket."

"I was lost," says Louis. "I didn't know what to do next. I had a couple of bucks in my pocket, but I didn't even know where the hotel was. The limo was gone. I was just standing there, and I heard this voice. It was Helen."

By the time the final against Seton Hall began, two nights later, the tale of Louis's trip had spread. Helen had been made an honorary member of the Michigan cheerleading squad. Louis was a face for the CBS cameras. What is the network term—the story line? Helen and Louis were a big part of the story line.

They sat with Little Louis and watched the game go back and forth, always close, on the Kingdome floor. Rumeal was one of the ringmasters of the show, the point guard, in absolute command. He would finish with 21 points and 11 assists. Early in the second half he unloaded a dunk that would have looked fine on the dirt in Cambridge. Take that, Donald. The night before, Helen dreamed that the championship game would come down to the final seconds and Rumeal would cut through everyone to dunk for the winning basket.

"Only, I had it wrong," she says. "The game came down to Rumeal. But he was shooting foul shots."

Seton Hall's John Morton missed a jumper with 12 seconds left. Glen Rice of Michigan grabbed the rebound and passed to Rumeal. There was never a



doubt in Rumeal's mind about what he was going to do. Determination always has been his strength—and, his coaches sometimes say, his weakness. He will do what he is going to do. He dribbled the length of the floor. Driving toward the hoop, he collided with the Pirates' Gerald Greene. Charge—Robinson? Foul—Greene? Referee John Clougherty pointed at Greene. Rumeal was on the line. Three seconds remained. One free throw to tie, one more to win.

Helen began to cry and said she could not watch. Little Louis tugged at his father's sleeve.

## NOW

The street was known as Norfolk Place when Robinson first arrived. It has been



renamed Rumeal Robinson Place by the city of Cambridge. Looking for the Ford Hotel? It is located at 2 Rumeal Robinson Place. The parade has been held. Rumeal has shot free throws in the White House Rose Garden, re-creating the moment. He made one shot and then gave the ball to the President.

"Did you see that?" says Helen. "Bush threw up a brick. Lefty. And it went in. He was so happy."

Four starters are back at Michigan, and Rumeal is the name at the top of the marquee, the senior leader of the national champions. Memories of his freshman year, when he was scholastically ineligible to play, are long gone. He needs only 18 credits to graduate with his class with a degree in sports management and

**After the title game more than a few students sought the pleasure of Robinson's company.**

communications. He undoubtedly will be chosen in the first round of the NBA draft.

Helen plans to go to Ann Arbor for some games, but she will also be at Rindge and Latin to watch Melvin, a senior. Melvin is also adopted. Louis is back on the job, of course, delivering another day's mail, and now he wears Rumeal's NCAA championship ring on his left hand, Rumeal's high school championship ring is on his right. He never removes either, not even when he sleeps.

"How do I feel about these rings?" he says. "How'd you feel if your son ripped out his heart and handed it to you?"

The sentimental glow of the events of last spring does not go away. "I've always thought that if you do good for other people, then sometime the good will be returned to you," says Louis. "Well, I've had mine. That was my reward. Nothing could be better—nothing."

Louis also says the Ford Hotel is becoming a little too quiet. He would like to hear the sounds of an adopted baby. A baby would give the place some life. Helen doesn't know whether she wants to adopt again.

"We'll talk," he says. "You'd like a baby. Just one more."

Helen says they will talk. ■

THE MAZDA MPV.



## WHO SAYS THERE'S NO

WE BUILT THE MAZDA MPV BASED ON  
A VERY STRONG FOUNDATION. THE HOME.

YOU KNOW HOW YOUR HOME FEELS.  
EVERYTHING HAS ITS PLACE. A PERFECT FIT,  
SO IT ALL FEELS JUST RIGHT.

THAT'S THE FEELING YOU'LL GET IN AN  
MPV, THANKS TO SOMETHING WE CALL

"KANSEI ENGINEERING." IT'S ENGINEERING  
BASED ON HUMAN FEELINGS, AND IT MAKES  
THE MAZDA MPV ALSO FEEL JUST RIGHT.  
IT'S A FEELING YOU'LL NOTICE INSTANTLY  
THE MOMENT YOU STEP INSIDE.

YOU'LL ALSO FEEL THE POWER OF AN  
OPTIONAL 3.0-LITRE FUEL-INJECTED V6, PLUS

\*See your Mazda Dealer for limited-warranty details. © 1989 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.



# PLACE LIKE HOME?

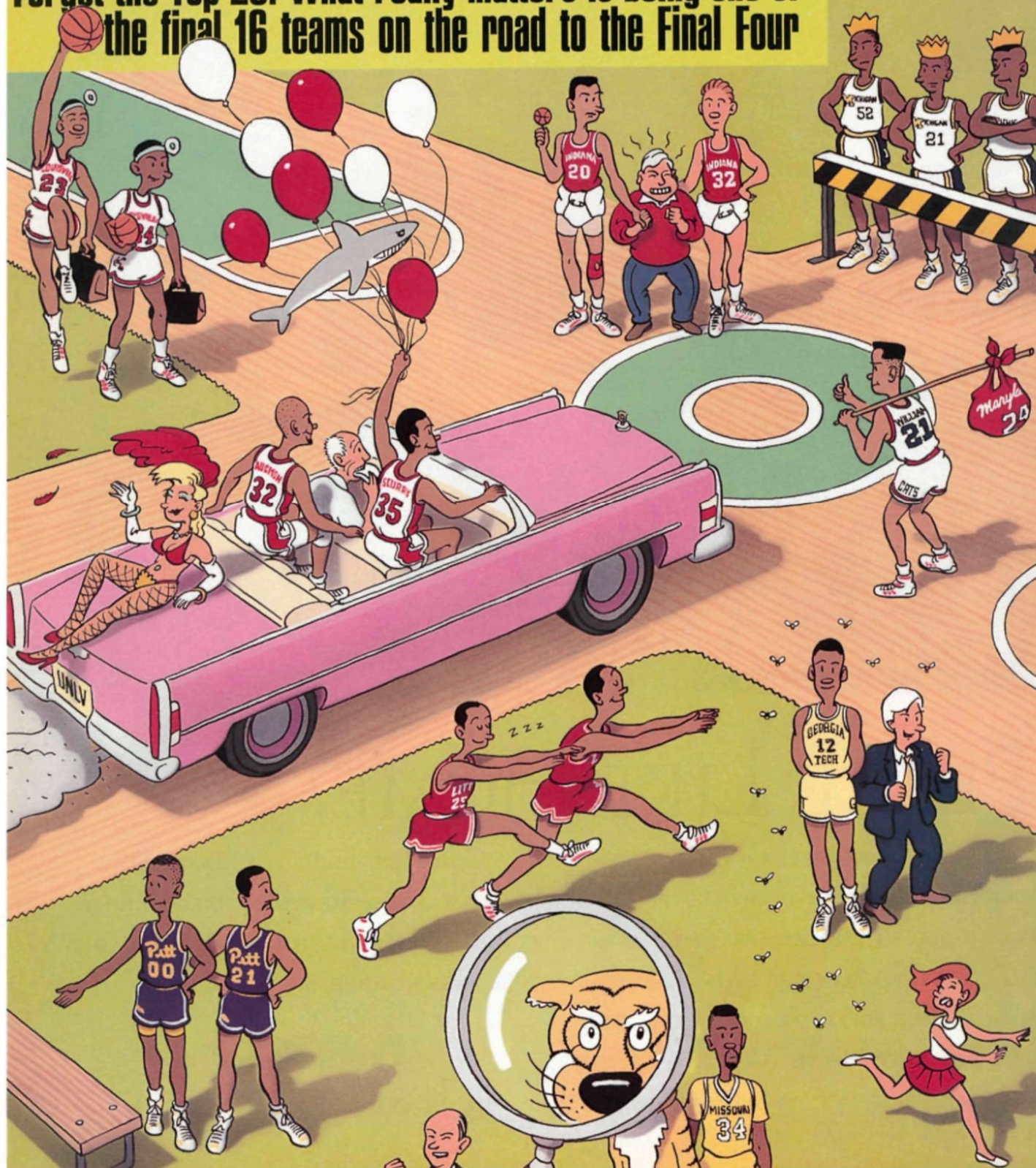
THE CONTROL OF OUR REAR-WHEEL ANTI-LOCK BRAKE SYSTEM. THERE IS EVEN A 4WD MODEL, SO YOU CAN FEEL AT HOME IN THE COUNTRY. OR IN THE SNOW. AND TO ADD TO YOUR FEELING OF SECURITY, THE MPV IS BACKED WITH THE MAZDA 36-MONTH/50,000-MILE WARRANTY, THE BEST IN ITS CLASS.\*

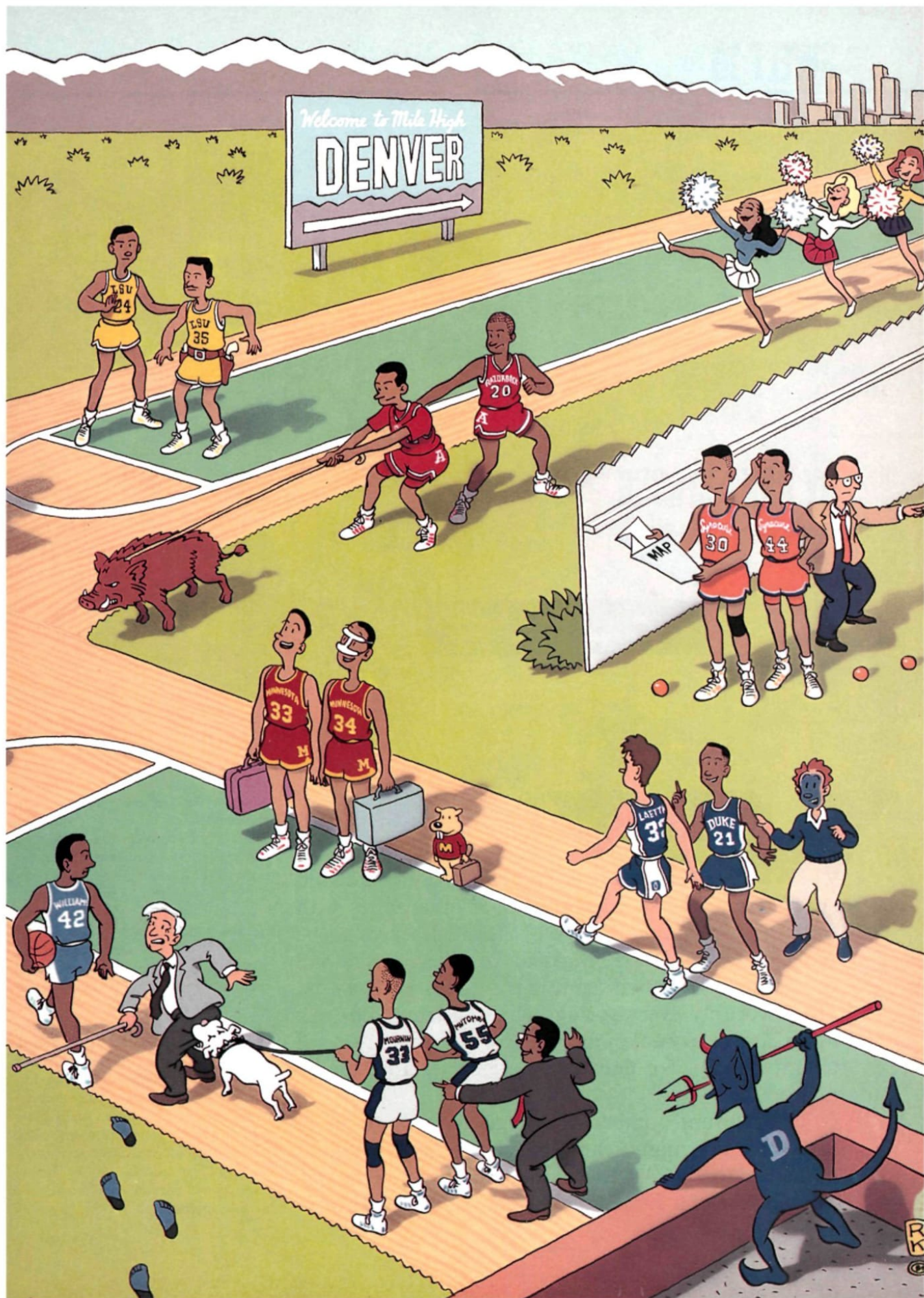
COME TEST-DRIVE THE MAZDA MPV. IT'S GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOU FEEL RIGHT AT HOME. FOR MORE INFORMATION, CALL THIS TOLL-FREE NUMBER: 800-424-0202.

**mazda**  
IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.™

# THE SWEET 16

Forget the Top 20. What really matters is being one of the final 16 teams on the road to the Final Four





## BY HANK HERSCH

Illustrations by Robert Kopecky

Anderson (32) and forward Greg Graham are two of Knight's many baby Hoosiers.



**W**HO NEEDS THE TOP 20? What purpose does it serve? All it does is incite a little debate and shackle one of a succession of poor ol' coaches with the burden of proving why his team deserves to be No. 1 that week. No. 1? Big deal. In college basketball the question of which team is truly tops is answered unequivocally every spring, when 64 teams embark upon a three-week journey toward the national championship. No debate is necessary—and, really, no Top 20.

The relevant number in college hoops is 16, as in Sweet 16. For many teams, reaching this prestigious plateau in the NCAA tournament has become the truest measure of a successful season. An appearance in

the third round of postseason play can rejuvenate a coach's career, reduce the budgetary stresses of an athletic director (last season the payoff for making the round of 16 was \$750,600) and embolden the players, who know they have a one-in-four shot of going face-to-face with Brent Musberger.

Sweet 16 teams usually come from schools with at least some basketball tradition. They have a heavyweight coach, one or two future first-round draft picks and a pinch of luck. The heavyweight coach understands how to handle the pressure of the tournament's gut-wrenching, single-elimination format. His giddy peers who pull off upsets in the opening round are usually glum observers after the second round, often because they are unaccustomed to the sudden glare of success.

Of course, part of what makes the NCAA tournament such a riveting

spectacle is that this pattern occasionally doesn't hold. In the 1980s alone, such upstarts as Lamar, St. Joseph's, Louisiana Tech and Navy have advanced to the round of 16. But in every case the coaches of these teams (Billy Tubbs, Jim Lynam, Andy Russo and Paul Evans, respectively) were wooed to bigger, richer schools—or, in Lynam's case, into the NBA—the next year, after which their former teams returned to the shadows of basketball obscurity.

So which teams will play in New Orleans, Dallas, Oakland or East Rutherford, N.J., the sites of the NCAA's four regional tournaments next March? Here, if you will, is our prognosis—a Presweetened 16.

## THE PERENNIALS

Some teams seem to have regular dates for the Sweet 16 that are more unshakable than was Caesar's appointment on the ides of March. **North Carolina, Duke, Indiana and Georgetown** may not be fielding their most balanced teams this season, but guided by their signature coaches, they'll have enough talent to succeed in the postseason. Twice in the 1980s,

the Tar Heels' Dean Smith has lost key players to the NBA draft after their junior seasons—James Worthy in '82 and Michael Jordan in '84—and showed up in the final 16 the following season. In June, Smith lost yet another top junior, J.R. Reid, to the NBA draft, but Scott Williams, a 6' 10" senior who gained 12 pounds in an off-season weightlifting program, should step forward as the Tar Heels' bellwether—if he can keep his stormy emotions under control.

Smith is under pressure to prove that Carolina, not Duke, has the league's best program and that, at 58, he's still as sharp as ever. It'll be tough because the Blue Devils have played in three of the last four Final Fours, while the Tar

Heels haven't been there since 1982, the year they went all the way. While Smith was busy recruiting heralded playmaker Kenny Anderson, who ended up signing with Georgia Tech, he put another gifted schoolboy point guard, Bobby Hurley, on hold. So Duke coach Mike Krzyzewski snapped up Hurley, whose precocious court sense should relieve 6' 11" sophomore center Christian Laettner of some of the leadership responsibilities and complement the scoring skills of shooting guard Phil Henderson. During the summer, Henderson wanted to transfer to Illinois but got cold feet. Humbled, Henderson crawled back to Duke, where he cut a deal with athletic director Tom Butters and was welcomed with open arms by the players, who voted to allow him to return. "I'm not

God," says Coach K. "I can't affect everybody in a positive manner."

Indiana coach Bob Knight lost eight players who produced two thirds of last season's points. However, 1989-90 could be reminiscent of '83-84, when four freshmen led the Hoosiers to the round of 16. Indiana is loaded with new talent: seven freshmen, including five instaters, headed by 6' 5" Pat Graham, Indiana's Mr. Basketball last season. Six of the recruits got acquainted by playing on an AAU-sanctioned team in Bloomington during the summer. The young cast will join the Big Ten's top freshman of a year ago, 6' 9" Eric Anderson.

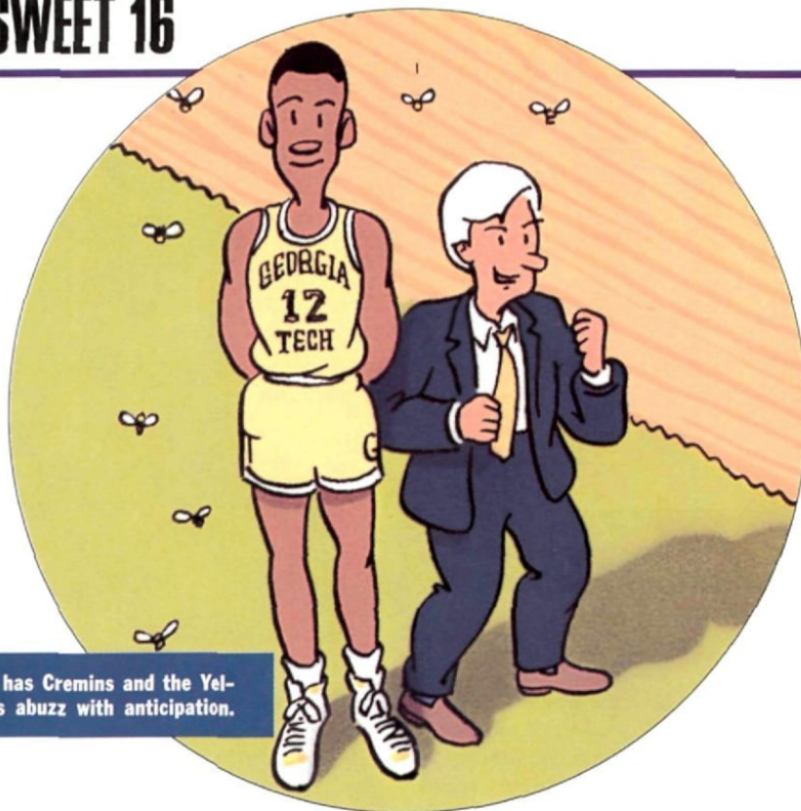
The premier Big East freshman in 1988-89, 6' 10" Georgetown center Alonzo Mourning, will share the court more often with 7' 2" sophomore Dikembe Mutombo. They will give coach John Thompson the most ominous shot-blocking tandem. While splitting time last season, Mourning and Mutombo accounted for 244 of the Hoyas' NCAA-record 309 blocked shots. Playing together, they could get 244 by Christmas. But Georgetown's M & M Boys will be desperate for offensive support. Thompson may have an outside threat in senior guard Dwayne Bryant or in 5' 10" freshman



With Mourning and Mutombo, Thompson's Hoyas should chew up their opponents.



Owens (30) and Coleman must excel if Boeheim's team hopes to find its way to Denver.



Anderson has Cremins and the Yellowjackets buzz with anticipation.

guard David Edwards, who averaged 41 points a game last season at Andrew Jackson High in New York City.

## THE TALENT MONGERS

Every player selected first in the NBA draft in the 1980s had helped carry a team to the round of 16, and all but two—North Carolina's Brad Daugherty and Navy's David Robinson—had played in the Final Four. That's a good sign for **Syracuse**, which has forward Derrick Coleman, who's likely to become the No. 1 pick in the '90 draft. The 6' 10" Coleman had to play center in '88-89, and he led the Big East in rebounding; now he's back at forward, the position for which his skills are more suited. With the departure of All-America playmaker Sherman Douglas, Stephen Thompson and Billy Owens will share time at point guard—unless freshman Michael Edwards blossoms quickly. The question of who will play the point has inspired so much debate in upstate New York that coach Jim Boeheim hasn't even been reminded of the Orangemen's sour free-throw shooting last season (61.1%)—until now.

Tired of coaches who poor-mouth their teams' chances? Listen to Dale Brown of **Louisiana State**. "We're setting our goals a little higher than the national championship this season," says Brown. "We want to let people know LSU will be the team of the '90s." Just how loaded are the Tigers? Lyle Mouton, a starting guard in 1988-89, realized that if he wanted to get any playing time, he would have to play baseball instead of basketball. Look for him on the diamond. In explosive sophomore Chris Jackson, LSU has the best guard in the country. Now Jackson has some big-time company: 7' 1" Shaquille O'Neal and 7-foot Stanley Roberts, both of

whom are newcomers. "All of a sudden—bingo!—I'm blessed with great talent," says Brown. "Now, the next thing to do is coach it."

You said it, Dale, not us.

## THE BACKCOURT BEASTS

If Kenny Anderson is a healthy fraction of the playmaker he is touted to be—his high school jersey is already displayed in the Basketball Hall of Fame—**Georgia Tech** may have the best backcourt in the land. Anderson will operate in the Yellowjackets' three-guard offense with senior Brian Oliver, a center of calm amid the sideline storming of Tech coach Bobby Cremins, and junior Dennis Scott, a 6' 8" mad bomber who has yet to fulfill the promise that accompanied him to Atlanta two years ago. "If there was a three-on-three tournament, I think those guys would win," says Cremins. "If we had a proven front line, we'd be as good as anybody." Still, Georgia Tech will be plenty good.

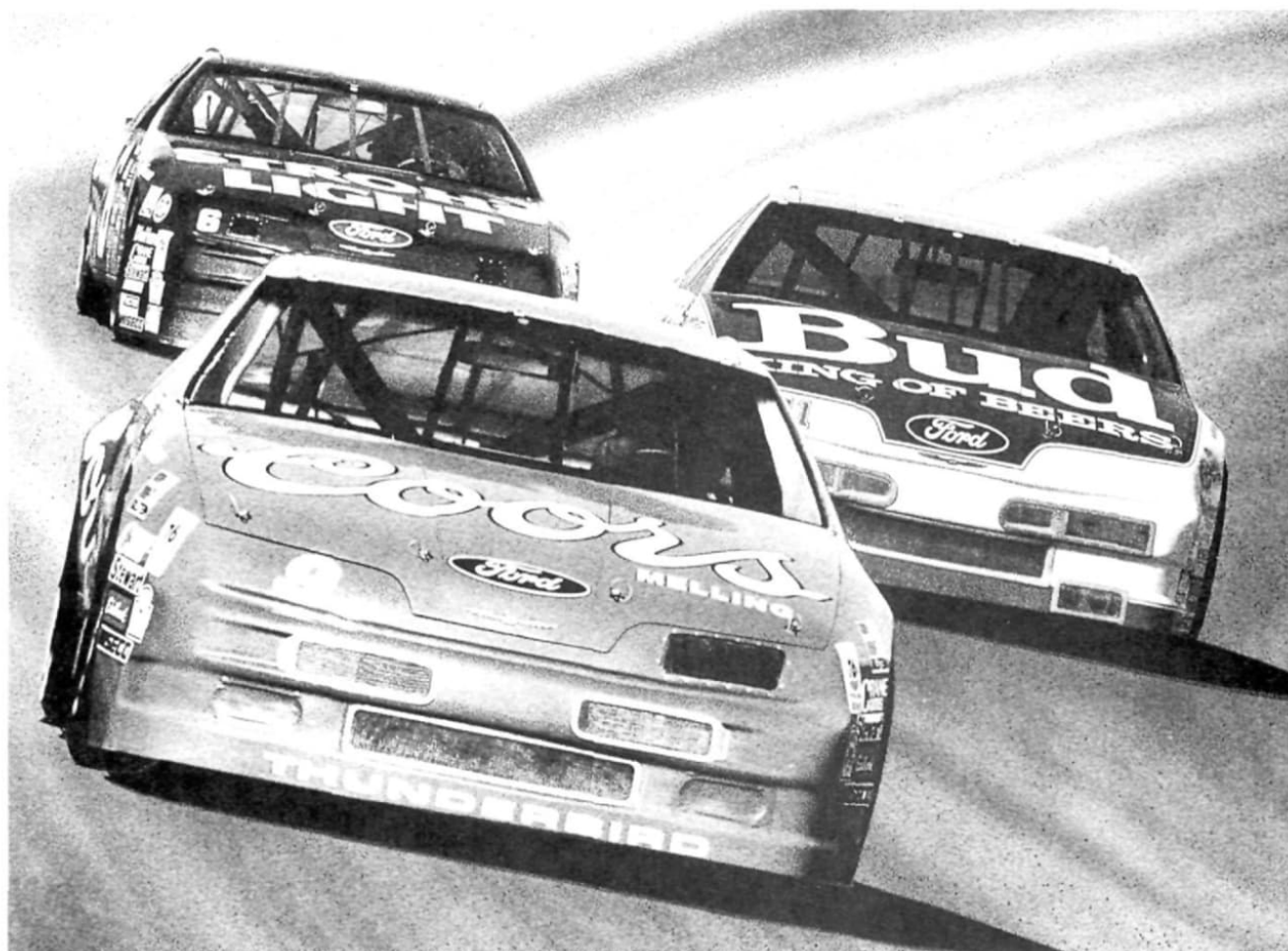
Thanks to two last-second free throws by Rumeal Robinson (page 64), **Michigan** defeated Seton Hall 80-79 to win the NCAA title last spring. Sweet-shooting Sean Higgins, a swingman, will have to score more, now that Glen Rice, who led the Big Ten in scoring last season, is gone. But even without Rice, Michigan is packed with talent and intent on becoming the first school to repeat as national champion since UCLA did so in 1972-73. "We're ready to go down in history," says forward Loy Vaught. "I want to be immortalized."

## THE REPROBATES?

Every now and then, a team slips into the Sweet 16 by illicit means and later winds up doing time for the NCAA (see Wichita State, UCLA, Memphis State, Cleveland State). Don't be surprised if that happens to **Missouri**. This fall, prize recruit Daniel Lyton left Missouri, saying that the coaching staff had mistreated him and that he didn't want to attend a school "that's going to be on probation." The Tigers are indeed under NCAA investigation for several alleged infractions, possibly including their recruitment of Lyton.



# FORD THUNDERBIRDS. THE HOTTEST CARS IN PHOENIX.



## Bill Elliott leads a 1-2-3 Ford finish at Phoenix International Raceway.

When the race-prepared Ford Thunderbirds took to the track on Sunday, November 5, they were outnumbered by the GM competition by more than 4 to 1.

And after 500 miles of racing, the Ford Thunderbirds of Bill Elliott, Terry Labonte and Mark Martin finished first, second and third.

Which left Chevy, Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Buick scrapping for fourth place.

The victory was nothing new for Bill Elliott. Or for the Ford Thunderbird.

So far this season, Ford Thunderbirds have won five consecutive NASCAR Winston

Cup races. A Thunderbird has been the fastest qualifier 14 times.

And Bill Elliott and the Ford Thunderbird still hold the record for the fastest lap in NASCAR.

The 1990 Thunderbirds are at your Ford Dealer now. Including the supercharged Thunderbird SC. The hottest Thunderbird, ever.



RACING INTO THE FUTURE.



It won't be easy keeping Bowers (20) and his Razorback mates out of the Final Four.



Missouri's status won't be known until February at the earliest. A clean bill of health would do wonders for Norm Stewart, who has returned to coaching after being sidelined for half of last season because of cancer surgery and treatment for a diseased gallbladder. Guard Anthony Peeler, a troubled sophomore, should be the Tigers' biggest scorer. He'll get able contributions from guard Lee Coward and 6' 10" center-forward Doug Smith.

In recent years junior college graduates and transfers from four-year institutions have invigorated a variety of teams, from Oklahoma to Indiana. This season, the best juco arrival appears to be UNLV forward Larry Johnson, from Odessa (Texas) College. Johnson, a 6' 7" inside scorer who dominated the World University Games for the U.S. team this summer, should be the perfect complement to forward Stacey Augmon, a ferocious defender and last season's Big West Player of the Year. Sophomore



Anderson Hunt will try to steady the Runnin' Rebels' usually erratic outside game. In short, if UNLV (page 56) fulfills its potential, Rebel fans might be able to forget that the program is under investigation for alleged recruiting violations, and coach Jerry Tarkanian should finally bag the big one—if the NCAA doesn't bag him first.

## THE CONFERENCE CALLS

From the Metro Conference, either Louisville or Memphis State is almost always around for the round of 16. While the Tigers have the more gifted guards in Elliot Perry and Cheyenne Gibson, the Cardinals are stocked with the sort of slick perimeter players who call to mind Louisville's 1980 national championship team—a.k.a. the Doctors of Dunk. Swingman Jerome Harmon, who once had nine jams in a game for Lew Wallace High in Gary, Ind., will be in the lineup after being sidelined by a ruptured disc last season. When the 6' 4" Harmon reverse-stuffed in a recent pickup game, former Cardinals Kenny Payne and Darrell Griffith, renowned jammers who are both in the NBA, were absolutely awed. "That kid has got to play," said Payne. "He's unstoppable."

The Southwest Conference, which has been known to go into hibernation after football season, is strong enough this year to produce a title contender, and Arkansas figures to be it. Back from last season's 25-7 team are three starters, including conference Newcomer of the Year Todd Mayberry, a point guard who's capable of running Nolan Richardson's complex high-risk offense. Mayberry averaged only 1.56 turnovers a game in 1988-89, fewer than any other playmaker in the nation. Joining the four starters is swingman Ron Huery, who was kicked off the team last season following his second alcohol-related arrest. "They definitely have a chance to be there [in the Final Four] at the end of the season," says Texas coach Tom Penders.

Arizona has lost two-time All-America Sean Elliott to the pros, but coach Lute Olson now has 6' 10" center Brian Williams, a transfer from Maryland. Williams's dad, Gene, was one of the original Platters, and Brian has already shown that he's no great pretender. As a freshman in 1987-88, he led the Terrapins into the second round of the NAAs. Had Chris Mills, the controversial forward who's one of the reasons Kentucky is on probation (*SI* May 29), been cleared to play for the Wildcats




## **JACK NICKLAUS. What a driver should be.**

Of all those who have driven a ball toward a distant hole in the ground, there is one that stands apart—Jack Nicklaus. Among luxury cars, the one that stands apart is the Lincoln Continental. Its electronic air spring suspension helps you deal with changes in terrain. In tight spots, its anti-lock brakes help you maintain steering control during hard braking. And when the fairway isn't so fair, it's comforting to know Continental includes a driver and right front passenger air bag supplemental restraint system. For a free brochure, call 1 800 446-8888. Or visit a Lincoln dealer. It could be just what your driving game needs.

## **LINCOLN. What a luxury car should be.**



LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION 

*Buckle up—together we can save lives.*

# COME AWAY AN INSTANT WINNER WHEN YOU STAY AT MARRIOTT OR RENT FROM HERTZ

**Marriott • Hertz**

## WINTER INVITATIONAL GAME CARD

TO PLAY: SCRATCH NINE HOLES AND MATCH TOTAL TO WINNERS' PRIZE LIST

### WINNERS' PRIZE LIST

WHEN YOU SCORE	YOU WIN THIS PRIZE	NUMBER OF PRIZES
30	1990 Ford Thunderbird	50
31	Marriott Resort Vacation	200
32	American Airlines Round-Trip for Two	750
33	Wilson Gear Effect Golf Clubs	200
34	Hertz 7-Day Rental	350
35	Wilson Graphite Tennis Racquet	400
36	Marriott 2 for Breakfast Weekend Night	8,000
37	Marriott Dinner for Two (\$60 Value)	8,000
38	Hertz 1-Day Weekend Rental	10,000
39	Marriott Lunch for Two	1,050,000
40	American Airlines \$25 Certificate	1,050,000
41	Marriott \$20 Off Weekend Night	1,050,000
42	Hertz \$20 Off Weekly Rental	1,050,000
43	Hertz Car Class Upgrade	1,050,000
44	Marriott \$5 Credit	1,050,000

WE'RE GIVING AWAY FIFTY 1990 FORD THUNDERBIRDS, HUNDREDS OF RESORT TRIPS,  
AND 4,500,000 OTHER TRAVEL PRIZES WORTH OVER \$90,000,000.  
To play and win, get a WINTER INVITATIONAL GAME CARD every time  
you register at a Marriott Hotel or Resort or rent from Hertz  
now through February, 1990.

**Marriott • Hertz**

## WINTER INVITATIONAL GAME

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. To obtain Game Card and Rules: Hand Print and Mail 4" x 9" SASE and 3" x 5" card with name and address and "MARRIOTT-HERTZ WINTER INVITATIONAL" to: Card Request, P.O. Box 9370, Bridgeport, CT 06699. Limit one request/person 25 years of age or older/week. No requests honored from clubs/groups. Return postage not required from WA residents. Free Game Card and Rules available at Marriott front desk/Hertz counter in AL and HI. Requests must be received by 1/31/90 or while supplies last; award claims by 3/31/90. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. Not available outside U.S. or at Marriott Conference Centers, Courtyard by Marriott, Fairfield Inn, or Residence Inn, and some Hertz licensee locations.

(he's enrolled at the school and should play next season), Arizona would have been a shoo-in for the Final Four.

## THE DEEP SLEEPER

The Trans America Athletic Conference is acting as a sort of guinea pig to test two new rules this season: awarding three free throws instead of two when a player is fouled while attempting a three-pointer; and, like the Big East, allowing a player six fouls, instead of five, before disqualifying him. Though no one seemed to care about this conference's radical moves, that doesn't seem to bother the teams in the TAAC because, come tournament time, league champion **Arkansas-Little Rock** will certainly command attention. Coach Mike Newell's disciplined system has frustrated many heavily favored opponents during his five previous seasons, and this year he has his finest crop of recruits to go with 5' 10" point guard Carl Brown and a senior-dominated supporting cast. Senior center Jeff Cummings weighed in at 290 before being placed on the weight-reduction plan used by the Dallas Cowboys. His losses will be the Trojans' gain. If Arkansas-Little Rock makes the final 16, Newell might be using another conference as his lab next fall.

## THE MAIN-MAN BANDS

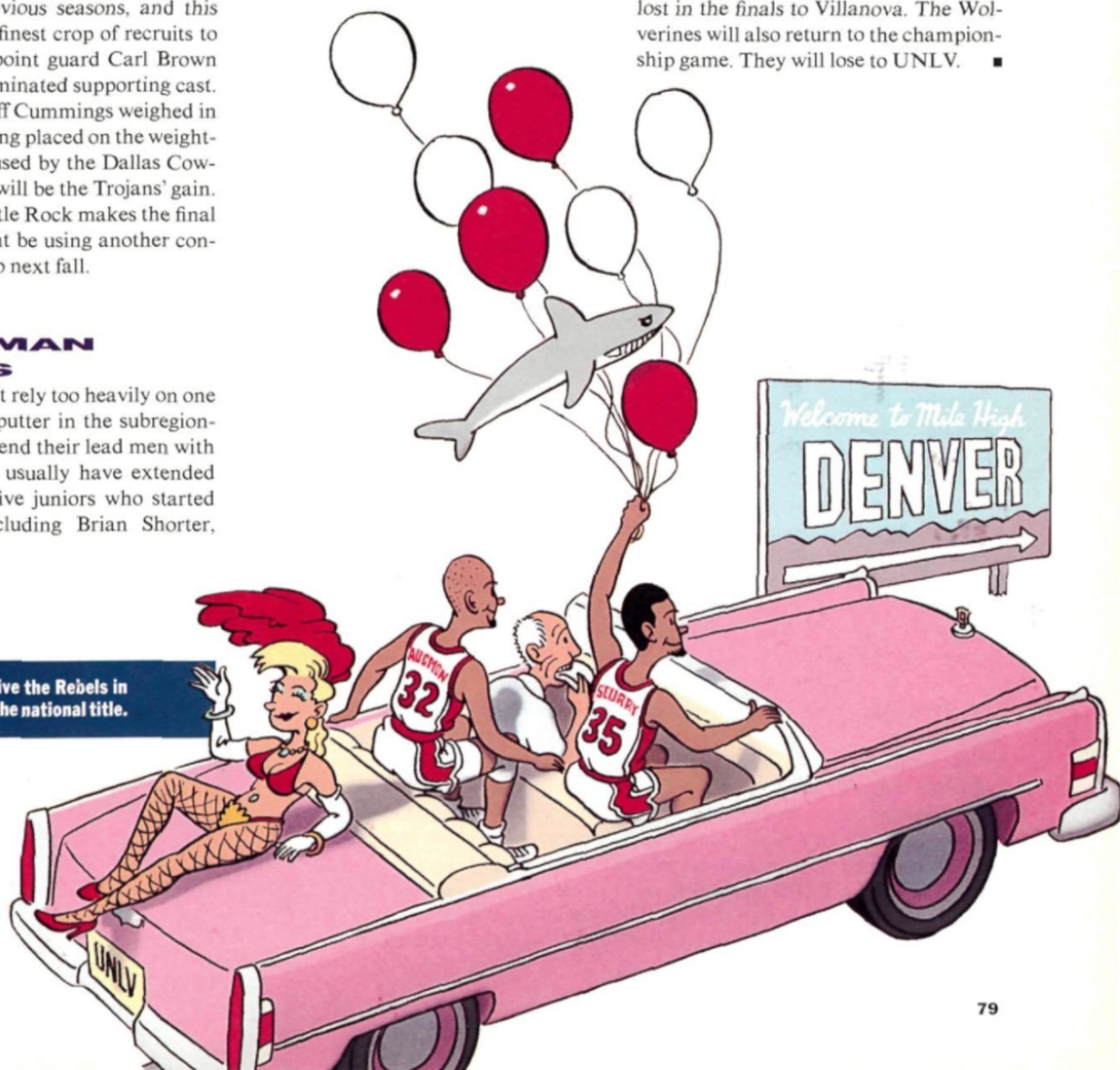
While teams that rely too heavily on one player usually sputter in the subregionals, those that blend their lead men with a balanced cast usually have extended runs. **Pitt** has five juniors who started last season, including Brian Shorter,

who will challenge Syracuse's Coleman for supremacy among Big East forwards, and a 6' 10" transfer from Navy named Darren Morningstar. The 6' 6" Shorter was second in the Big East in scoring and rebounding last season. "The sky's the limit for him," says Panther coach Paul Evans, who would be in heaven himself if not for Prop 48, which derailed all of his freshman recruits.

Thanks to a mask designed to protect his broken nose, Willie Burton lent a fierce look to **Minnesota** in last season's tournament. This year, Burton & Co. hope to inspire more fear in the already fearsome Big Ten. To do so, the Gophers must improve upon their 1-8 conference road record of 1988-89. At 6' 7", Burton is the best inside scorer in the conference and a probable Top 10 pick in the '90 NBA draft. He will get inside support from 24-year-old forward Richard

Coffey, a former paratrooper, but will need outside help. Minnesota shot just 48.1% from the field in 1988-89. Not everyone is sure the Gophers will be so formidable. "If people build them up too much," says Knight, "they could be in for a big fall." Words to remember for the Hoosiers' visit to Minneapolis on Jan. 28.

Here you have it, the Sweet 16, consisting of the usual suspects and the suspected unusuals. As for the Final Four in Denver, look for one somewhat surprising team (Arkansas), one megapower (UNLV) and one up-and-coming power (LSU). For history's sake, throw in Michigan, which will meet the same fate that Georgetown did in the 1985 tournament. The Hoyas, who were also the defending champions, lost in the finals to Villanova. The Wolverines will also return to the championship game. They will lose to UNLV. ■



Look for Tark to drive the Rebels in style all the way to the national title.

# SCOUTING REPORTS

## BIG TEN

SUPERLATIVES FLOW EASILY IN THE BIG TEN. THE CONFERENCE has this season's best freshman class (at Indiana), the active coach with the best winning percentage (Michigan's Steve Fisher, 100%) and the hands-down best uniform trunks (the baggy, Michael Jordanesque look of Illinois). In 1988-89 no other conference could claim more nonconference victories (119). The only thing the Big East and ACC have on this bunch is a postseason tournament, and that's only because the Big Ten schools choose not to hold one. Why should they? No conference has a better alltime record in the tournament that really counts, the NAAs.

**ILLINOIS** would merit a superlative all its own if forward Nick Anderson hadn't bolted early for the NBA draft. As it is, of last season's starters the Illini have only Kendall Gill and Steve Bardo, the gas-and-clutch backcourt that took the team to within seconds of the national title game.

A heavy metal beam fell from the ceiling during construction of **MICHIGAN STATE'S** Jack Breslin Student Events Center, which includes a 15,100-seat basketball arena, and the Spartans are relieved the beam didn't land on redshirt freshman Mike Peplowski. He's a 6' 10", 270-pound center who had to have his right knee rebuilt after his senior year in high school. Add him to Jud Heathcote's stellar recruiting class of a year ago, and Michigan State opens its new home with perhaps its best team since the Magical days of yore—if the big guy's knee holds.

**OHIO STATE** is also counting on youngsters to come through. The Buckeyes have a superb freshman in 6' 6" Jimmy Jackson, no seniors and a first-year coach, Randy Ayers, who recruited the cast on hand while working as an assistant to the departed Gary Williams. Juniors Treg Lee, Perry Carter and Eli Brewster came to Columbus in 1987 with gaudy credentials. Lee and Carter are expected to emerge as leaders, while Brewster quit school to play baseball.

Speaking of baseball, Larry Hisle Jr., whose dad had a good-hit, no-field reputation when he played outfield in the majors, is one of several young guard candidates at **WISCONSIN** bidding to join 6' 6" Danny Jones, a 20-points-per-game scorer, in the lineup. The Badgers, who scored fewer points than anyone else in the Big Ten last season but played solid defense, will again be the hoops equivalent of no-hit, good-field.

**IOWA** coach Tom Davis has one person to thank for the Hawkeyes' being in the Top 20 every week since he arrived in Iowa City three years ago. It's not Roy Marble or B.J. Armstrong, both of whom are suddenly gone. Rather, it's former Iowa coach George Raveling, who bequeathed to Davis the perfect personnel for the new coach's 94-foot style of basketball. Now Davis is on his own with players of his choosing. Goodbye, Top 20.

If **PURDUE** is bad again this season, the Boilermakers will be as good as bad can get. At the end of 1988-89, they were 15-16 yet still ranked 17th on one power-rating list. By turning down the coaching vacancy at Arizona State, Gene Keady got to watch some of his guards leave the fold. First Keith Stewart bolted for Marquette. Then Sean Sutton, formerly of Kentucky, left school for a junior college. If he's smart, Keady won't let Tony Jones, a senior guard with a private pilot's license, near a plane.

**NORTHWESTERN** lost five games by five points or less last season and finished last for the fifth straight time. Yet its home attendance went up. Even in losing, teams do better in the Big Ten. —ALEXANDER WOLFF





## BIG EAST

BEFORE ALL YOU BRAWNY MIDWESTERNERS WORK yourselves into a lather about which conference is the orneriest in the land, consider the prospect of George-

town's Alonzo Mourning, Syracuse's Derrick Coleman and Villanova's Tom Greis—with an extra personal foul. That's what they'll get when the Big East becomes one of four conferences—the Trans America, Southeastern and the Colonial Athletic Association are the others—to experiment with a six-foul rule. The result—in the Big East, anyway—will be more hard-hat play under the iron.

While the conference boasts some of the beefiest front lines in this year's Sweet 16 (page 72), the big-time banging won't be limited to Georgetown, Syracuse and Villanova. The rest of the conference should also revive renditions of Olivia Newton-John's early 1980s hit, *Physical*.

**ST. JOHN'S** has lost just one starter—barrel-chested forward Matt Brust—from last season's NIT championship team and has set its sights on an NCAA bid for this season. The Redmen should achieve that goal, thanks to sophomore sharpshooter Chuck Sproling and one of the most versatile front lines in the conference. It's manned by 6' 10" Jayson Williams, who averaged almost 20 points a game in 1988–89, superquick Malik Sealy and second-year center Robert Werdann, who has felt at home from Day 1 at Alumni Hall on the St. John's campus. No wonder—his grandfather helped lay the floor in 1961.

**VILLANOVA** has one of the nation's top freshman classes, and with only two first-stringers from last season still around, several newcomers, especially swingman Calvin Byrd and forward Arron Bain, could see significant action. One position that coach Rollie Massimino won't have to fret over is center; that spot is filled by Greis, a 7' 3" bruiser. Massimino likens the progress of Greis, a senior, to climbing a skyscraper: "Tom is almost halfway up a 77-story building."

The best backcourt in the Big East belongs to **PROVIDENCE**, where Friars Eric Murdock and Carlton Screen, nicknamed the Men of Steal, finished one-two in the league last season in that category. But off the court, coach Rick Barnes makes sure that his players give rather than take. The squad spends alternate Sundays participating in a community program in which they visit children's hospitals and nursing homes.

Coach Jim Calhoun of **CONNECTICUT** must be living right, because freshman forward Scott Burrell spurned a reported \$100,000 signing bonus from the Seattle Mariners to play for the Huskies. Burrell, Connecticut's Mr. Baseball and Mr. Basketball last year, should contribute heavily in both sports, making him the nation's premier pitch-'n'-dish man. Connecticut still lacks strength in the paint, though, and could get bullied around.

Expectations are high at **SETON HALL** following last season's near national championship. However, the skill level isn't. "We have some experience, but it's untested," says coach P.J. Carlesimo, who must do without the team's five most prolific scorers from 1988–89. The top returning point producer is Frantz Volcy, who averaged only 5.2 points a game during the Pirates' fairy-tale season. "One of the teams picked for the bottom of the league always ends up closer to the top," says Carlesimo. "I just hope it's us." It's not likely.

One thing can be said for the departure from **BOSTON COLLEGE** of Dana Barros and his 23.9-point average: It will certainly make the Eagles a more balanced team. Barros's heir apparent is sophomore guard Bryan Edwards, who came on strong near the end of last season. —MICHAEL JAFFE

Billy Owens gives the Orangemen strength at forward and relief at point guard.



## SEC

AFTER YEARS IN WHICH ARENAS WERE BUILT and programs nurtured to the point where basketball in the SEC really mattered—

rather than being a mere diversion between football seasons—the conference is suddenly in such disarray that its Rock of Gibraltar has become LSU and coach, Dale Brown, if you can believe that.

Let's start with **KENTUCKY**, the league's premier program—its *only* program, really—from 1930, Adolph Rupp's first year, until the early 1960s and a perennial national championship contender. Now the Wildcats find themselves in horrendous shape, the result of an NCAA crackdown that stopped just a whisker short of the death penalty. New coach Rick Pitino, late of Providence and the Knicks, has a team that can't play in the NCAA tournament, can't appear on TV and, most significant, can't win more than, oh, eight games.

Pitino has only one of last season's starters, 6' 5" shooting guard Derrick Miller. The point guards, Sean Woods and Richie Farmer, are really shooting guards. The small forward, 6' 5" freshman Jeff Brassow, is really a big guard. The power forward, 6' 7" John Pelphrey, is really a small forward or a big guard. The center, 6' 7" Reggie Hanson, is really a forward. "And the walk-ons will have to play too," says Pitino.

Still, Kentucky doesn't have the worst problems in the league. That distinction belongs to **FLORIDA**, whose coach, Don DeVoe, resigned from Tennessee and was hired on an interim basis after Norm Sloan was forced to retire on Oct. 31. DeVoe isn't bereft of talent—7' 2" center Dwayne Schintzius and 6' 7" forward Livingston Chatman are back—but the program is Turmoil City. The Gators will play before the back-drop of an NCAA investigation. DeVoe's big challenge will be to develop concentration on a team that never had much.

**TENNESSEE** will also take its lumps, although the future looks bright under new coach Wade Houston, who came to Knoxville after 13 successful years as an assistant to Denny Crum at Louisville. Houston got a bonus when the NCAA allowed his son, Allan, a willowy 6' 5" guard, to renege on his commitment to Louisville and join his father.

New coaches are also in place at **VANDERBILT** (Eddie Fogler, moving from Wichita State to replace C.M. Newton) and **AUBURN** (Tommy Joe Eagles, coming from Louisiana Tech to replace Sonny Smith). The Commodores are too slow and too small to contend for the title, and the weaponless War Eagles will challenge Kentucky for the cellar.

**MISSISSIPPI STATE** should wind up somewhere in the middle of the pack, despite having four returning starters. **MISSISSIPPI** could have its first 20-win season since 1938. In 6' 6" Gerald Glass the Rebels have the conference's best player, after LSU's Chris Jackson.

Both **ALABAMA** and **GEORGIA** will be decent. The Tide will be tough to stop, thanks to 6' 8" David Benoit and 6' 9" Robert Horry. The Bulldogs will also be strong inside, anchored by 6' 11" Alec Kessler, the main target for point guard Litterial Green.

—WILLIAM F. REED

This season Jackson may not be gunnin' as much as runnin' LSU to the Final Four.

## ACC

THERE WILL BE A CHANGING OF THE GUARD IN the ACC, in which conference games should be determined more on the perimeter than in

the paint. Gone are the dominant big men of recent years—Duke's Danny Ferry, North Carolina's J.R. Reid, North Carolina State's Chuck Brown and Georgia Tech's Tom Hammonds. Now, if you don't have guards, you're out of luck, not to mention out of contention.

As to who has the league's best backcourt tandem, North Carolina isn't even in the running. The leading contenders are Georgia Tech's Brian Oliver and ballyhooed freshman Kenny Anderson; Duke's Phil Henderson and, well, take your pick from a trio of freshman whizzes, Bobby Hurley, Thomas Hill, Bill McCaffrey; and Chris Corchiani and Rodney Monroe of NORTH CAROLINA STATE.

Whether N.C. State keeps pace with the conference's elite will depend largely on what happens to coach Jim Valvano, who's fighting to keep his job because of an in-house investigation of his program that was inspired by Peter Golenbock's book *Personal Fouls*, which charges Valvano with a litany of rules violations. Coach V has seemingly been numbed by these events, so it will be interesting to see if the Wolfpack can play with its former enthusiasm. Without Brown in the middle, N.C. State will need more production from defensive ace Brian Howard, poor-shooting center Avie Lester and sophomore forward Tom Gugliotta.

The return of last season's top five scorers, plus a soft non-conference schedule, could translate into a 20-win season for CLEMSON. Coach Cliff Ellis's main task will be selecting the guards he'll use to get the ball inside to Elden Campbell and 6' 11" Dale Davis, who combined to average more than 30 points and 16 rebounds in 1988-89. The probable backcourt starters are volatile Marion Cash at point guard and erratic Jerry Pryor on the wing.

VIRGINIA has a fine point guard in John Crotty and a splendid small forward in Bryant Stith. Otherwise, the Cavaliers are so strapped for talent that coach Terry Holland—who will become the athletic director at Davidson after this season—may have to depend heavily on Terry Kirby, the football team's tailback, and Chris Havlicek, who so far has elicited no favorable comparisons with his father, John.

The league's new coaches, Dave Odom at WAKE FOREST and Gary Williams at MARYLAND, will need some time and patience. The immediate prospects are brighter for Odom, whose Demon Deacons have moved into a new 14,404-seat arena. Four of last season's starters are back, including elusive point guard Derrick McQueen, and the inside game should be bolstered by 6' 9" Anthony Tucker, a transfer from Georgetown.

Williams, a former Terrapin player who produced winners at Boston College and Ohio State, has inherited more trouble than talent at Maryland. The NCAA is investigating allegations of wrongdoing under the watch of his predecessor, Bob Wade, which means that the Terrapins' climb back will be made at, well, a turtle's pace.

—W.F.R.

## BIG EIGHT

THE BIG EIGHT IS LIKE THE LITTLE BOY AT THE state fair who learns, to his dismay, that the blue-ribbon hog will soon be bacon. Missouri

should emerge as league champion, but the men in the aprons—in this case, the NCAA Committee on Infractions—are already sharpening their knives for Tiger meat. If the pressure of the NCAA inquiry gets to Missouri, either of the Oklahoma schools could become the conference power.

OKLAHOMA STATE appears ready to reward coach Leonard Hamilton, who has been rebuilding the program since he arrived in Stillwater in 1987. All-Big Eight forward Richard Dumas, a junior, can shoot, rebound and play defense (he was second in the conference in steals last season with 69). Three sophomores—Byron Houston, Corey Williams and Darwyn Alexander—had outstanding freshman seasons, especially Houston, who averaged 13 points and 8.4 rebounds. But skeptics will note that in a game now dominated by guards, the Cowboys' two best players are forwards.

Without Mookie Blaylock, Tyrone Jones and the unstoppable Stacey King, OKLAHOMA won't be nearly as formidable as it was in 1988-89. Coach Billy Tubbs shopped everywhere for a center to replace King, but all his prospects fell through. So William (Cheese) Davis, a 6' 6" senior who averaged 8.7 points as a forward in 1988-89, will play what Tubbs has termed "small center." Says Tubbs, "We'll call it point guard if he wants to. It doesn't matter what you call it; it's what you do there."

The only other "name" player that Oklahoma has back is guard Terrence Mullins, but Tubbs recruited guard Smokey McCovery, a juco All-America reminiscent of former Sooner Ricky Grace. No doubt we'll still see a lot of shooting by the Sooners, who pout if they don't get their 100 points a game.

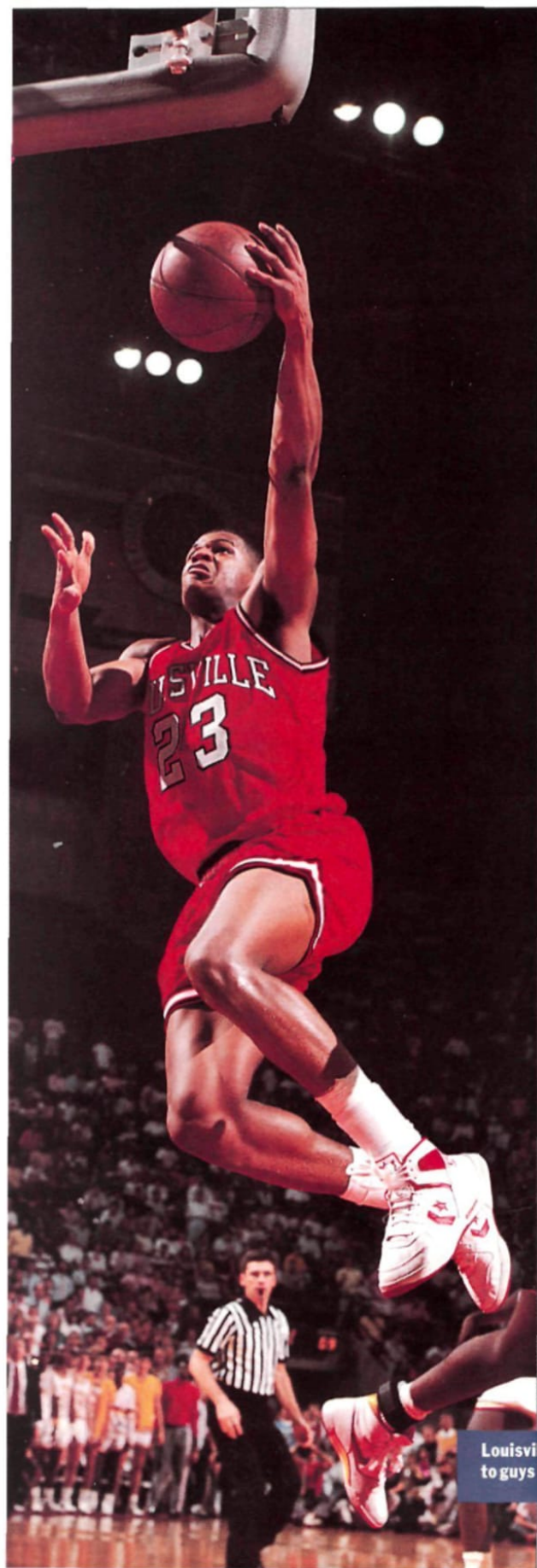
KANSAS could be the conference sleeper, particularly if forward Rick Calloway, a former starter at Indiana, doesn't suffer from Post-Bobby Knight Stress Syndrome. Knightmares, if you will. Mark Randall, Kevin Pritchard, Jeff Gueldner, Mike Maddox and Freeman West are proven players, and with freshman point guard Adonis Jordan expected to make an immediate contribution, coach Roy Williams will have everything but a true center.

KANSAS STATE, without the muscle of pivotman Fred McCoy, may find all-conference guard Steve Henson smothered by defenders, but Lon Kruger, 37, is one of the nation's brightest young coaches. He'll keep the Wildcats competitive. Johnny Orr's IOWA STATE Cyclones will rely heavily on 265-pound center Victor Alexander, but except for 5' 9" Terry Woods, a dish-off artist, the guard position looks thin.

NEBRASKA is thin almost everywhere, especially now that forward Beau Reid, the Cornhuskers' top scorer last season, may miss this season after suffering a knee injury in a summer pickup game. Woeful COLORADO will have to figure out what went right in its final two games of 1988-89, a one-point loss to Missouri and a double-overtime loss to Oklahoma. Colorado will again reside in the Big Eight cellar, but at least the Buffaloes won't be bacon.

—JOHN GARRITY

# SCOUTING REPORTS



## BIG WEST

IT WON'T HAPPEN. UNLV IS THE BEST TEAM IN THE NATION, not just the best in the Big West, so nothing will keep the Runnin' Rebels from winning their eighth straight league title. But as many as three other conference teams could ride UNLV's glittering coattails into the NCAA tournament.

**UC SANTA BARBARA** coach Jerry Pimm has comfortably dropped anchor in the city's picturesque harbor, where he lives on a 50-foot yacht. The Gauchos have three starters back from last season's NIT team, including 6' 7" Eric McArthur, who, inch for inch, blocks more shots than anyone in the country. **CAL STATE-FULLERTON** coach John Sneed took over for George McQuarn last November and found success so quickly that the Titans beat UNLV. The victory earned Sneed a three-year contract.

But the best Vegas imitation in the conference belongs to **LONG BEACH STATE**, where Tark got his start long ago. The 49ers have 10 newcomers, including eight players who last season were either playing at a junior college or another Division I school, or ineligible because of poor grades—rebels, if you will. Three veteran guards give the 49ers direction.

**FRESNO STATE** coach Ron Adams may start two juco transfers; **NEW MEXICO STATE** is still seething after being left out of the NAAs last year; **UTAH STATE** lost three starters; and **UC IRVINE** will carry on with six freshmen. Second-year **PACIFIC** coach Bob Thomason still needs time, while no one envies **SAN JOSE STATE** coach Stan Morrison, who takes over a troubled program in which 10 players quit last season in a dispute with then coach Bill Berry.

—A.W.

## METRO

THANKS MAINLY TO LOUISVILLE COACH DENNY CRUM'S annoying habit of recruiting and developing standout players, the league's hierarchy looks much as it has for

the past four years. The Cardinals are still the team to beat, and **MEMPHIS STATE** remains their most dogged pursuer. The Tigers will get their ninth straight 20-win season, largely because of guard Elliot Perry, a dervish who penetrates the paint, hoists the trey, harasses on defense and makes everyone wonder why he doesn't get more recognition.

**FLORIDA STATE** has lost George McCloud and Tony Dawson, its dynamic one-two punch last season, but the Seminoles still have solid scorers in Tharon Mayes at shooting guard and center Irving Thomas, a transfer from Kentucky. Coach Pat Kennedy is determined to build another Louisville in Tallahassee. He has far to go.

**SOUTH CAROLINA** suffered an unexpected blow when guard Brent Price, brother of the Cleveland Cavaliers' Mark, transferred to Oklahoma. **SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI** has two aces in 6' 7" Clarence Weatherpoon and off-guard Darrin Chancellor. **VIRGINIA TECH** is led by former Olympian Bimbo Coles.

The league's sleeper is **CINCINNATI**, which has a new coach, Bob Huggins, a new 13,500-seat on-campus arena and 6' 6" Louis Banks. That leaves **TULANE**, which is playing basketball again after dropping the sport in 1985 following a point-shaving scandal. New coach Perry Clark will have an experienced backcourt in Michael Christian and Greg Gary, a talented pair of juco transfers. They won't be enough.

—W.F.R.

Louisville's high-risers are back, thanks to guys like 6' 3" guard LaBradford Smith.



# BOLLA

Il vino classico d'Italia

© 1989 Imported by Brown-Forman Beverage Company, Louisville, KY.

24 Hours Over 100 MPH

# ***CHEVY TRUCK BREAKS INDY ENDUR***



# ANCE RECORD.

It was a stunning, record-shattering performance, unequalled in Indy history. 2,483 miles averaging over 103 miles per hour.

All day and throughout the night, a production Chevy full-size Sport Truck with its Getrag-licensed 5-speed and available 350 V8, and fitted with required safety equipment, stormed the legendary Brickyard. For the first time ever, maintaining an average speed of over 103 MPH for 24 hours at Indy. And engraving Chevy's name permanently on the Hulman Indy Challenge Trophy.

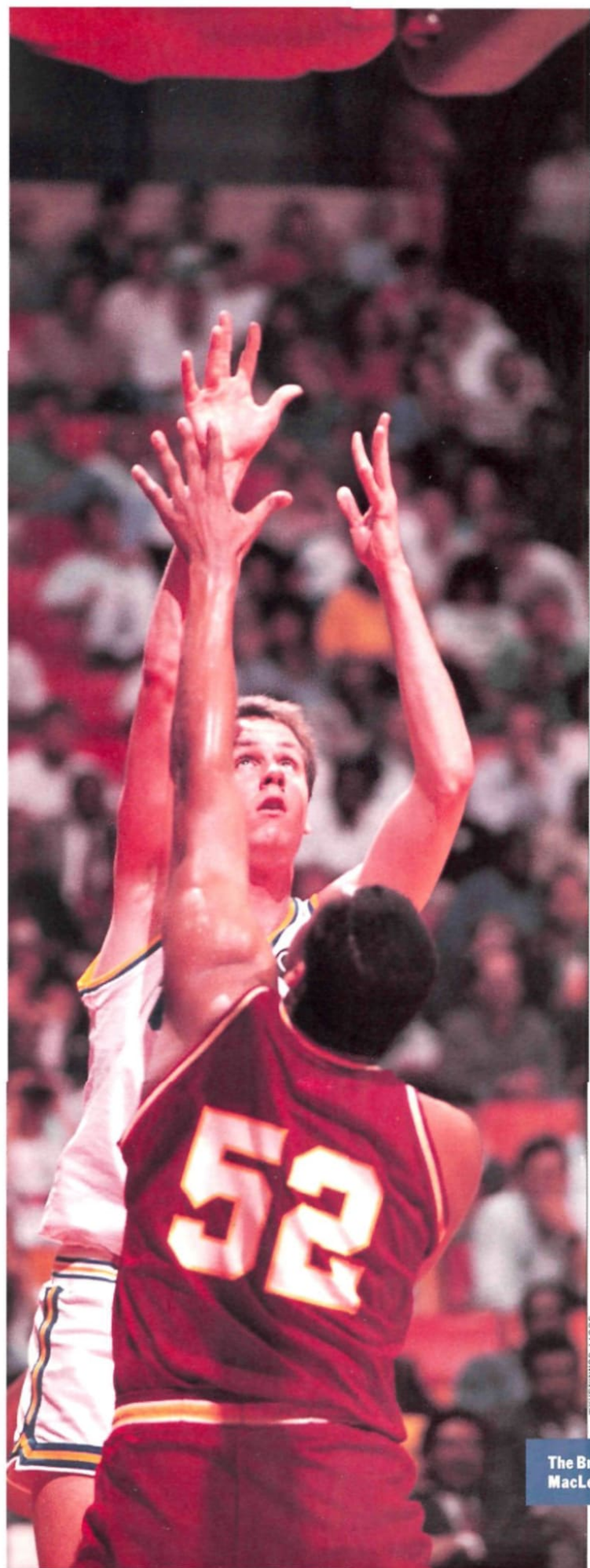
Congratulations to drivers Johnny Parsons, Rich Vogler, Steve Butler and the entire crew on this historic achievement.

***We're so far ahead even our trucks are winning at Indy!***

For 67 years, performance cars from America's best-known manufacturers failed to break Indy's 100 MPH barrier. It took a Chevy truck to combine the performance and toughness the record requires.

In this record-breaking success, Chevy Truck established credentials tough enough for the Brickyard. And proved once again that *nobody's* winning like The Heartbeat of America.

THE  
*Heartbeat*  
OF AMERICA IS WINNING  
TODAY'S TRUCK IS CHEVROLET™



## PAC-10

THE WILDCATS MAY BE WEAKER AFTER LOSING Sean Elliott and Anthony Cook to the NBA, but no team in the conference is capable of

razing Arizona. Only **UCLA** will make a credible challenge. The Bruins have the league's best forward tandem in Trevor Wilson and Don MacLean. Wilson, a 6' 8" senior, has led the Pac-10 in rebounding for the past two seasons, and MacLean, a 6' 10" sophomore, was UCLA's top scorer in 1988-89.

However, the Bruins' most remarkable returnee is sophomore guard Gerald Madkins. On July 25, 1988, Madkins was riding his moped to a Westwood movie theater when he was hit head-on by a car. His pelvis was broken, and his spine was rotated almost completely around. He endured two operations, in which steel pins and metal plates were inserted into his abdomen. Now, after redshirting last season, Madkins has played himself into the starting lineup.

If Gary Payton of **OREGON STATE** surpasses his 244 assists of last season by just 14, he'll be the NCAA's alltime dish leader. He and his mates should get plenty of chances to run under a frisky new coach, Jim Anderson. He replaces Ralph Miller, who has retired after 19 years on the bench in Corvallis. Talk about patience, loyalty and perseverance: Anderson, 52, has been at Oregon State as a player or coach for all but two years since he enrolled at the school in 1954.

New coach Lynn Nance will make **WASHINGTON** resemble those Husky squads on which he played in the early '60s. He returns via St. Mary's (Calif.), which was among the nation's defensive leaders during his three years as coach, and the FBI, for which he earlier served as a special agent. Nance may have to draw upon his experience as a G-man because, beyond guard Eldridge Recasner, the Huskies are suspect.

Coach Lou Campanelli will be hard pressed to continue the turnaround at **CALIFORNIA**. The Bears won 20 games last season after winning only nine in 1987-88. Senior guard Keith Smith, who broke Kevin Johnson's single-season assist record last year, will cushion the fall. No team in the conference will drop as far as **STANFORD**, last season's Pac-10 runner-up. The Cardinal must replace four solid starters—All-America Todd Lichti among them.

**ARIZONA STATE'S** new coach has a way of inspiring his players to new heights—but so far only by leaving. At least Bill Frieder, who coached Michigan until accepting the Arizona State job two days before the Wolverines began play in the NCAA tournament they would go on to win, won't be accused of squandering talent with this team, which won only five conference games in 1988-89. Also unraveling is **USC**, which has finished last in each of George Raveling's three years as coach. Last season the Trojans lost nine games by five points or fewer. Raveling won't have to worry about his team gagging in the clutch again. The games won't be close.

**WASHINGTON STATE**, which lost its best player from a 10-19 team, will have only **OREGON** to abuse. The Ducks should pick up where they left off last season—by extending their nine-game losing streak. —STEVE RUSHIN

The Bruins won't challenge Arizona unless MacLean continues to reach new heights.

# SCOUTING REPORTS

## SWC

GUY V. LEWIS MUST BE GETTING A CHUCKLE over what's happening in the Southwest Conference. During all those winters when Lewis

was tossing his polka-dot towel and dominating the league at Houston with his Phi Slamma Jamma front line, he was also being ripped for having teams that some of his colleagues called "undisciplined." Well, now the conference is dotted with chapters of Houston's most famous fraternity.

Arkansas, Texas and Houston, now in the capable hands of Pat Foster, all hope to play the go-go game well enough to receive invitations to the NCAA tournament and even contend for the conference's first national title. Only Nolan Richardson's Razorbacks seem to have all the necessary weapons.

At **TEXAS**, second-year coach Tom Penders will try to build on last season's amazing turnaround. Scoring went from 70.7 points a game in 1987-88 to 94.3, and the Longhorns' record from 16-13 to 25-9. This season Penders will surprise no one, but he has a couple of exciting newcomers in 6' 7" juco transfer Locksley Collie and 6' 8" freshman Guillermo Myers.

Under Lewis, **HOUSTON** was among the pioneers in recruiting foreign players. The premier member of Phi Slamma Jamma was Akeem Olajuwon of Lagos, Nigeria. Fittingly, then, the Cougars' most interesting new faces belong to 6' 9" Carl Herrera, a juco from Venezuela who averaged 25.5 points and 13.2 rebounds in 1988-89, and Alvaro Teheran of Colombia, who brought his 14.6 scoring average across town when Houston Baptist dropped basketball. Center Kelvin Smith, out last season with a knee injury, has recovered, but he'll have to beat out two 7-footers to regain his status as a starter.

Of the others, **TEXAS A & M** figures to have the best chance at being a spoiler, thanks mainly to a couple of 6' 10" additions in juco transfer David Harris and Chris Finley, a redshirt freshman. **TCU**, which finished eighth in the conference two years ago, rose to third in 1988-89, coach Moe Iba's second season. The Horned Frogs will again depend on a strong inside game led by 6' 10" Reggie Smith and 6' 6" Craig Sibley. **RICE**, which hasn't had a winning season since 1971, is pinning its hopes on 5' 9" D'Wayne Tanner.

At **SMU**, which has one of the conference's best all-around players in forward John Colborne, coach John Shumate hopes his second season will be happier than the first, when injuries led to a disappointing 13-16 record. **TEXAS TECH** coach Gerald Myers has suffered back-to-back losing seasons for the first time in his 18½ years, but he added nine new players, including five juco transfers. That should keep the Red Raiders out of the cellar, which will be occupied by **BAYLOR**, winner of only five games in 1988-89.

How frustrating was last season for the Bears' diminutive coach, Gene (cousin of Moe) Iba? During a home game against SMU, he shoved the 6' 9" Shumate in an argument that followed an incident in which the Baylor timekeeper threw ice onto the floor to draw attention to the fact that the clock wasn't working. Then after a loss at TCU, he ran his players through a midnight practice that night. The Bears won't sleep much this season, either.

—W.F.R.

## ATLANTIC 10

THROUGHOUT THE 1980S THE ATLANTIC 10 HAS had little balance, scant television exposure and almost no chance of attracting the re-

gion's top talent—in short, all the headaches that the Big East dealt with long ago. Temple and West Virginia have ruled the conference, while everyone else has seemed headed in the opposite direction. But the other schools are finally learning to cope. Their coaches, though still conceding the top recruits to the Big (East) Boys, have been unearthing so many sleepers, jucos and transfers that as many as five Atlantic 10 schools could qualify for this season's NCAA tournament.

**TEMPLE**, with 7-footers Duane Causwell and Donald Hodge joining 6' 5" junior scorer Mark Macon, should take its accustomed place atop the standings. However, the Owls are suddenly wary of an unlikely challenger. Two seasons ago, **RUTGERS** was so wretched that Mr. Magoo, one of the Scarlet Knights' most famous alumni, must have wished he were completely blind rather than merely myopic. Now, for the first time, the eyes that really count—TV cameras—will be on hand for three Atlantic 10 games, two of which will involve the Scarlet Knights.

Last season, underdog Rutgers won the conference tournament and made the NAAs, thanks largely to 20-points-per-game scorer Tom Savage. He and three other 1988-89 starters return to the Scarlet Knights, who turn a shade Orange this season with the addition of Syracuse transfers Keith Hughes and Earl Duncan. They will have a chance to air any lingering ill feelings at the Carrier Dome on Nov. 27.

**WEST VIRGINIA** has two redshirts and two hefty juco transfers to help 5' 11" point guard Steve Berger, a sort of Major Harris in Cons. **RHODE ISLAND** is counting on guard Frenchy Tomlin, a refugee from Cleveland State, to get the ball to 6' 8" power forward Kenny Green. **PENN STATE** usually fields a team that plays as if it were made up of Joe Paterno's late cuts trying to keep in shape. But last season, coach Bruce Parkhill opted for a fast backcourt of freshmen Monroe Brown and Freddie Barnes, and the kiddie corps duo helped increase the Nittany Lions' scoring by 15 points a game.

Hopes for reaching the postseason fade for those teams in the lower half of the standings. Former recruiters for Big East programs—John Calipari and John Carroll, from Pitt and Seton Hall, respectively—are now beating the bushes for **MAS-SACHUSETTS** and **DUQUESNE**. The Dukes boast the league's most talented newcomer, forward Mark Stevenson, a transfer from Notre Dame. The coaches will have to try harder.

Center Matt Guokas Jr., a 6' 8" sophomore, is a direct link to a happier past at **ST. JOSEPH'S**, where his father, Matt Sr., once starred. The new **ST. BONAVENTURE** coach, Tom Chapman, is just happy to be coaching at the Division I level after five seasons at Division II Gannon College.

At **GEORGE WASHINGTON**, 1-27 last year, all the starters are back. We could tell you that the Colonials are ready to challenge the top tier. But in deference to the school's namesake, who couldn't tell a lie, we won't.

—A.W.

# SCOUTING REPORTS

## BEST OF THE REST

IT'S A PITY THAT NOTRE DAME, THE BEST TEAM AMONG THE INDEPENDENTS, HAS SO many of its marquee games in December. Sophomore forward LaPhonso Ellis, the team's leading rebounder last season, will be ineligible until first-

semester grades are in, which won't happen until late December, at the earliest. Nonetheless, by season's end the Irish will boast an up-and-running style that coach Digger Phelps began to use late last season. Still, Phelps soft-sells the chances of the Irish. "Our goal is to get to the regionals this year," he says. They can do better.

In the **MIDWESTERN COLLEGIATE**, Evansville has lost only one starter from a club that reached the NAAs last season. But he was the Aces' leading scorer, Scott Haffner. Taking up the slack will be center Dan Godfread, who's working on his M.B.A., and forward Mark Jewell, a transfer from Iowa and a former Indiana Mr. Basketball with a 3.53 GPA and a major in marketing.

It's axiomatic: Outright champions don't repeat in the **MID-AMERICAN**, or at least they haven't since the early '60s, when Nate Thurmond anchored Bowling Green. Ball State, with nine seniors, will change that. In the **MID-CONTINENT**, Northern Iowa has lost shooter Nick Nurse, but with four starters back, the Panthers will stay healthy.

Kit Mueller came oh so close against mighty Georgetown in the first round of last spring's NAAs. Had he made his buzzer shot, **IVY** champion Princeton would have pulled off perhaps the biggest upset in tournament history. Mueller, an all-league center, and the Tigers should return to post-season play. **SOUTHERN** champs East Tennessee State came just as close to stunning Oklahoma in the first round. The Buccaneers, led by 5' 7" guard Keith Jennings, who's so respected that he's known as Mister, should win the conference again and earn a shot at another cocky quarry.

In the **WEST COAST CONFERENCE**, one Philadelphian, Hank Gathers, put the NBA on hold to rejoin another, Loyola Marymount teammate Bo Kimble, who played only 18 games in 1988-89 because of a knee injury. Juco transfers and other refugees are staples in the **BIG SKY**, where Idaho adds seven new faces from two-year institutions to a roster led by center Riley Smith, the only nonsenior to make last season's all-conference team.

The **COLONIAL** may be a poor man's ACC, but don't tell that to Lefty ("I kin coach") Driesell, who's ready to win the conference in only his second season at James Madison. Bradley and Tulsa have had their way with the **MISSOURI VALLEY** in recent years. But Creighton, 9-19 only three years ago, won the league title last season and promises to do so again.

Texas Southern, with three returning starters fu-

eled by lingering bitterness over a controversial call in last spring's **SOUTHWESTERN ATHLETIC** title game, can be expected to attend to unfinished business. Northeast Louisiana and Towson State, both second-place finishers in their conferences a season ago, have their backcourts in place and should win the **SOUTHLAND** and **EAST COAST** titles, respectively. Much of the Middle Tennessee State team that stunned Florida State in last spring's NCAA tournament is back, ready to win the **OHIO VALLEY** crown outright, after sharing it with Murray State last season.

Old Dominion has the best player—6' 9" gun Chris Gatling—and the deepest bench in the **SUN BELT**; this one's no contest. Last season, North Carolina A & T failed to win the **MID-EASTERN ATHLETIC** championship for the first time in eight years. The Aggies won't win this season either. Look for coach Fang Mitchell's Coppin State crew to earn what could be the conference's last automatic invitation to the NCAA tournament.

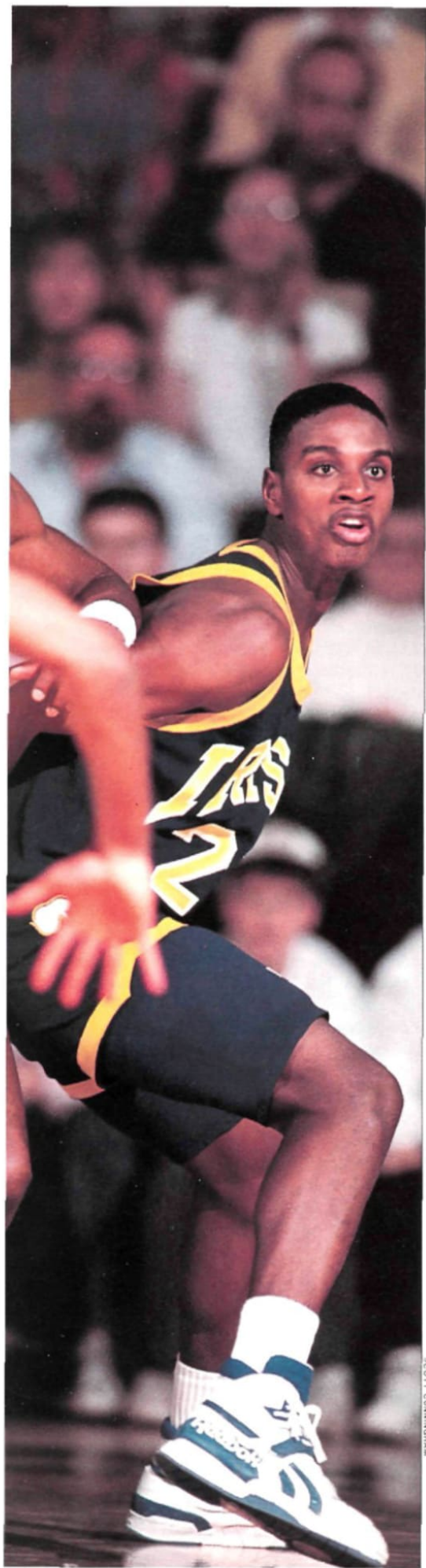
Things get confusing in the Boston-to-Washington corridor. The **NORTHEAST CONFERENCE** used to be the ECAC Metro, but the names at the top are unchanged. Fairleigh Dickinson, with eight players who can score, should outpoint defending champ Robert Morris. Don't confuse the Northeast with the **NORTH ATLANTIC**, which also has the usual suspects vying for supremacy. Northeastern can't seem to beat Boston University. The Terriers have won five straight games from the Huskies and should be top dogs again in 1989-90. The **METRO ATLANTIC**, which had only six teams seven years ago, now has a dozen entrants in two divisions. Siena, led by Marc Brown, will win the North; La Salle, behind explosive forward Lionel Simmons, will take the South and the NCAA bid.

In the **WESTERN ATHLETIC**, New Mexico will return to the NAAs for the first time since 1978, with the help of four first-stringers from last season, including 7' 2" Aussie Luc Longley. A second WAC team that promises to make the NCAA tournament is Texas-El Paso.

The **AMERICAN SOUTH** and **BIG SOUTH** don't receive automatic bids, and it will take some mighty politicking to squeeze their likely champions—New Orleans and North Carolina-Asheville, respectively—into the 64-team field. —A.W.

Ellis won't be around for early play due to problems in the classroom, but by season's end he'll be anchoring the Irish in the paint.





## DIVISION II

THREE YEARS AGO, ROBERT LEE SANDERS WAS WASHING dishes at a Bennigan's restaurant in Charleston, W.Va., having decided against attending college. A

year later, Pat Madden was a backup quarterback at Auburn. Now, thanks to the persuasiveness of JACKSONVILLE STATE coach Bill Jones, Sanders and Madden are sharing the same backcourt. They should make the Gamecocks, who reached the Elite Eight of last year's Division II tournament, the preeminent team in the land.

SOUTHEAST MISSOURI STATE wants a shot at redemption after suffering a 27-point defeat by North Carolina Central in last season's national championship game. "We survived with speed and quickness," says Indians coach Ron Shumate. "But we lost to power, speed and quickness." So Shumate went out and got frontline power in freshman center Eelco Derks and 6' 8" Thomas Thames, a juco transfer. They'll join a troika of guards, Dwayne Rutherford, Mike Lewis and Earnest Taylor, each of whom scored in double figures in 1988-89.

KENTUCKY WESLEYAN coach Wayne Chapman has led the Panthers to 97 wins and a national title (1987) in four seasons, but he is still better known around the Bluegrass State as "King Rex's dad." This year's team is capable of changing that.

Two other schools could seriously contend for the national title: ALASKA-ANCHORAGE, which upset Michigan last season; and MILLERSVILLE, a team that has won 91% of its home games since coach John Kochan arrived in 1983. —M.J.

## DIVISION III

THE FOLKS OF WHITEWATER, WIS., ARE WORRIED that their serene existence may be endangered. The quiet town of 11,520 inhabitants, situated about

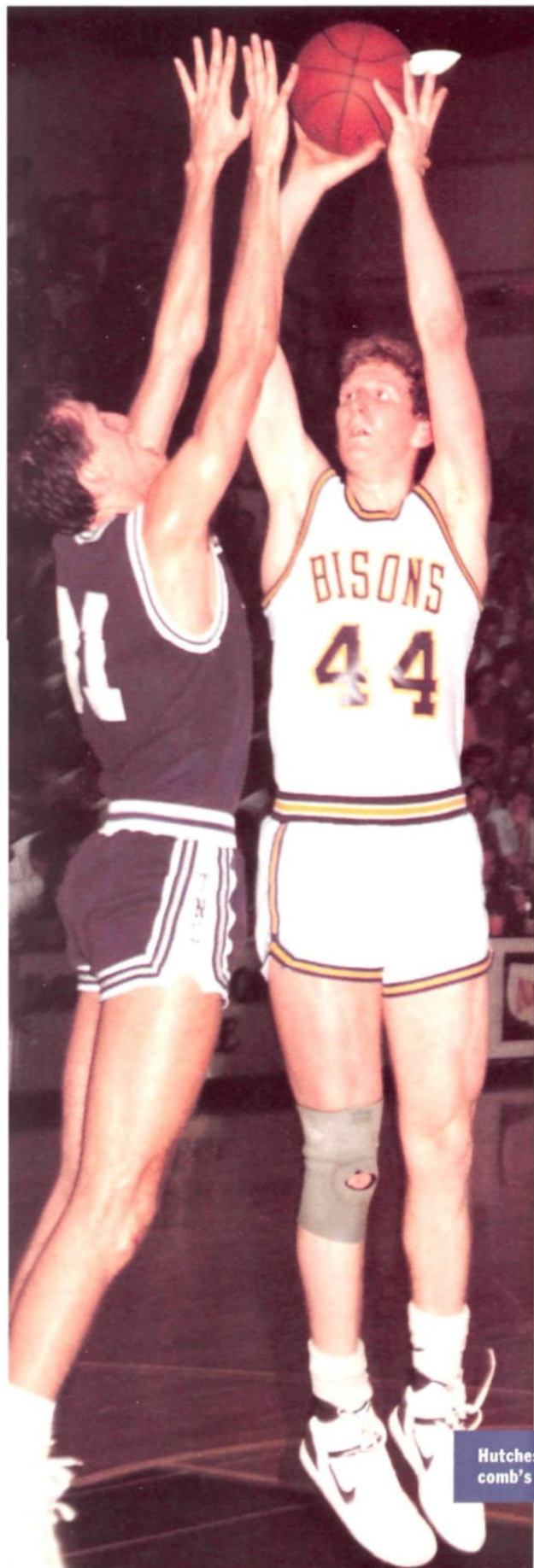
halfway between Madison and Milwaukee, never expected the WISCONSIN-WHITEWATER basketball team to attract much attention. "The team was so hot last year that our place burned down," says Randy Cruse, owner of Randy's Supper Club, lightheartedly referring to a fire that gutted his postgame watering hole. "But we're rebuilding with more space, keeping this season in mind."

Since 1981, when the Warhawks moved from the NAIA to Division III, they have reached the Final Four three times and won two national titles. Whitewater should win No. 3, thanks largely to forward Elbert Gordon, a dunker extraordinaire who once cleared 6' 11¼" as a juco high jumper.

SCRANTON, with five players who stand at least 6' 8", could be executing some aerial antics, too. Two years ago, OTTERBEIN set a Division III record for losses in a season by going 1-26. Last season, the Cardinals finished 20-10 after coach Dick Reynolds went to a 10-man rotation. They will be deep again this season.

More success should come to HAMILTON as well, which is seeking its 11th 20-win season under coach Tom Murphy. All-America forward Michael Nelson grew up in Cooperstown, N.Y., but spurned baseball for basketball, track and soccer in high school. Last spring, SOUTHERN MAINE became the first men's basketball team from the state to appear in a Final Four. The current squad could be the second. —M.J.

# SCOUTING REPORTS



## NAIA

"NASHVILLE MAY BE THE BEST CITY AROUND FOR SMALL-college basketball," says Rick Byrd. He's coach of that city's **BELMONT COLLEGE**, one of the best NAIA

teams in the country, and it's hard to disagree. Last season **DAVID LIPSCOMB UNIVERSITY**, which is just a mile from Belmont, was ranked No. 1 for the entire regular season while scoring 111.78 points per game. Then in the district playoffs, Belmont went into Lipscomb's raucous gym and beat the Bisons 105-98 behind center Joe Behling's 58 points. Belmont eventually lost to Hastings (Neb.) College in the first round of the national tournament. Byrd calls the victory over the Bisons "probably the biggest win we could ever have in this program."

At least until this season. With four starters back, including Behling, who averaged 31.5 points a game in 1988-89, Belmont could be even better. Lipscomb has seven of its top eight players from last season, including senior center Philip Hutcheson, who scored 28 points a game. The Belmont-Lipscomb rivalry has become so intense that there have been discussions about moving the Feb. 17 game between the teams to Vanderbilt's 15,399-seat Memorial Gymnasium.

The two programs are an intriguing study in contrasts. Under coach Don Meyer, Lipscomb has long been an NAIA power, averaging 25 wins during Meyer's 14 seasons. He uses a well-defined system, which he has recorded on instructional videotapes; runs the largest basketball camp in the country (it had nearly 4,000 campers last summer); and takes the Bisons on a road trip to Hawaii every other year. Hutcheson began attending the camp when he was eight years old, and later graduated from David Lipscomb High, which is affiliated with the college.

Belmont has a less impressive basketball tradition. Behling, it seems, dropped into its lap. He played only one year of high school basketball, at Hillwood in Nashville, and was recruited by no one. He decided to attend Belmont because his mother worked in the school's development office, which meant he would receive a tuition waiver. Byrd says Behling, who's 6' 7", "didn't have any idea how to play" when he came out for the team. After a redshirt year and a lackluster freshman season, during which he experienced academic troubles, Behling dedicated himself to his studies and basketball. He became a first-team All-America as a sophomore, and last season as a junior he was NAIA Player of the Year.

Over in Harrogate, Tenn., 60 miles north of Nashville, is **LINCOLN MEMORIAL**—and Nick Sanford, who poured in an NAIA-high 34.26 points per game in 1988-89 for the Railsplitters. "Nick has a shot to play pro, either in the NBA or overseas," says Phil Cox, his coach.

With all five starters back from a 25-6 team, **MINNESOTA-DULUTH** could contend for the national title, but nobody on campus seems to care. The basketball team must compete for attention with the hockey team, a perennial NCAA Division I power. Forward—hoops forward, that is—Dave Zollar is 6' 8" but weighs only 185 pounds. He looks as if he can't lift a ball, but last year he converted 51.7% of his shots from three-point range.

**ST. MARY'S** of Texas won the national title last spring, but coach Buddy Meyer would rather brag about the Rattlers' graduation rate. "When a kid graduates, we paint his name on the wall in the locker room," says Meyer. "It gives the remaining guys something to look at every day."

Only two full-time starters return from the championship squad, but they will be joined in January by transfer Rudy Archer, a former starting guard at Maryland who has one semester of eligibility left. —JAY JENNINGS

Hutcheson (44) has been part of Lipscomb's hoops tradition since he was eight.

Available at most large JCPenney stores. Prices higher in Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico. © 1999 JCPenney Co., Inc.

Quality is our fashion statement. Stafford® fancy dress shirt in exact sleeve lengths, \$22.  
Italian silk tie, \$18.50. You're looking smarter than ever at JCPenney.

  
**STAFFORD**  
JCPenney



**T**HE OTHER EVENING, STANFORD POINT guard Jennifer Azzi—who plays basketball with a frenzy that has propelled the Cardinal from mediocrity to, possibly, tops in the land this year—was sitting on a bench outside the Cookie Habit at the Stanford Shopping Center, devouring chocolate chip cookies. Azzi, 21, loves basketball, but she is fanatical about cookies. Indeed, she proclaims that her affection for them is burned into her soul. “Everything else in life

is just a substitute for a chocolate chip cookie,” she says. Azzi confesses to minor affairs of the stomach with peanut butter fudge, frozen yogurt and malted milk balls, but they were only flings, nothing more.

Never have a woman and a cookie been so well-matched. Above all, both

are old-fashioned. Consider that last season, when Azzi was the only non-senior selected for the 10-member Kodak All-America team, she was the only player to rank in the top 10 in the Pac-10 in six statistical categories—most significantly, she was first in assists, with 6.6 per game. What better example could

there be of old-fashioned virtue than making assists? Azzi was also second in the conference in free throw percentage (.787), third in field goal percentage (.544) and in three-point percentage (.495), fourth in steals (2.2 per game) and eighth in scoring (16.6). In other words: the classic all-around player.

Yet she is seriously undervalued.

“I’ve always felt I was underrated as a player,” Azzi says. She’s right. None of the top schools, including perennial power Tennessee, in Knoxville, just 20 miles away, showed much interest in her when she was a senior at Oak Ridge (Tenn.) High. And even her own coach

**A fierce competitor, Azzi led the league in '88-89 with 6.6 assists per game.**

# A CARDINAL VIRTUE

Point guard Jennifer Azzi has put Stanford right in the driver's seat

BY DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

at Stanford, Tara VanDerveer, quickly ticks off at least five players she thinks are better, most notably Louisiana Tech's Venus Lacy. Deep in her heart, VanDerveer probably doesn't believe that anyone is better than Azzi. She's only trying to motivate her star.

Not that Azzi (pronounced ay-zee) needs to be motivated. VanDerveer requires each team member to shoot 45 minutes a week outside of practice; Azzi gets in between six and eight hours.

Make no mistake, Jennifer Azzi is as special as a chocolate chip. She's an elegant point guard in the mold of Magic Johnson, willing to give it all up in a heartbeat for the good of the team. To her, an assist is a little slice of heaven.

Azzi, now a senior, has made all the difference for Stanford. When VanDerveer—who arrived in Palo Alto four seasons ago after seven years at Idaho and Ohio State—convinced Azzi to travel nearly 2,100 miles from home, the Cardinal was only a year removed from a 9-19 season in which attendance averaged a mere 100 fans per game. Last year Stanford won all its conference games, and home crowds averaged 1,550. If the prognosis for this season is accurate, the Cardinal will pack them in for the next few months. Along with SI, *Women's Basketball News Service* has selected Stanford as its No. 1 team in the preseason, while *Street & Smith's* has ranked the Cardinal third. Says VanDerveer, who is 82-37 at Stanford, "We have a realistic chance to

be national champs. One reason is that Jennifer has confidence. She has lots of it."

Such lofty prospects are a far cry from the realities that faced the Cardinal when VanDerveer began recruiting Azzi in 1985. "We were nothing, so we could take a chance on her improving," says the coach. The team was so weak back then, VanDerveer made sure that Azzi did not see the women practice and did not view any films of the Cardinal games. "At that time," says VanDerveer, "our players were excited when they lost by only 20 points." Azzi was also wooed by Vanderbilt and Ohio State but decided on Stanford, largely because of the university's academic reputation, a huge plus with her mother, Donna, a high school English teacher, and father, Jim, a department head in a home furnishings store. It wasn't long before she started showing her teammates what the work ethic was all about. "What I like about basketball is clicking together," Azzi says. "It's not that I don't get tired running. It's that I forget about it."

Initially, Azzi hated everything at Stanford. On her first day there, her new \$150 10-speed bike was stolen from outside the gym. She called home, crying, and said to her mother, "I'll come home and work at K Mart the rest of my life and be happy." Though she was serious at the time, Azzi now admits she would not have followed through. "Deep down," she says, "I knew I had to stay."

In 1986-87, Stanford went 14-14; in 1987-88, 27-5; and last year, 28-3, with an average victory margin of 19.6 points. Last March the Cardinal reached the round of eight in the NCAA tournament, its best showing ever.

This kind of success is nothing new



GEORGE STEINMETZ

ROD SEARCY

# JENNIFER AZZI

for Azzi. At Jefferson Junior High her teams were 50-0. At Oak Ridge High, 85-11. But the recruiting hysteria for Azzi was dampened because, though she averaged 19 points per game and made 57% of her field goal attempts as a junior, she dropped to 15 points and 51% in her senior year. To the recruiters this indicated that she was afflicted with senioritis.

In fact, Oak Ridge was so good during Azzi's senior season—the team was 34-2, runner-up in the state championships—that she played only about 50% of the time, according to her Oak Ridge coach, Jill Prudden. Still, Prudden concedes, "She was good at a lot of things, not great at anything." An old-fashioned generalist. "She was not a complete package when she arrived here," VanDerveer says. Notably, the 5' 9", 140-pound Azzi lacked a quick first step to enable her to drive around opponents.

Nearly all of the other kids at the center, which was directed by Yvonne Bohannon, were black. "I wanted them to have interaction with other kinds of kids," explains Donna.

So, one afternoon, Jennifer broke the news to her mother: "We would like for Mrs. Bohannon to be our mommy. We really love her."

Donna, calm in the face of her imminent firing, said, "I'm glad you do, girls. But what would you do with me?"

Said Jennifer, trying to think of a promotion, "You could be our grandmother." The story remains a family treasure.

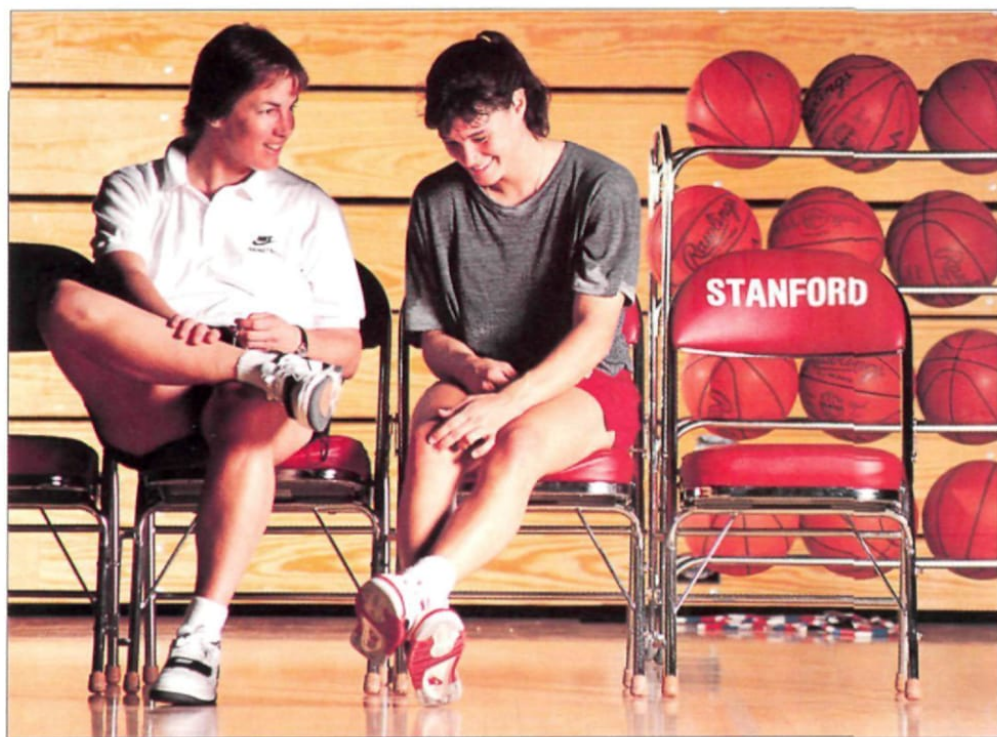
Oddly, if you talk to Azzi and VanDerveer about Azzi's game, it sounds as though she was lucky to make the team. For openers, she slings her shot from beside her head rather than overhead. "Not a pure shooter," concedes VanDerveer. Azzi thinks she needs to improve in a number of areas. "Like shoot-

score of last year's 83-60 loss to Tennessee, in which the Cardinal was out-rebounded 50-32. "I'm not sure we'll ever beat them," she said after the game. "The top looks so far away for us."

But this season, suddenly, it doesn't. The Cardinal's prospects are bright not only because of the quantum leaps Azzi has made in her game but also because three other first-rate starters are returning: guard Sonja Henning (10.1 points per game) and forwards Katy Steding (14.8) and Trisha Stevens (13.0). With the arrival of Val Whiting, a 6' 3" freshman center from Wilmington, Del., who will shore up the weakest position on the team, the starting five looks almost perfect. Thanks to VanDerveer's national recruiting strategy—team members hail from such towns as Nashua, N.H.; South Aiken, S.C.; Hudson, Wis.—there is lots of depth. But should ill fortune befall Azzi, the Cardinal would have a hard time overcoming the blow.

Still, women's basketball succeeds at Stanford not because of a star like Azzi but because of firm support from the university. Athletic director Andy Geiger says the school will spend \$615,330 this year on the sport, against anticipated revenues of only approximately \$50,000. "I'm not a star-syndrome guy," he says. "Jennifer is marvelous—and so are the others. But in a community where everyone has achieved and succeeded, Jennifer goes beyond that—and the rest of the players dare not let her down."

Who knows what the future holds for Azzi? She is an economics major but says, "I don't want to be an economist." Her education, however, has not been wasted. "I've learned how to learn," she says. "But I'm not one of those people who fill their heads with knowledge and then tell everybody about it." She would like to play basketball in Europe, and one observer, New York-based agent Bruce Levy, believes the fact that she is of Italian extraction could help her land a contract worth as much as \$70,000 annually. "Things have always fallen into place for me," she says. "Now, let's go get us some chocolate chip cookies."



VanDerveer (left) ran into little competition from the other schools when she bid for Azzi.

That's no longer missing from her game.

Until recently, few people seemed to notice how innovative Azzi was. It was obvious early to her mother, when she sent Jennifer and her older sister, Susanne, to the Scarboro Day Care Center.

ing with my left hand," she says. "I also need more range on my pull-up jumper. I have to get better on getting the ball into the post, and I could be a more vocal leader. Rebounding, too. I definitely need to get better at rebounding. The only thing I have ever wanted is to be really good."

VanDerveer is, by nature, a pessimist. Pinned to her bulletin board is a box

© 1989 GM Corp. All rights reserved.



Let's get it together...  
buckle up.



# The all-new 4-door Cutlass Supreme. Handles the groceries, the kids, and cooks.

## The 1990 4-Door Cutlass Supreme

The totally new Cutlass Supreme™ International Series sedan is just the recipe for any 1990 family. It's the new generation of family transportation.

Loaded with powerful ingredients like an available 3.1-liter V6 or the standard new 16-valve High-Output Quad 4® engine. Either way, this sedan really cooks.

The laundry list of standard equip-

ment includes: four-wheel, independent FE3® suspension; front-wheel drive; power disc brakes; power rack-and-pinion steering; 16-inch aluminum wheels and 60-series tires. Rear seats that fold all the way down. And front buckets that adjust eight ways. An anti-lock braking system is also available.

To guarantee you'll stay happy with this hot new menu, we've topped it off with one more feature. The *Oldsmobile Edge*. It's a comprehensive owner satisfaction plan designed to make

Oldsmobile® the industry leader in total customer satisfaction. And it's standard on any Oldsmobile you buy.

To find out more about it, or about the 1990 four-door Cutlass Supreme, just stop by your nearest Olds dealer. Or simply call toll-free 1-800-242-OLDS, Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. EST.



The New Generation of  
**OLDSMOBILE**



**NCAA**

Official car for the NCAA Championships.

# SCOUTING REPORTS

## WOMEN

A MEAGER 9,758 FANS SHOWED UP FOR THE NCAA women's championship game in Tacoma, Wash., last April 2 even though the men's finals were played the day before and the day after only 25 miles away in Seattle. So what was the NCAA thinking about when it scheduled the 1990 women's finals in a 24,000-seat arena in Knoxville, Tenn.? Having a sellout, that's what.

To reduce the risk of empty seats, defending champion **TENNESSEE** must reach the Final Four, but fear not, the Lady Vols will. They have made the finals in six of the last eight years, a record of success matched only by **LOUISIANA TECH**, another sure candidate to show up in Knoxville. The Lady Techsters were written off last season with a lineup that included only one player taller than six feet, but that player was 6' 4" center Venus Lacy, who led Tech to the finals by averaging 21.3 points and 11.9 rebounds and who now returns for her senior season. "She'll carry a big burden," says Louisiana Tech coach Leon Barmore, "but she's very strong."

At Tennessee, coach Pat Summitt lost three starters from last year's national championship team, and has only one senior and two juniors on the roster. "I don't think I realized how young we were until we started practicing," says Summitt. That inexperience may cause a few more losses, but the Vols have plenty of talent. Tonya Edwards, the MVP of the 1986-87 national championship team who missed most of last season with a knee injury, returns at guard. She will share the backcourt with 5' 4" freshman Jodi Adams, a sharpshooter from three-point range. "She shot more three-pointers in the first week of practice than we shot all last year," says Summitt, whose team made only six of 27 in 1988-89.

**STANFORD** might shoot that many in one game. Coach Tara VanDerveer has brought the Cardinal into title contention by employing the three-pointer wisely and often. Last year Stanford was undefeated in the Pac-10 and made 135 three-pointers en route to a 28-3 record. With that mastery of the trey and four starters returning, Stanford is our pick to upset the old guard in Knoxville.

The SEC's up-and-coming team is **LSU**. Last season the Lady Tigers were only 19-11 but had victories over Texas, Georgia, Long Beach State and Ole Miss, all of whom were ranked in the Top 10 at the time. Coach Sue Gunter has three 1988-89 starters, including April Delley, who averaged 20.1 points and 9.8 rebounds before being declared academically ineligible 10 games into the season.

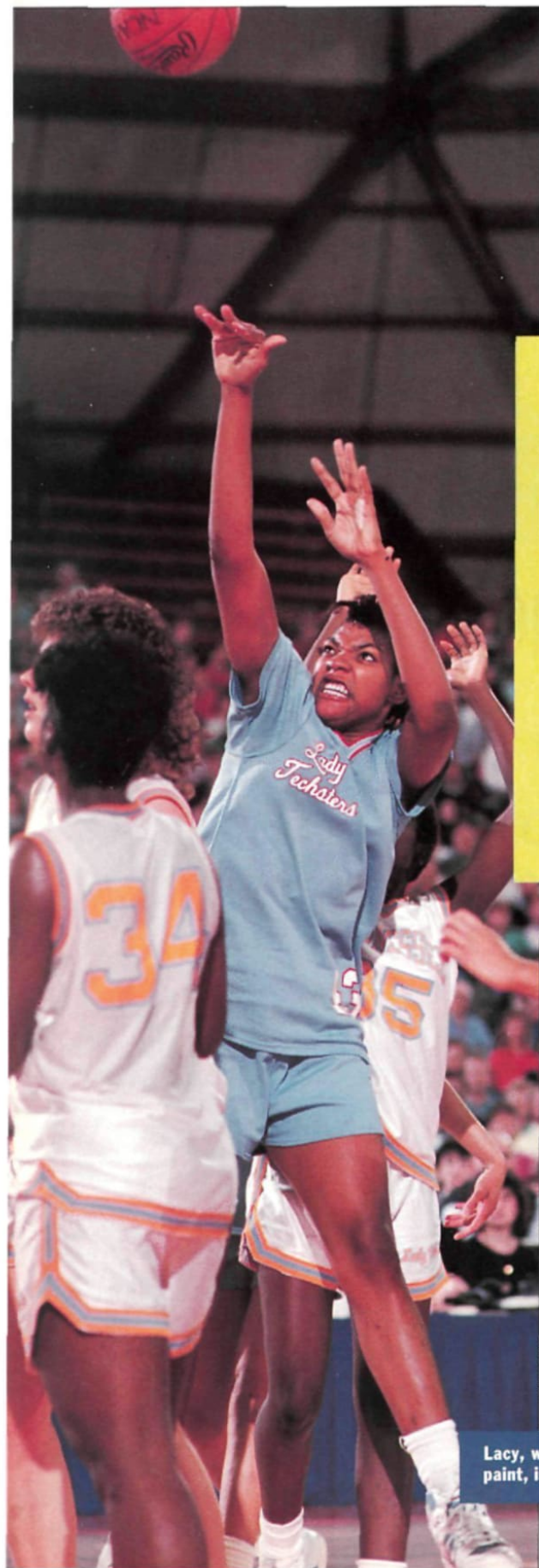
The ACC should be the country's second-strongest conference after the SEC, with **NORTH CAROLINA STATE** and **VIRGINIA** contending for the title. The Wolfpack has the conference's best player in 5' 10" Andrea Stinson, whose 23.6-point average led the ACC. Center Rhonda Mapp has been suspended for eight games for violating team rules. Her return will give N.C. State the lift it needs to win the ACC.

And keep an eye on **UNLV**, which has four first-stringers coming back from a 27-7 team. Senior Geannine Jordan joins her twin sister, Pauline, in the starting lineup, and while they are not identical twins—Pauline is 6' 3", Geannine 6' 2"—pair Jordan will give Vegas a formidable front line. —J.J.

### WOMEN'S TOP 10

**STANFORD**  
**LOUISIANA TECH**  
**TENNESSEE**  
**N.C. STATE**  
**LSU**  
**GEORGIA**  
**VIRGINIA**  
**AUBURN**  
**UNLV**  
**TEXAS**

Lacy, who's anything but delicate in the paint, is shooting for a trip to Knoxville.





# Announcing the latest feature to come standard when you buy an Oldsmobile.

## The Oldsmobile Edge

It's something called "total satisfaction." And it will be showing up on the face of everyone who buys a new 1990 Oldsmobile\* in the United States.† Not just because they've made the smart decision to buy an Oldsmobile—which is satisfying enough in its own right. But because they'll be covered by an owner satisfaction plan unlike any in the business. The new Oldsmobile Edge. Which will give them plenty to smile about, at no extra charge.

### 1. Guaranteed Satisfaction

In our opinion, the 1990 Oldsmobiles are some of the most satisfying vehicles you can own today. And we think you'll agree. In fact, if you change your mind within 30 days or 1,500 miles‡ of purchase—whichever

comes first, just bring it back. You'll be given credit toward the purchase of another new 1990 Oldsmobile.

### 2. Bumper-to-Bumper Plus

This covers your vehicle from—well, from bumper to bumper.\*\* And it's all protected against defect in material or workmanship for three years or 50,000 miles. Which means when you buy an Oldsmobile, you'll be protected in two ways: by the Bumper-to-Bumper Plus Warranty, and by the fact that you bought an Oldsmobile in the first place.

### 3. Roadside Assistance

Oldsmobile maintains a nationwide network of towing and repair facilities. So wherever you go, you're never far from Oldsmobile. And the best thing is, you can always reach us. Just call 24 hours a day on the toll-free hotline, and we'll send someone out to help

at no extra charge.†† For anything from an actual breakdown requiring simple repairs, to something requiring more involved assistance. Like locking your keys in the car.

For more details of the Oldsmobile Edge, call toll-free 1-800-242-OLDS or visit your Oldsmobile dealer.

When you do so, chances are you'll realize why we can offer such an extraordinary program: because our vehicles are extraordinary to begin with. Which should explain why Oldsmobile owners will be going about with such broad smiles on their faces. And why, from now on, 1990 will be known as the beginning of a New Generation of Owner Satisfaction.



The New Generation of  
**OLDSMOBILE**™

\*Fleet and lease sales excluded. †See your dealer for details and restrictions. \*\*Tires covered separately by their manufacturer. See your Oldsmobile dealer for terms of this limited warranty. ††Services provided by Cross Country Motor Club, Inc., Boston, MA and, in California, by Cross Country Motor Club of California, Inc., Boston, MA. ©1989 GM Corp. All rights reserved.





**J**OHN UPDIKE'S RABBIT ANGSTROM, that scoring champ of letters, was a flaccid adult. Yet whenever he picked up a basketball, he felt rejuvenated. "That old stretched-leather feeling makes his whole body go taut, gives

# THE LOST GENERATION

From 1971 to 1984, no major college scoring champ made the grade in the NBA

his arms wings," Updike wrote in *Rabbit, Run*. "It feels like he's reaching down through years to touch this tautness."

Reach down, if you will, to 1970, when Pete Maravich averaged 44.5 points a game for Louisiana State. No collegian had ever scored so many points in a single season, and none has since. The '70 national scoring title, Maravich's third in a row, prefigured the impact he would have on the pros. But no college scoring champ after Pistol Pete left a mark on the NBA until 1985, when Wichita State's Xavier McDaniel, with the Seattle SuperSonics, made the All-Rookie team.

The dozen shooters who led the land over the 14 seasons between the Pistol and the X-Man make up college basketball's lost generation. Each is but an esoteric footnote to the NBA's draft list or record book, yet together they span an era in which the college game metamor-

BY  
**ALEXANDER  
WOLFF**

KAREN KUBIN

Bird Averitt, who flew at Pepperdine in '73, roosts in a pool hall in Kentucky.





phosed from a quaint regional pastime into today's cabled, coast-to-coast obsession.

Some of the former champions have names that befit scorers: Freeman Williams, Marshall Rogers, Zam Fredrick. Others have felicitous nicknames: William (Bird) Averitt, Dwight (Bo) Lamar, Harry (Machine Gun) Kelly, Johnny (Reb) Neumann. The rest defy recollection. Who outscored David Thompson, Adrian Dantley, Larry Bird, Mark Aguirre and Michael Jordan? The answers are, respectively, Larry Fogle, Bob McCurdy, Lawrence Butler, Tony Murphy and Joe Jakubick.

Few played for big-time schools, and those who did were at places with no basketball tradition, or at least a dormant one. Most found pro camps too constraining: "I never got a chance to show what I could do" is a common complaint. And a handful thrived in the shoot-'em-up ABA, only to run up against the tougher standards and crueler numbers games that prevailed in the NBA. (To be sure, Williams scored in double figures for several seasons—with the Clippers. As we said, none made it with an NBA team.)

Today, some are ashamed not to be found in pro ball, Kelly so much so that he preferred not to be photographed for this story. By contrast, Murphy, a contemporary of Kelly's, counts himself lucky to be driving a *United Parcel Service* truck and making \$17 an hour.

Others have chosen the expatriate life. Year after year Williams found his peculiar notion of a good shot—"If I had to watch Freeman Williams play 82 games," an NBA general manager once said, "I'd open a vein"—in demand everywhere from San Diego to Manila to Istanbul. Fredrick has gone back to Europe for each of the past eight seasons. "I didn't even know they played basketball in Europe when I left college," says Zam, whose mom fancied Efrem Zimbalist Jr., star of TV's *The FBI*. Today Zam knows better and speaks fluent Italian.

One of the earliest of these Sultans of Scoring, Fogle, found that his dimensions and inside skills lent themselves best to the downsized CBA, where he put in a few fine seasons only to struggle to find a life for himself after basketball. The last of these champions, Jakubick—whom the University of Akron's sports-information office flogged for All-America honors by distributing a hastily arranged photograph of him with Rodney Dangerfield—is still lighting it up, as a marketing representative for Ohio Edison.

The other half-dozen, plus Kelly, are profiled below. When they die, each should be lowered into the grave in a box-and-one. But until then, their lives pose this question: What happens to a man who on the cusp of adulthood can perform the most esteemed act in his sport better than anybody else and then suddenly isn't asked to do it anymore?

What happens, it turns out, is many different things.

**Neumann was a popular shooter at Ole Miss in 1971; now he's a popular coach in the Old World, with Pagrati of Greece.**

## LOST GENERATION

EVERY TWO WEEKS THE OTHER BIRD ON the Boston Celtics' payroll visits his lawyer near his parents' home in Hopkinsville, Ky., and collects a check for about \$1,500. Checks have greeted William (Bird) Averitt, 37, every fortnight since that day in 1978 when the NBA waived him goodbye. They will keep coming until he's 53.

Averitt never played a game for the Celtics. In fact, after leaving Pepperdine, he put in only two undistinguished seasons in the NBA, following three decent ones in the ABA. But when John Y. Brown and Irv Levin pulled off their bizarre franchise swap in 1978, Averitt's contract, a shrewdly drafted document with lots of cash deferred, went from Buffalo to Boston. Even as his pro career sputtered, Bird became one of pro basketball's Merger Millionaires, set for life.

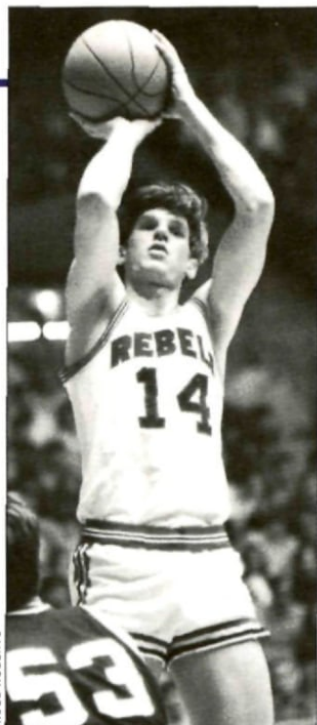
That life is now shared with his girlfriend, Monica, and their eight-year-old daughter, Monisha. His parents, Julian and Mary, live nearby in the house where he grew up. It's hard by the vacant lot where, playing touch football on a hot day, little William once stripped off his shirt to cries of "Birdchest!" The lot isn't vacant anymore, but Averitt still has that avian torso. He could be 18, might be 25, couldn't be a day over 30.

"I'm a grandfather," he says, grinning. "Three times." Averitt has an impossibly even temper and ready smile. But then he got on with the most difficult of coaches (the Kentucky Colonels' Hubie Brown) and the most genial (Pepperdine's Gary Colson). As he flips through a scrapbook, you stop him at the photo of himself on the couch of his college dorm room, with room- and teammate Budweiser Hawkins seated beside him. Budweiser has a brother named Falstaff and a sister named Virginia Dare (after a brand of wine), and thus at first he got most of the suite's press notices. Then Bird, as a 6' 1" freshman, twice went for 44 against the UCLA frosh team that included Bill Walton and Keith Wilkes, and even Bud couldn't match that.

**T**he next season, 1971-72, Averitt broke most of the conference's varsity scoring records, only to be exiled to second-team all-league. "They said I was erratic," he says. "Could only go to my left." He averaged 39.1 in conference games as a junior, and the coaches realized he could hardly be faulted for not going to his right when he had no reason to. Chastened, they voted him MVP in 1972-73.

Late in '83, when Averitt was settled in California, his father had a stroke. Bird went home for the first time in seven years. A second stroke persuaded him to stay in Hopkinsville.

"After playing so long, I really don't miss the game



BRUCE ROBERTS

that much," he says. "Figure I started when I was six, so I've got my 30-year pin. I liked the attention, but it was the competition I liked more than anything. And I don't miss out on that at all because I'm doing other things." Without workday worries, he keeps busy haunting Hop-town's softball fields, bowling alleys, tennis courts and pool parlors. A game's a game.

Such is the merry life of the Bird, home to nest—for now, anyway.

EXACTLY WHAT TOOK PLACE 11 YEARS ago on that November afternoon in Italy is subject to varied recollections, but this much is certain: Johnny Neumann was playing his usual incendiary game. He had scored effortlessly and often for his team, Cantù of the Italian League, which led handily in the second half. He was shooting free throws when, according to Neumann, some-

one in the rowdy crowd insulted his mother.

At this point Neumann, never one for tact, hiked up his shorts and patted one of the pearly white cheeks of his derriere. He played for a few more minutes and then was removed by his coach. As he left, he pointed toward the scoreboard, rubbing in his team's advantage.

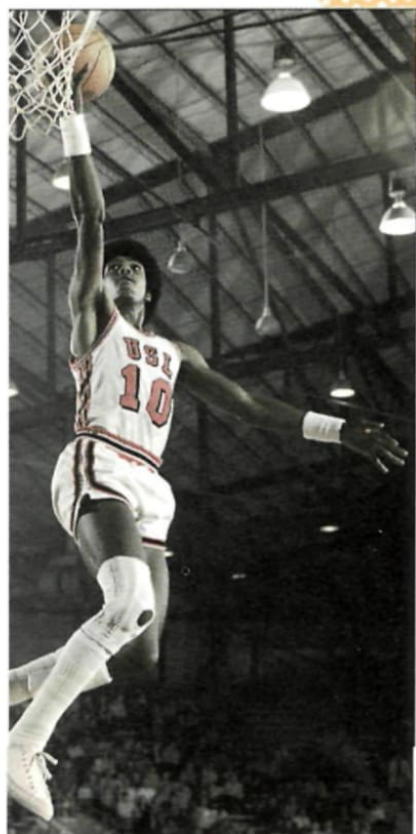
Italian sports fans have rioted at less, to be sure. And Neumann—the original Rebel Without a Conscience, the first collegian ever to go hardship—has done many audacious things in his time. His entire life changed in 1971, his sophomore year at Mississippi, when he scored 40 points a game. With two games left to play that season, he went pro, ostensibly to help his family. His father, Robert, a truant officer in Memphis, had suffered a heart attack. Signing an ABA contract with the Memphis Pros for a reported \$2 million seemed the right thing for Johnny to do.

The upstart league and its barnstorming spirit suited Neumann much better than Ole Miss. The threads, the cars, the entourage—Neumann lived a life that would make Leon Spinks's seem derivative. Memphis was the first of seven pro teams in the U.S., and a raft more on the Continent, to gamble on Neumann's maddening potential and unpredictable ways.

Today Neumann doesn't want to talk about the past, which he considers distorted by the media's caricatures of him. "They said I was wild," he says. "I admit I was outspoken, and when I heard something wrong I would answer back. But I wasn't at all as the press described me. They couldn't criticize me as a player, because I was good. So they attacked me for driving a Ferrari. They thought I was arrogant because I was earning money." Of course, Neumann once knocked on the door of a Memphis sportswriter to show off a new car he had bought.

But Neumann doesn't want that stuff dredged up again, because the guy the Italian fans once called Crazy

# LOST GENERATION



DWAYNE AND LONG

Horse is now a father and a coach. His first coaching job was as a player-coach in West Germany in '81. A year later he became coach of the CBA's Maine Lumberjacks, soon renamed the Bay State Bombardiers. "He has the ability of any coach in the NBA," says John Ligums, who owned the Maine/Bay State franchise. "Technically, fundamentally, he has a tremendous feel for the game. The problem with Johnny Neumann is, as a human being he's a slug. If you looked up the word 'irresponsible' in the dictionary, his picture would be next to it."

Ligums fired Neumann in the midst of the 1985 CBA playoffs. A few weeks after being let go, Neumann was on the phone to him, wondering if Ligums would recommend him for a coaching job elsewhere in the league. Only if you take and pass a drug test, Ligums said. Neumann, who denies the entire episode, said thanks, but no thanks—only to call back several weeks later and agree. When the test results came back,

there wasn't a trace of heroin or a hint of cocaine. But the lab doctor found high concentrations of marijuana. Ligums phoned Neumann to get some sort of explanation.

"I was really nervous about taking the test," Neumann said then. "So I had a couple of joints to relax."

**N**eumann soon wended his way back to Europe, signing on as a coach in Belgium, where he met Christine, a devout Belgian girl who would become his third wife and bear their daughter, Leslie. But Neumann's father, never the same after that 1971 heart attack, was ailing, and before the season ended Johnny joined his parents near San Francisco, where his father died in 1987.

Johnny had been selling cars in the Bay Area for about a year when the call came. PAOK Salonika, one of Greece's two traditional powers, wanted him as their coach. And through nearly two seasons with PAOK, Neumann seemed a changed man. Voluble as ever from the bench, he nonetheless drew few technical fouls. PAOK's fans found him engaging, and management had no problem with his comportment. He faithfully gave God the credit after PAOK victories, of which there were plenty.

Then, last season, Neumann took his team to Yugoslavia for a game in the inter-European Korac Cup competition. By any account the work of the two officials, an Italian and a Soviet, was erratic. PAOK got hooked throughout the game. In overtime, Neumann,

furious about a missed call, ran out and pushed the Italian referee to the floor. FIBA, basketball's international governing body, banned Neumann from coaching in international competition for two seasons.

"I was wrong," he said later. "I'll never do that again. But I think there'll never be a game called like that again. I make mistakes, but I go on from that."

Neumann is still in Greece, happily married and coaching the Pagrati team, although he is unable to lead them in international competition. He'll go on from that, but where?

DIAL 233-BEER IN LAFAYETTE, LA., AND YOU'RE PUT ON hold. You're serenaded by Anheuser-Busch jingles, and then Dwight (Bo) Lamar's secretary comes on the line to tell you that he's out, but can she take a message? Please ask Mr. Lamar to call back, you say. Collect.

And he does call, happy to talk about how in 1972 he led the nation in scoring at Southwestern Louisiana. "It just happened," he says. "The way the offense was designed, we put the ball up a lot. It wasn't just me."

He scored the most. His senior year the crowd sang *Dwight Lamar, Superstar* while the band played *Jesus Christ, Superstar* before Ragin' Cajun home games. Faintly blasphemous, that. But USL was one of the original outlaw schools, and Lamar's dandified style—the domed Afro; the zippered purse he toted around (a "pouch," he insisted); the purple leather jacket his wife, Peggy, first espied him in at a fraternity party—gave him the look of a Cajun capo.

Time has tempered him. Nostalgia often makes former players exaggerate, but Bo does his reminiscing skeptically. What of the legendary defender who, bamboozled by a Lamar 360, ran straight to the locker room? "That never actually happened," Lamar says. Nor were the parabolic jumpers he threw in really 30-footers: "I still don't know anybody who can shoot a jumper consistently from 30 feet. Even 25 feet."

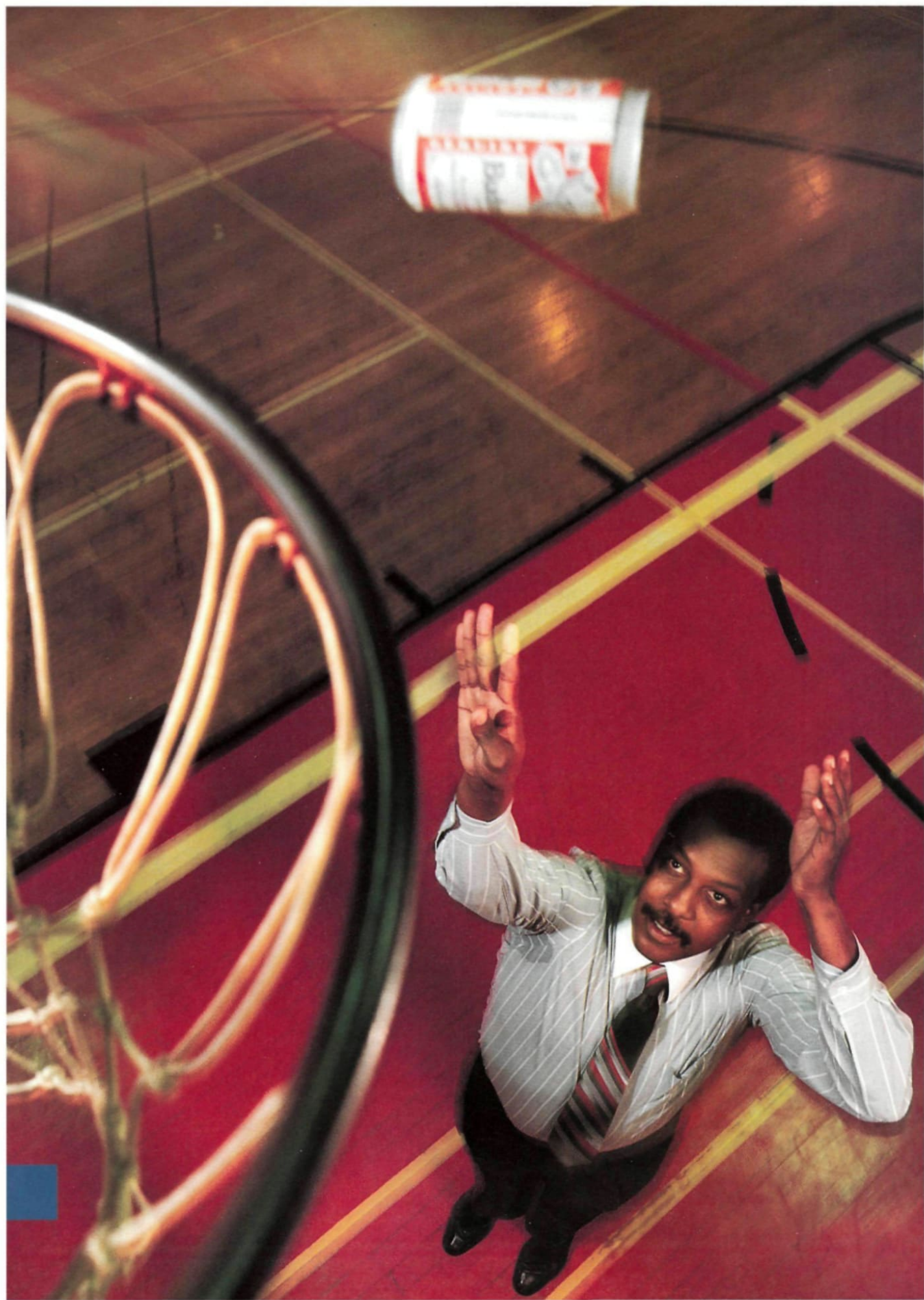
He had three prosperous seasons in the ABA—with the San Diego Conquistadors and the Indiana Pacers—but faded in 1976. "I tried for a couple of years after that, and then it was either keep chasing that dream or settle down and start another career," he says. "Very few people get to play pro ball, so I'm fortunate that I did for so long. And there's a lot more to life than that."

Back in the bayou country, he tried working in recreation, then insurance and then the oil business, which is Lafayette's lifeblood. Seven years ago he hooked on with the Schilling Distributing Company, delivering cases of beer. Today, a couple of résumé rungs later, he is a sales manager.

Not long ago Lamar's youngest daughter, Sherolyn, 13, sized up her father. "They say if you can 'pinch an inch,' you're overweight," she said. "And Daddy, I can pinch a mile."

That got Bo, now 38, playing ball again, for the beer

**Since he soared to the scoring title at Southwestern Louisiana in 1972, Lamar has made his net gains in beer sales.**





## LOST GENERATION

company's team in a local rec league. He doesn't score much, just forces the pace to a tempo an Agin' Cajun would find comfortable. "Some of the guys are as young as 18 or 19," he says, "but I push 'em hard enough."

He's not a gabber, but talking is a big part of Lamar's life now, especially *chatting up clients*. Questions clearly aren't an imposition. "Enjoyed talking with you," he says as the conversation winds down. "In fact, enjoyed it so much, I might even pay for the call next time."

DURING TWO SEASONS ('81 to '83) OF running and gunning for Texas Southern, Harry (Machine Gun) Kelly led all scorers in the land. "Ah, Harry Kelly," said Marty Blake, the NBA's director of scouting services. "To paraphrase Will Rogers, he never met a shot he didn't like."

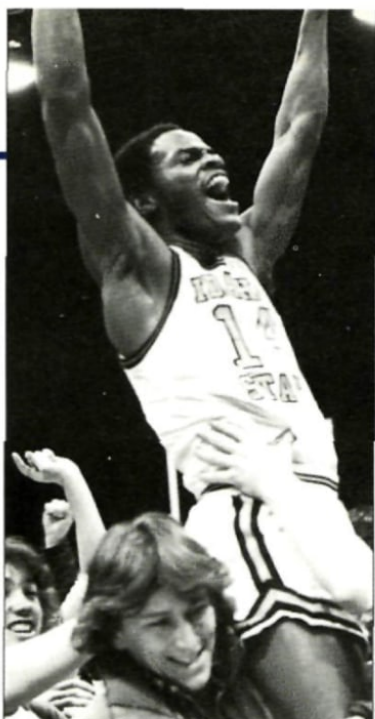
The Gun insists he was a self-loader, getting a lot of his shots off the glass. "People said all I did was shoot," says Kelly, who is 6'7". "But I took pride in my rebounding. I'm the only guy to get over 3,000 points and 1,000 rebounds in his college career."

Credit the nickname to his dorm director. Blame forces beyond Kelly's control for his lack of notoriety. While he was a TSU Tiger, an even more gaudily monickered bunch called Phi Slamma Jamma was convening frat meetings at the University of Houston, just down the street. Kelly, one wit offered, could have opened a one-man chapter of Ima Shoota Jumpa. Yet most of his baskets came in the low-profile Southwestern Athletic Conference, where a point well made isn't necessarily a point well taken. "The basket's the same height, the game's played by the same rules," says Kelly, who can't understand how the products of SWAC schools can stock NFL rosters but get passed over by the NBA.

With his behind-the-head jumper, the Gun could carry that chip on his shoulder and stiff score aplenty. But after the Atlanta Hawks released him in 1983, he passed up the CBA, Italy and the Philippines and finally despaired at "all these loopholes and politics and things you can't control." In the spring of '84 he married his pregnant girlfriend, Terrie, and took a job with the city of Houston reading water meters.

"Meter readers don't do anything that'll get us hurt," he says. "If someone's got a bad dog in the yard, we just pass. Let the supervisor handle it. Punch in 'bad dog.'" People would sometimes spot him, still an athletic figure even in his meter-reader blues, and ask whether he used to play ball.

But that hardly happens now, which is fine by Kelly.



BRAND STATE SPORTS INFORMATION

because he feels compelled to explain why he isn't playing anymore, and that brings up the subject of failure. "Getting cut by Atlanta was the first time in my life I really got depressed," he says. "But I'd never tasted big-time success. If I'd made it and then gotten cut, it would have been a lot harder to bounce back."

Harry Jr., 5, has already destroyed two Nerf hoops, and that makes his father look forward. "When my boys grow up, I'm going to recommend the Big East or the ACC. That's where the exposure is. There, you end up going pro averaging 15 a game."

WHEN LAWRENCE BUTLER WAS TWO, he was left with his grandmother, a domestic who lived in the riverside hamlet of Glasgow, Mo. "We shared everything," he says. "We had to."

They shared Nancy Butler's thin wages and stout principles. Even as he led Glasgow High to 65 straight wins, Lawrence went humbly from class to class, toothpaste and toothbrush sticking out of his pocket. His grandmother had raised him to brush after every meal, and, by god, he was going to.

Butler crossed his grandma on only one count. "She worked hard all her life," he says, "and the way she felt, playing games was no way to become somebody." Yet making what he still calls the "Big Court" consumed him. "When I left home, pro ball was all I had on my mind. Making some serious money and halfway paying my grandmother back for what she had done for me."

He made his way to Idaho State, detouring through a junior college in Texas. Butler was strong and swift, as certain to be a pro guard as anyone in the class of '79, but Pocatello (pop. 45,000) intimidated the young man from tiny Glasgow (pop. 1,300). "People were coming at me from every direction," he remembers. "I decided the less people I knew, the better off I was."

Yet the role of scorer somehow validated him. "I got addicted to playing in front of big crowds," he says. "I couldn't stand in front of five people and talk, but I could play in front of thousands and somehow open up."

The very night Butler sprang for 41 in a defeat of UNLV, Larry Bird was held to four. "That's what won it," he says of his 1979 scoring championship. "In his last game Bird had to score 67 to overtake me. I saw it on TV. He scored 49, and I was sweating."

Midway through that season Butler's grandmother died of pneumonia. "When she was living, I always wanted to be something special for her," he says. "After she died, it was like, why? If I made the Big Court, I couldn't share it." He came within minutes of making it too. He tried out with the Chicago Bulls, and as the team was about to leave for the West Coast on its first presea-

**In 1979 Butler got a lift from the fans of Idaho State. Today he gives a hand to help mentally retarded people in Marshall, Mo.**

# LOST GENERATION

son swing. Butler noticed his gear had been packed. Trainer Doug Atkinson even congratulated him on making the club. Moments later he was fetched from the shower and told the bad news—he hadn't made it after all. "After that, I just never did recover. I never felt good about myself after not making the Big Court."

So Lawrence Butler protests. Yet he has every reason to feel good about himself. He has settled in Slater, a short drive from Glasgow past thick cornfields. Though he and his wife, Blanche, are divorced, she and their daughters, LaShanna and LaTosha, live in nearby Marshall, a few miles down the road. Butler works with retarded children and adults in Marshall. He has a mentally ill brother, Roosevelt, 90 minutes away in Kansas City and sees him every month or so. "I want to learn as much as I can about that type of person, because one day I want to take Roosevelt in here with me," Butler says. "Maybe I can help him on a one-on-one basis."

Lawrence Butler never made it to the Big Court, but a small town has made something of him.

UNTIL JAKUBICK WON HIS SCORING TITLE IN 1984, BOB McCurdy had the perfect icebreaker for his first meeting with a client. "Sales," says McCurdy, now a vice-president of Katz Radio, the nation's leading radio advertising firm, "is nothing but positioning and selling."

This is positioning:

"You know your hoops?"

Suuuure.

"You get this one right, you can have my Mercedes."

Go ahead. Shoot.

"Who was the last white guy to lead the nation in scoring?"

And, as they say, it counted. After that, selling was easy. The McCurdy family Mercedes remained safe, and the handful of college basketball fans who had heard of Bob McCurdy was augmented by one.

McCurdy, for you uninitiated, won the scoring crown at Richmond in 1975, playing his entire senior season on a foot shot up with cortisone—which ultimately might have scared off the pros. "Not playing in the NBA helped me in business, because psychologically I still had something to prove," he says. "And in sales you vent competitive energy every day."

He had entered school as the Vietnam War wound down, and he awoke from a four-year reverie to find an entirely new cultural climate. Suddenly the gym rat who had cut college classes to shoot hoops realized his English degree was of little use. "I was almost incoherent when I got out of college," McCurdy says. "Here I was, hoping to be a businessman, and

I couldn't even talk basketball." He hired a tutor to drill him in statistics, and he endured the barbs of friends who wondered why this putative degree holder would lug a vocabulary primer to the beach. Yet within a few years, McCurdy had signed on with Katz, and today, with a salary well into six figures, he oversees 14 regional offices and more than 100 employees. Five mornings a week he leaves his wife, Cindy, and their four kids at their Westport, Conn., home and grabs the 6:03 for Manhattan.

A couple of years ago McCurdy read somewhere that Bradley's Hersey Hawkins had become the first scoring champion since Oscar Robertson to average as many as 33 points on 23 shots a game or fewer. McCurdy could only laugh, for he had averaged 32.9 points on less than 23 shots a game. Then he thought for a moment. (Positioning!) Rework that information, pose it as a question, and the answer is: The Big O, Hersey Hawkins and Bob McCurdy.

Something to remember, if you ever want to win a Mercedes.

MARSHALL ROGERS JEALOUSLY GUARDS THE SCRAPBOOKS OF his career at Pan American University, down on the Tex-Mex border. Their musty saffron pages are more than a dozen years old, but Rogers's life is limned by press clippings even today.

From the police blotter of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, June 1987: Rogers is stopped in a Walgreens in downtown St. Louis on suspicion of shoplifting. He resists a security guard trying to handcuff him and is later convicted of assault.

A piece in *St. Louis* magazine, November 1987: Rogers speaks of voices that tell him what to do and of how he sometimes obeys, sometimes quarrels with them. "The regime," he calls his disembodied masters. "Pope John Paul, Queen Elizabeth, King Arthur and Hercules."

A *Denver Post* story, March 1988: Rogers tells of the regime addressing him through his TV set; of the biblical Samson, his natural father; of the other Marshall Rogers living around the world, including one above a gym in Moscow. The *Post* reporter plays a game of one-on-one with him. Rogers insists that long-range shots count for five points and arches one perimeter jumper after another sweetly through the net.

**N**early two years later, one-on-one is still all Rogers plays. "That way, no one can double-team me," he says. He's on edge, a man tailed by his own paranoid fantasies. For the past five years he has lived in St. Louis with his mother, Fannie Mae, who must have once been so proud of her son. Rogers was named scholar-athlete of Sumner High School's class of 1971. He earned his degree at Pan American and went on to teach history

JANE STEWART



McCurdy, who drove for the hoop at Richmond in '75, now takes the train to Manhattan and his job in radio advertising.



## LOST GENERATION

Rogers was steady at Pan American in 1976, but later his personal problems got him in trouble with the law and dismissed from counseling classes.

and math briefly at two St. Louis high schools. He even returned to Edinburg, Texas, to take graduate courses at Pan Am after his short time with the Golden State Warriors in 1977. Then "they" turned "the machine" on him. Messed with his mind.

It's a facile and formidable mind, but hopelessly preoccupied with the past. "My highest scoring game was 58," he says. "School record, against Texas Lutheran. Broke the record of Bruce King, 55 against Baptist College." He recounts it all instantly and precisely: How he started out at Kansas in 1971, spending two seasons there until his wild style bucked up against coach Ted Owens's system. How he read somewhere about Abe Lemons, Pan Am's wry coach, and wrote Lemons, who was only too happy to plug him into the Broncs' up-tempo offense. How he scored 36.8 a game in 1976, winning the scoring title easily. "It wouldn't be fair to set picks for him," Lemons said at the time. "He might score a hundred a game."

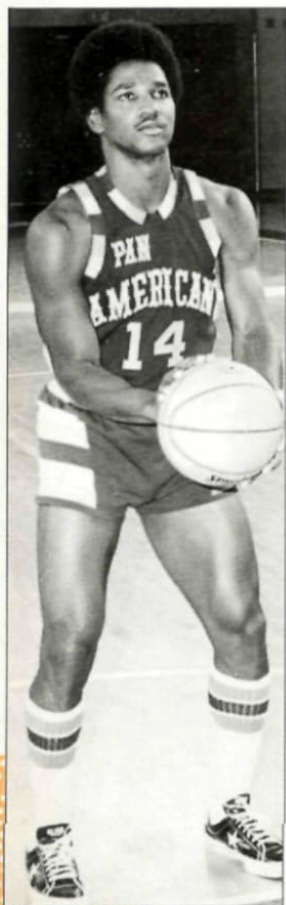
Now he needs a screen desperately. Hospitalized briefly for mental illness in 1985, Rogers refused to take the medication a doctor prescribed for him. Recently he studied counseling for a stretch at a small college in Missouri, but he ran into trouble again and was asked to leave. Matthew Hill, a former forward at Sumner High, often sees Rogers shooting hoops at Walnut Park. "He's always wearing the whole Golden State uniform," Hill says. "The shorts. The jersey. The warmup. Even the shoes, the kind they don't sell no more."

Sometimes Hill or a friend will play Rogers into the evening. "We'll want to play to 15, by ones. He'll want to play to 50. He's so good that if you don't get your hand up in his face, he'll make 25 in a row. Endurance-wise, he doesn't have it. But shooting-wise, he's the best in the state of Missouri. We feel sad for him. We wonder, Oh, man, what happened?"

Tonight in his mother's den the game is blitz dominoes. Rogers's eyes dart around the end pieces, totting up the score. You can't possibly add so fast; no one can. Yet Rogers does, and he's impatient when, on your turn, you can't match his pace. Why should he suffer a fool?

"Domino," he says. He wins easily, scoring 165. Another big game for Marshall Rogers.

"THE KIDS KEEP COMING," RABBIT SAYS TO HIMSELF. "THEY keep crowding you up." As they're crowded up, can this mislaid dozen scoring champions fail to sense the mortality they share? Pistol Pete is gone, victim of a heart that surrendered in a pickup game when he tried to reach down and touch the tautness.





# INSIDE THE NFL

BY PETER KING

## MAXIMUM PARITY

The Steelers lost their first two games this season by a total of 82 points and then won four of six. The Rams won their first five games, dropped four in a row and then drubbed the Giants, who had lost only once, on Sunday. After the Bills lost Jim Kelly, the AFC's top-rated quarterback, to a shoulder injury, they won three consecutive games with a quarterback, Frank Reich, nobody had wanted as a Plan B free agent. Kelly returned two weeks ago, and Buffalo promptly fell to the lowly Falcons.

Dallas, the worst team in the league, won by 10 points in Washington. Washington won by two in New Orleans. New Orleans won by 19 points in Anaheim against the Rams. The Rams beat the 49ers, the best team in the league, by one in San Francisco. Do these results make any sense?

Here comes that P word again. In the year that parity-loving Pete Rozelle left office as commissioner, it's fitting that the NFL is at maximum parity. The season is 10 weeks old, and the competition could hardly be more balanced. Never before have 16 teams been bunched at 4-6, 5-5 or 6-4. Twenty-two teams have at least four wins. That means more than 78% of the teams still have a realistic shot at making the playoffs, with six games left. "What an unbelievable year," says Bills general manager Bill Polian. "I turn 47 in December, but this season my stomach is 116."

Parity has also made for closer games (box, right). "I can't remember the last time I was in a game that was over in the

third quarter," says Patriots guard Sean Farrell. What's going on? Pete's parity has become even tighter in the last year for a number of reasons:

1) The Forced .500 Factor. The NFL has long tried to pit the weak against the weak and the strong against the strong early in the season to keep as many teams as possible in playoff contention. But since 1987 life has been even tougher for the top teams. Before then the league presented a division's first- and fourth-place finishers with the same caliber of competition the next year. Second- and third-place finishers also faced similar competition. (Fifth-place finishers played against other fifth-place finishers.) Since '87 the higher a team has finished in its division, the tougher its schedule has been the next season.

2) The Getting-Caught-in-the-Draft Factor. In the 14 years since the NFL moved the draft from two weeks after the Super Bowl to three months after it, scouting has become uniform and seemingly endless. "It used to be that the good organizations were ready to draft in January, and the others weren't," says Tex Schramm, former president of the Cowboys. "After the first round, I'd always see four, five, six of our preferred players still on the board, and we'd get one in the second round. Teams have so much time to scout now, that no-

## VANISHING POINTS

Last year, for the first time since the NFL expanded to 28 teams in 1976, a majority of games (50.4%) were decided by seven points or fewer. So far this season, not including Monday night's game between Houston and Cincinnati, 47.5% of the games have been won by a touchdown or less, a rate that's significantly higher than the percentage for the decade. Indeed, as this chart computed for SI by the Elias Sports Bureau shows, games have been getting steadily closer on a decade-by-decade basis since 1940.

Decade	Games	7-Point Games	Pct. of 7-Point Games
1940s	540	173	32.0
1950s	726	263	36.2
1960s	1,009	386	38.3
1970s	1,932	789	40.8
1980s	2,042	932	45.6

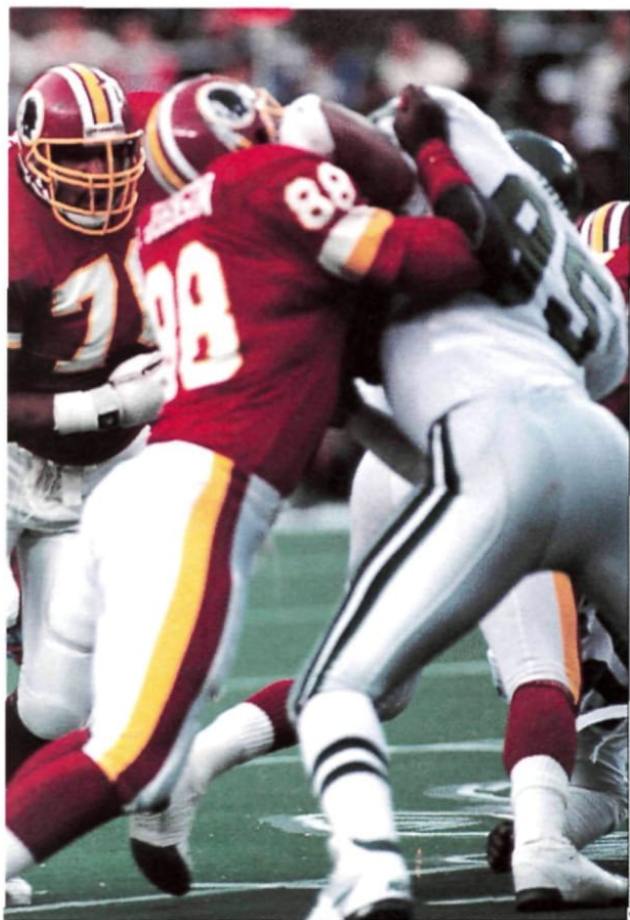


body can make a really big mistake."

3) The Passing-Fancy Factor. Late leads are ridiculously unsafe. In the past few seasons teams have become adept at using wide-open passing formations, especially those that employ four wide-outs. That, coupled with various rules changes over the last decade that have benefited the passing game, means that desperate offenses can strike more quickly. "It's clear that it's easier to make games close in the final minutes with the opening up of the passing game," says Polian. "You've got to have a three-score lead at the two-minute warning to be safe."

4) The Plan B Factor. The system of unrestricted free agency for any player not on a team's protected 37-man roster, which was instituted last winter, distributes marginal players to needy teams. For example, the Raiders and Dolphins got needed linebacking help from Plan B and are much improved.

5) The Nice-Guys-Finish-Last Factor. Teams fired assistant coaches at a record rate this past off-season in an effort to find different combinations on their staffs and to make sure they didn't miss out on any new wrinkles in the game. Case in point: Steeler coach Chuck Noll, with prodding from club president Dan Rooney, broke up that



## THE WEEK THAT WAS

### SAVING THEIR SKINS

"On our bus to the stadium you could hear a pin drop," said Redskins offensive line coach Joe Bugel after Washington's 10-3 victory at Philadelphia on Sunday. "We're not usually like that. But we had fear in our hearts, fear of losing."

No wonder. Entering the game the Skins had gone 11-14 since winning Super Bowl XXII, they had lost to the woeful Cowboys at home the week before, coach Joe Gibbs had said he thought he might lose his job if the losing continued, Washington fans were catatonic, running back Gerald Riggs was out with a foot injury, and three of the five starting offensive linemen wouldn't play against the Eagles—who were second in the league in sacks with 38—because of injuries. To make matters worse, on Washington's fourth offensive play, tackle Joe Jacoby tore two ligaments in his left knee and was lost for the season. That made the neo-Hogs, from left to right, Ed Simmons, Raleigh McKenzie, Jeff Bostic (the lone remaining regular starter), Mark Schlereth and Ray Brown. Schlereth said he didn't have to be a Hog to be happy and christened himself a piglet.

That makeshift line held Philadelphia to two sacks, backup running back Jamie Morris rushed 38 times—the second greatest number of carries in a game in Redskins history—for 88 yards, and Washington held the ball for 37 minutes. In addition, several young players, particularly

Subs Simmons (76) and Johnson opened holes for another sub, Morris.

Simmons and rookie tight end Jimmie Johnson, shone for Gibbs, who has long been known as a play-your-veterans-till-they-drop coach.

"Where this leads us, I don't know," Gibbs said afterward. "We're all right for another week, I guess. But it doesn't mean the hard times are over. It's like fishing. You sit out there in the boat for a couple of hours and don't get anything. Then you get one hit, and you're back in it."

To get back in the NFC East race, the Redskins, who trail the division-leading Giants by three games, need more than a hit. They need lots of them, especially from some new players. Maybe this was a start.

### FISH OF THE WEEK

Still don't take the Dolphins' playoff chances seriously after their 31-23 defeat of the Jets? Maybe this will persuade you: None of 6-4 Miami's remaining six opponents has a winning record. "In my three years here, we struggled to get to .500," says linebacker John Offerdahl. "But I'm smiling now. I think that everyone on this team realizes our playoff potential."

### RAMBOS

What the Rams did to the Giants on Sunday was amazing. Not only did L.A. beat New York 31-10 to snap a four-game losing streak, but the Rams also outrushed the Giants 150 yards to six and outsacked them 4-0. What's more, New York's vaunted young secondary gave up 18 consecutive completions to quarterback Jim Everett. Since 1985, the Giants have lost only three of 70 regular-season games by 14 points or more. Two have been to the Rams in the past two seasons.

### PLAY MONEY

This comes under the heading, Your Cash Ain't Nothing but Trash. Phoenix quarterback Tom Tupa (1989 salary and bonus: \$145,000) led the Cardinals to a 24-20 win over Dallas and quarterback Troy Aikman ('89 salary and bonus: \$2 million).

### STATS OF THE WEEK

- Don't Pinch the Packers: Quarterback Don Majkowski is on pace for a 4,734-yard passing season, which would be the fourth most prolific in NFL history.
- On Sunday, Aikman threw for more yards (379) in his fifth pro start than Roger Staubach or Danny White ever did in one game for the Cowboys.
- After gaining 103 yards on 21 carries in his Raiders' 14-12 loss to the Chargers, Bo Jackson has a career rushing average of 5.6 yards. Jim Brown's was 5.2, Gale Sayers', 5.0.

## THE WEEK AHEAD

**Chiefs at Browns.** Kansas City coach Marty Schottenheimer, who resigned as Cleveland's coach last December after a dispute with owner Art Modell, returns to the Dawg Pound for his first game since then. The change has been good for both teams. The Browns are 7-3 and have a more innovative defense under new coach Bud Carson, and though Schottenheimer's Chiefs are only 4-6, they are much improved over last year; Kansas City ranks fourth in the league in rushing offense and second in total defense.

**Dolphins at Cowboys.** Rumor has it that *Soap Opera Digest* will cover this one. Count the plot lines. 1) When first-year coach Jimmy Johnson left the University of Miami for Dallas, he hoped that one of his Hurricane assistant coaches, Gary Stevens, would succeed him, but the university shunned Stevens, who was then hired by Dolphin coach Don Shula to be his quarterback coach. 2) David Shula, Don's son and the Dolphins' previous quarterback coach, left Dad to become offensive coordinator in Dallas, where he's coaching former Hurricane quarterback Steve Walsh, who was coached by Stevens in college. 3) Last January Dave Wannstedt gave up his job as the Hurricanes' defensive coordinator to become the Dolphins' linebacker coach, but when Johnson got the Cowboy job a month later, Johnson lured Wannstedt from the Dolphins to Dallas by offering him the position of defensive coordinator. 4) "And," says Johnson, who spent five years in Miami, "I had a tremendous relationship with Don Shula. I've seen the Dolphins practice more than any team in pro football except our own."

old gang of his in Pittsburgh in the off-season, hiring a defensive coordinator (Rod Rust), a linebackers coach (Dave Brazil), a defensive-backs coach (John Fox) and a special-teams coach (George Stewart), none of whom are former Steelers. "There's very little cronyism and friendship in hiring today," says Giants general manager George Young. "It used to be you hired your good friends for your coaching staff. Now you hire the best teachers and motivators and coaches."

Fans seem to like the current state of affairs. The Monday night game is pull-

Ryan has insisted (with much historical proof) that you don't get to the Super Bowl without a solid ground attack. The Eagles ran well during their four-game winning streak in weeks 5 through 8, and Cunningham couldn't say much. Now they've lost two games in a row, and the run-versus-pass debate is hot in Philadelphia.

"You tell me how we won last year," says Cunningham. "Did we win running the ball?" The answer is no.

Says Ryan, "This is the only town I've ever been in where a damn running game detracted from a passing game."

It should be noted that Cunningham's receivers dropped 11 passes on Sunday, including one to Carlos Carson that would have been a sure 75-yard TD. There's some frustration in the Eagles' locker room, and they might not be the team we thought they were.

## DISPATCHES

Bears defensive tackle Dan Hampton will have his 10th knee operation on Monday. The arthroscopic surgery on his right knee wasn't done in October,

when the left knee was 'scoped, because Hampton's doctors didn't want to leave him with a double limp. Hey Dan, we love you, but it's time to retire. . . . As if you couldn't have guessed after the game-deciding replay reversal in Green Bay on Nov. 5, Chicago, which lost 14-13, is suddenly against the use of the instant replay. The team's management will switch its vote from yea to nay when the system comes up for renewal at the league meeting in March. The replay's prospects for survival are dim, now that its two leading supporters, Rozelle and Schramm, are out of the league. . . . Beware of trends: Through the first four weeks of the season, teams scored 45.2 points per game, a higher average than they'd had for a full season since the 1970 merger. In the next four games, teams averaged 40.4, the fewest of any nonstrike season since '79.



Walsh (3) and Shula the Younger face a duel with their mentors.

ing down a boffo 18.1 TV rating, 1.2 points better than last year's. The NFL's attendance record for a season—an average of 60,745 fans per game in 1981—is endangered, too. This year the league is drawing 61,080 per.

## THE EAGLES HAVE LANDED

It seems like yesterday that Randall Cunningham signed his \$2.89 million-a-year deal with the Eagles. In fact, he came to terms on Sept. 17, just a few hours before he threw for 447 yards and five touchdowns as he led Philly to a 42-37 win over Washington. In Sunday's rematch he passed for only 177 yards and no TDs. He wasn't pleased with his performance.

Cunningham is peeved that coach Buddy Ryan has become so enamored of the running game in the last six weeks.

# GMC Truck introduces:

Get in on the action at GMC Truck! We're now offering terrific Cash Back\* incentives or low APR GMAC Financing\*\* on selected new



1989 and 1990 models. It's Action Cash! And it's all outlined below. So stop by your GMC Truck Dealer today. You'll have a very good reaction.



**\$1250**  
**CASH BACK**  
on new 1989 and 1990  
S-15 Jimmys.

**\$1000**  
**CASH BACK**  
on new 1989 and 1990  
S-15 Pickups.



**\$500**  
**CASH BACK**  
on new 1989  
2-Wheel Drive Sierras.



**\$500**  
**CASH BACK**  
on new 1989  
Safari Vans & Rally Vans.



**GMC**TRUCK  
It's not just a truck anymore.®

\*You must take retail delivery out of dealer stock. See your dealer for details.  
\*\*Dealer financial participation may affect consumer cost. LENGTH OF FINANCE CONTRACT IS LIMITED. You must take retail delivery out of dealer stock. See your participating dealer for qualification details.

For a catalog and the name of  
your nearest GMC Truck Dealer, call  
**1-800-VALUE90**

# COLLEGE REPORT

BY WILLIAM F. REED

## A GATHERING STORM

After all the hostilities that accompanied Notre Dame's one-point victory over Miami last year in South Bend, anticipation of the Nov. 25 rematch in the Orange Bowl is running high. The Hurricanes' defense appears to be ready after last Saturday's 24-3 win over Pitt, but the usually powerful offense hasn't quite put it together. On a bleak, wintry afternoon in Pitt Stadium, Miami quarterback Craig Erickson made his first start since breaking a knuckle on his passing hand against Michigan State on Sept. 30. He led scoring drives of 81 and 84 yards but completed only 18 of 39 passes. "It was a cool day, guys," said Erickson. "You're going to have dropped balls and misplayed balls."

Surprisingly, considering Miami's

well-deserved reputation as the premier passing team of the '80s, the running game was the Hurricanes' most effective weapon against the Panthers. Freshman fullback Steve McGuire, who was filling in for the injured Leonard Conley, gained 114 yards on 25 carries, the most rushes by a Miami back since Lorenzo Roan ran a school-record 33 times in 1980.

Pitt, on the other hand, had little about which to feel pleased. After getting off to a 5-0-1 start, the Panthers hoped to make a national impact in back-to-back games against Notre Dame and Miami that were sandwiched around an open date. Instead, they were outscored 45-7 by the Irish, and against a Hurricane defense led by tackle Cortez Kennedy (eight tackles, a sack and a fumble recovery) and end Greg Mark (three sacks), the Panthers had only 28 yards on the ground and converted just one of 14 third downs.

Naturally, no one at Miami would look past San Diego State, this week's foe, when asked to talk about either the Irish or the bowl picture. All coach Dennis Erickson would say was, "We just want to play the best team we can." Right now that figures to be either Alabama or Auburn in the Sugar Bowl, not counting, of course, Notre Dame, which could bring a 23-game winning streak to that Nov. 25 grudge match.

## AIR FORCE GROUNDED

Ever since 1983, when the college rule makers began allowing the team that won the pregame coin toss to put off the decision to kick or receive until the second half, Brigham Young coach LaVell Edwards has always deferred when he could. However, before last Saturday's crucial WAC game against Air Force, he changed his tactics. "I decided at the last minute to take the ball and hope for a quick score," he said.

He elected to receive even though Tony Crutchfield, one of his regular returners, couldn't run back kicks because of a sprained ankle. Edwards substituted Stacey Corley, and all Corley did was take the opening kickoff 99 yards for a touchdown. Then in the second quarter he returned another one 85 yards for a touchdown as the Cougars went on to win 44-35. "I hope my parents were watching on TV," said Corley.

Corley's missile strikes stole the thunder from the ballyhooed summit meeting between the nation's best running quarterback, Dee Dowis of Air Force, and one of the best passers, Ty Detmer of BYU. Dowis had only 86 yards rushing on 22 carries. Detmer had another terrific day, completing 16 of 27 passes for 334 yards and four touchdowns. Now it looks as if Detmer, not Dowis, will get to showcase his talents in the Holiday

Bowl, where the WAC champion is host. The Cougars, who are 5-1 in the conference to the Falcons' 4-1, need only to beat Utah and San Diego State to lock up the title. Air Force has already earned a trip to the Liberty Bowl, to which a service academy is guaranteed a bid, by having a better record than Army and Navy.

## BOWLED-OVER BLUE DEVILS

Duke has not been to a bowl game since 1961, and when the Blue Devils got off to a 1-3 start, it didn't look as if

Corley's 99-yard return was the first of two kicks he took for TDs.



# What can get you across the U.S. for less than \$3?

- ☐ *Your thumb.*
- ☐ *A strong tailwind.*
- ☐ *A 10-minute AT&T Long Distance call, anytime, anywhere.\**



Call after call, AT&T is the best value around. For the facts about prices, call 1 800 225-7466 Ext. 1011.

\* Dialed direct out-of-state, excluding Alaska and Hawaii. Add applicable taxes and surcharges.



**AT&T**

The right choice.

# TOP 20

With only Maryland left to play, Virginia should win its first ACC title ever.

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK
1 <b>NOTRE DAME</b> (10-0)	1
2 <b>MICHIGAN</b> (8-1)	2
3 <b>COLORADO</b> (10-0)	3
4 <b>ALABAMA</b> (9-0)	4
5 <b>FLORIDA STATE</b> (7-2)	5
6 <b>MIAMI</b> (8-1)	6
7 <b>NEBRASKA</b> (9-1)	7
8 <b>USC</b> (8-2)	8
9 <b>TENNESSEE</b> (7-1)	9
10 <b>ARKANSAS</b> (8-1)	10
11 <b>AUBURN</b> (7-2)	12
12 <b>HOUSTON</b> (7-2)	17
13 <b>VIRGINIA</b> (9-2)	20
14 <b>ILLINOIS</b> (7-2)	11
15 <b>CLEMSON</b> (8-2)	15
16 <b>TEXAS A &amp; M</b> (7-2)	16
17 <b>BRIGHAM YOUNG</b> (8-2)	18
18 <b>TEXAS TECH</b> (7-2)	—
19 <b>PENN STATE</b> (6-2-1)	14
20 <b>PITTSBURGH</b> (5-2-1)	13

they were going in 1989, either. Then came a shocking win over Clemson on Sept. 30 that, says Duke coach Steve Spurrier, "made this team not afraid to win." Or, perhaps, too giddy to lose.

Last Saturday the Blue Devils with-

stood an NCAA-record 73 passes by North Carolina State's Shane Montgomery and held on for a 35-26 victory. Their sixth straight win gave them a 7-3 record and put them in the All-American Bowl on Dec. 28 in Birmingham, Ala., although the bid won't officially be extended until 6 p.m. on Nov. 25.

Duke can clinch at least a tie for the ACC title by beating lowly North Carolina on Saturday. The Blue Devils will share the crown with Virginia, unless the Cavaliers lose to Maryland, which tied Penn State 13-13 last week. Assuming a Virginia win over the Terps, the Cavs, who earlier beat Duke 49-28, could be headed for the Citrus Bowl.

N.C. State, the preseason cofavorite with Clemson to win the ACC, was jarred before the Duke game when the three buses carrying the Wolfpack on the 25-mile trip from Raleigh to Durham were involved in an accident on Interstate 40. Nobody was hurt, but the shakeup might explain N.C. State's sluggish start. The Wolfpack trailed 28-10 after what coach Dick Sheridan called "the worst half of football we've played since I've been here."

The Duke offense countered Montgomery's 73-pass barrage—he had 37 completions for a league-record 535 yards—with a balanced attack. Randy Cuthbert had 151 yards rushing, to become the first Blue Devil back ever to gain at least 100 yards in five straight games, and quarterback Dave Brown, starting in place of the injured Billy Ray, threw four touchdown passes. Two of Brown's TDs were to wideout Clarkston Hines, who's tied with New Mexico's Terance Mathis at the top of the NCAA's career TD reception list. Each has 35, one more than Houston's Elmo

Wright got between 1968 and '70.

Nevertheless, it was the bowl and not the record book that had Hines and his teammates babbling happily after the game. "A bowl is something you wish for and strive for," said Hines. "Now that it's happened, we don't really know what we've got, because none of us has ever experienced it."

## SQUIBS

Before a couple of prominent alums from the world of baseball—Fay Vincent and George Steinbrenner—the Ephs of Williams College wrapped up their first perfect season (8-0) in 109 years of playing football by overcoming a 14-0 deficit to beat archrival Amherst 17-14. Now all we need to know is what an Eph is. . . . There were some stellar quarterbacking performances last Saturday: Todd Hammel of Division I-AA Stephen F. Austin threw for 571 yards and eight TDs in a 66-45 win over Northeast Louisiana; Jeremy Leach of New Mexico completed 41 of 68 throws for 622 yards and four TDs, but the Lobos lost 41-39 to Utah. . . . Louisville coach Howard Schnellenberger signed a new five-year contract calling for a base salary of \$90,000 a year, a radio-TV deal for another \$90,000 and bonuses that could bring his annual earnings to \$250,000. The Cardinals are 21-31-1 under Schnellenberger. . . . Iowa State coach Jim Walden, upon hearing that some Iowa fans had thrown liquor bottles and other debris onto the field during the Hawkeyes' 31-7 loss to Illinois on Nov. 4: "I like Iowa's crowd. I understand all the bottles they threw were empty. You've got to like the class of Iowans, man. They don't waste." ■

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

### OFFENSE:

In a 45-17 win over Wisconsin, Indiana senior Anthony Thompson rushed for 377 yards on 52 carries to break the Division I record of 357 set by Rueben Mayes at Washington State in '84. Thompson's four TDs gave him a career-record 64.

### DEFENSE:

Alabama linebacker Keith McCants, a junior, made 11 solo tackles—including a six-yard sack—assisted on four others and broke up a pass, as the Crimson Tide moved a step closer to the Sugar Bowl with a 32-16 win over LSU.

### SMALL SCHOOL

Tailback Scott Bailey, a junior from Buena Vista in Storm Lake, Iowa, ran for 350 yards and a Division III-record six TDs in a 59-26 win over Dubuque. Bailey is only the second Beaver to gain 1,000 yards in a season since 1898.

**Any cola's  
more delicious  
with  
a touch  
of Comfort.**

Southern Comfort has a distinctive, appealing flavor.  
It's a drink that makes any other drink taste that much better.

*Comfort & Cola: Pour 1 jigger (1½ oz.) of Southern Comfort into a tall glass over ice. Fill with cola.*



Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 40-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1988

As a Light Fighter in today's Army you'll always be learning, moving, thinking on your feet.

Time and time again you'll meet the greatest challenge of them all — yourself. You'll learn to face the tough problems, to think them through, and find the solution. Being an Army Light Fighter means adventure, pride and confidence. And that gives you a real edge on life. What's more, if you qualify, you can earn up to \$25,200 through the Montgomery GI Bill plus the Army College Fund.

For more information call 1-800-USA-ARMY, or see your local Army recruiter.

**ARMY.BE ALL YOU CAN BE.**



**MEET THE GREATEST CHALLENGE  
OF THEM ALL.  
YOURSELF.**

## SPOTLIGHT



Michelle enjoys following Dad with the bag, but she isn't in it for the long haul.

# DADDY'S FAVORITE CADDIE

*Michelle Moody has helped her father, Orville, become a big winner on the Senior tour*

BY J.E. VADER

After a grueling round at the Bank One Senior Golf Classic in Lexington, Ky., Orville Moody, one of the leading money-winners on the Senior PGA Tour, confers with his caddie:

"Where did you put my umbrella?"

"It's in your bag."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Hey, I have to go to the store and get myself some shampoo and hair conditioner."

"You sure you need to do that?"

"Yesssss. My hair gets so dried out, out in the sun all day."

"Well, this time get the kind for dry hair."

"I did last time."

"No, you didn't. You got the stuff for oily."

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did."

"Uh-uh. . ."

And so on, until they are interrupted by someone holding out a pen and a visor. Moody doesn't seem to mind that his caddie is asked for an autograph first. Moody may have won the 1969 U.S. Open and the '89 Senior Open, but he knows it is the striking young woman toting his clubs who causes a stir in the galleries.

"He's got a girl with him!"

"Have you seen her up close? She's real cute."

"Oh, that's his granddaughter or something."

"People say the stupidest things," says Michelle Moody, 19, rolling her eyes. During two years of caddying for her father, she has had many occasions for eye-rolling. "Once somebody asked me if I was his sister."

The picture of the Moodys at work is Orville, 55, with his prominent paunch, speeding ahead in a golf cart, then waiting for the long-legged, bag-lugging Michelle to catch up. What looks like a throwback to a Stone Age culture's ideal father-daughter relationship prompts the most gallery censure: "Oh, that's nice of him, letting that sweet little girl lug his big bag while he rides around like royalty." Many fans apparently aren't aware that, although carts are permitted on the Senior tour, either the player or his caddie must walk so they don't get too far ahead of the galleries. Michelle prefers

to hike, and at times, frankly, she welcomes a little distance from her father.

Make no mistake, Michelle is the light of Orville's touring life. It's no coincidence that the past couple of years have been the best of his career. It's just that sometimes he looks and sounds as if he wants to throttle her.

After blowing a four-foot putt on the last hole of the Lexington tournament, Orville cusses and grumbles and snaps at Michelle, "Ray Charles could have read the greens better than you did today."

"He's so mean to her," a woman in the crowd whispers. "Are you sure she's not his wife?"

On the course Moody may look like the meanest man alive, but off it he is as friendly and humble as warm apple pie. The Moodys' trip from any 18th green to the clubhouse is all stop and go. Orville greets and talks to everyone, much to his daughter's exasperation. "Where you going now, Daddy-o?" she says with a groan, as he hops off the cart for yet another conversation. Orville ignores her—there are rounds to dissect, families to be asked after, tour business to discuss. And, amazingly, from time to time other players will ask him for



This season Michelle has earned quite a bit of pin money by reading greens accurately.



Michelle may be a caddie, but she drives a BMW.

help with, of all things, their putting.

A few years ago, consulting Orville Moody about putting would have been like asking Tammy Faye Bakker for makeup tips. In 17 years on the PGA Tour, from 1968 to '84, Moody won exactly one tournament, the 1969 U.S. Open. He was known as the best on the Tour from tee to green—and the worst from green to cup.

"I had the yips," he says. "Right at the point of impact I had a terrible jerk with my hands and wrists. I couldn't make a putt from a foot and a half at times."

Because of Orville's pitiful putting, the Moodys fell on hard times. From 1974 to 1976, he won less than \$19,000, which made life a little spartan for Moody, his wife, Beverly, and their four kids. It wasn't until he was 50 and could join the Senior tour in '84, that Moody's fortunes took a brisk about-face. That year he won \$183,920 and had two victories. The next year he switched to a putter with a 50-inch shaft, which in a variety of models has become quite popular among seniors. The long shaft is braced on the golfer's chest and forces a pendulum swing, rather than the traditional putting stroke. Almost like magic, Moody's yips vanished. Everything came together in 1987 when his oldest daughter volunteered to carry his bag.

"Michelle has helped me in every area," Orville says. "Reading the greens is her main job, and she's learned a lot. Keeping me calm is another part of the game she's helped."

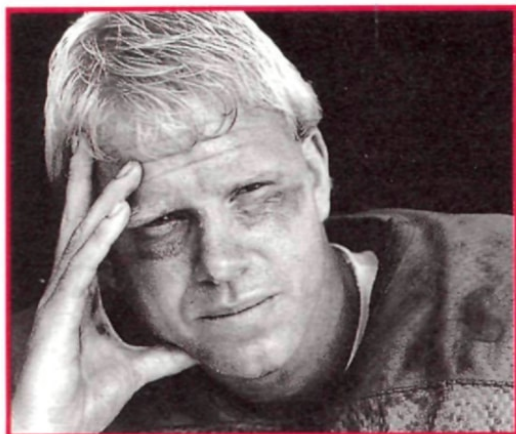
When Orville gets excited, Michelle

tells him, "Chill, Dad." When he gets really worked up, she says, "I have to give him a couple of 'Chills.'"

Michelle clearly enjoys her work. "People ask me and Ricky [Nichols, who caddies for his father, Bobby, on the Senior tour] why we don't get real jobs," Michelle says. "But it isn't that much different than if I worked in, say, my dad's store. It's like any other job."

A lucrative job. Orville pays his caddie \$300 a week, plus meals and 10% of his winnings—a little better than standard caddie pay. This year Michelle has made more than \$50,000. She has invested some of that in a condominium just outside Dallas and treated herself to a white BMW convertible.

But Michelle isn't in this line of work because she loves golf. Though she was on her high school golf team in Sulphur Springs, Texas, she says, "I don't have enough talent to make a living at it." She isn't caddying only for the money, either—she appreciates the time with



Boomer Esiason, Quarterback

## Football's not about comfort.



her dad, who was usually on the road when she was growing up. Even when Orville is cussing and grumbling, she knows, as few daughters ever do, that her father genuinely needs her.

On the greens Michelle is Orville's seeing-eye daughter. She squats low, shades her eyes, and imagines where the ball would go if hit straight at the hole. She tells her dad, "Three inches left." Orville, who stands behind her and tries to read the green, too, frowns.

"I can't see as well as I used to," he says. "I get floaters." No matter. Last year he was first in the tour's putting statistics and fourth on the money list, with \$411,859. This year he aims to finish first in both categories.

Michelle is philosophical about Orville's insults and cussing when the ball doesn't drop. "That's what caddies are for," she says with a shrug. "I can handle four hours of that. I don't argue back, and I try not to get emotional."

Although Michelle doesn't talk back

to her dad when they're working, as soon as the scorecard is signed and they're off the course, the two snipe and banter as enthusiastically as an old married couple. They'll argue about the best way to get back to the hotel, the attractiveness of some of the spectators, where they are supposed to be for a radio interview. But they have one ongoing dispute that makes Orville sad and quiet.

Michelle may be the only teenager extant whose parents want her to continue to bum around the golf course, but next September Michelle plans to hang up her towel and go to college. She wants to get a degree, perhaps in broadcasting or education. She's thinking of the future, and the drawbacks of life on the fairway are becoming obvious. "I think if I did it another year I'd learn to hate it," she says. "It's not all glamour."

Orville doesn't argue. "I think he hopes I'll still change my mind," Michelle says. As fierce as he can be toward her on the course, he clearly



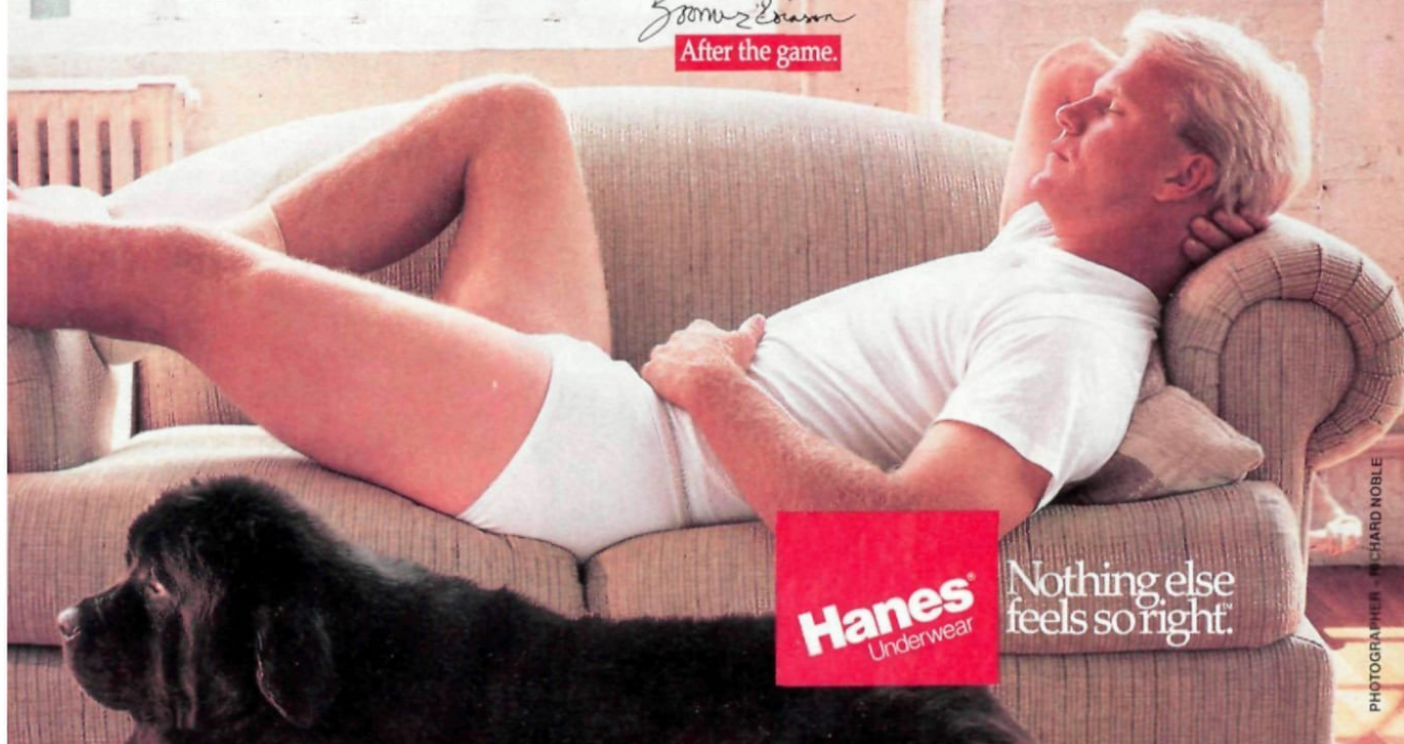
Allergy-sufferer Orville steers a snazzy cart.

adores her. You won't find Orville Moody, Lear-like, wandering some windswept par-5 in tattered Sansabelt slacks, pulling on his beard and lamenting over a daughter he didn't appreciate until too late. Sometimes when things are going well and they are waiting for the group ahead to hole out, Orville will kiss his caddie on the cheek for no apparent reason. And sometimes Michelle will stand behind her father in a patch of mid-fairway shade, resting her chin on his back and looking over his shoulder. In the end, this is the enduring picture of the Moodys on tour.

## Hanes® Underwear is.

"When the last huddle breaks and the game ends, I want to get comfortable as quick as I can. And Hanes Underwear has just the feelin' I'm lookin' for."

*Tommy Davidson*  
After the game.



**Hanes®**  
Underwear

Nothing else  
feels so right.™



**Questions to ask yourself about business insurance:**

*"Why worry about  
your insurance company's  
finances?"*

*They're big.  
What can happen?"*

Even big insurance companies can get into financial trouble these days. This can affect your business, leaving you with unpaid claims, or without protection.

That's why independent agents compare the financial strength of the insurance companies they represent. Financially strong companies can offer their clients the long-term security they need.

It's no surprise they recommend the CNA Insurance Companies so often. We are one of the few major property/casualty groups to earn the highest ratings from all four top financial rating services.\*

Maintaining this financial strength is one way we keep the commitments we make to the companies and individuals we protect.

**Ask your agent about CNA.**

Insurance for individuals, businesses, groups and associations. Independent agents who represent CNA are listed in the Yellow Pages.

**INSURANCE FROM**  
**CNA**

*For All the Commitments You Make®*

CNA Insurance Companies/CNA Plaza/Chicago, IL 60685

\*AM Best, Standard & Poor's, Moody's, Duff & Phelps



A technoid's dream car features fold-down wings and fun house-mirror lines.

## STREAKING BACK AT 1,560 MPH

*Recall when slot cars were a kids' fad? Nowadays they are very high-tech and very adult*

BY LISA TWYMAN BESSONE

On the same weekend that Emerson Fittipaldi won this year's Indianapolis 500, an international gathering of Fittipaldi wannabes congregated at Grand Raceway in Chicago to compete for another racing title. These drivers had cars that cost only \$500 but accelerated from zero to 60 mph in less than a second and hit speeds equivalent to 1,560 mph (more on that later). The work done in the pits seemed more like microsurgery than auto mechanics.

Welcome to the 1989 Slot Car World Championships, in which 280 drivers from 27 countries competed for \$55,000 in prize money (more on that later). The world championships were bankrolled by Jean Pierre van Rossem, an eccentric Belgian financier. Van Rossem, 44, was slot car racing's sugar daddy for the past four years and one reason that the sport regained popularity.

He also has created quite a stir. On the one hand, van Ros-

sem is determined to protect slot car racing's traditions from the onslaught of high-tech tampering. On the other, he promotes the sport with all the subtlety of Wrestlemania. Suffice it to say that slot car racing is alive and well, but not what it used to be.

Twenty years ago, slot cars were all the rage, and every town big enough to have a traffic light seemed to have a track. One company alone, American Raceways, built 5,000 mini-Indys in storefronts and malls. *The Wall Street Journal* estimated that sales of slot cars and parts reached \$50 million in 1966. "Then in 1968 there was a tremendous crash," says Ken McDowell, whose company, Parma International, has manufactured slot cars since '68. "The sport's growth was just too phenomenal to maintain."

"I compare it to Hula-Hoops," says Dan De Bella, who owns Pro Slot, another surviving manufacturer of cars and parts. "As with so many fads, the market got oversaturated, and people got sick of slot cars."

Today, there are roughly 500 commercial tracks and 30,000 racers nationwide. But they are not just neighborhood kids. These days, "drivers" are adults

fluent in techno-speak with money to burn. "I probably have about seven or eight thousand dollars worth of slot car parts back in my hotel room," said Gary Puetz, a product supervisor for Mobil Chemicals in Chicago. Puetz holds the single-lap record of 2.070 seconds on Grand Raceway's six-turn, 155-foot banked course. "Here I am, almost 40 years old, and I'm still playing with toy cars," says John Myers, an advertising executive who spent his 15th wedding anniversary competing in the worlds.

Grand Raceway, which is in a shopping center 25 minutes west of the Loop, boasts that it is the world's fastest track. Brightly painted cars whine with the sound of dentists' drills as they shoot around the wildly twisting circuit. The leaders are listed on a computer screen that's mounted overhead.

The fastest cars travel at about 65 mph. "That may not sound fast," says Stuart Koford of Addison, Ill., who won this year's world title and the \$5,000 first prize. "But keep in mind that these cars are one twenty-fourth scale. In full-scale terms the cars are traveling at 1,560 miles per hour. These cars pull 10 G's. Not scale-10 G's, *real* 10 G's. The space shuttle at takeoff pulls 10 G's."

Koford runs Koford Engineering, which designs slot cars and does consulting work for the Defense Department.



Fastest track of all is Grand Raceway, site of the world championships.



I N F I N I T I ®



## *CAN THE AVERAGE DRIVER TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN INFINITI AND A TRADITIONAL LUXURY CAR?*

There are differences of philosophy between a car designer raised in Bavaria and one raised in Kyoto. Not so much on what is fundamentally good engineering, but on what luxury is.

Here's the view from Kyoto:

Infiniti cars are designed for the driver. Its luxury personality is fully experienced at highway speeds as a touring sedan. Even an inexperienced judge of automotive performance will appreciate the ability of an Infiniti to respond accurately to the will of the driver.

The key idea is 'the will of the driver.' For it says that a car is designed to make the driver's experience more enjoyable. That an Infiniti, while it has an impressive road presence, is not a car that you own to impress, but a car that you own to drive.

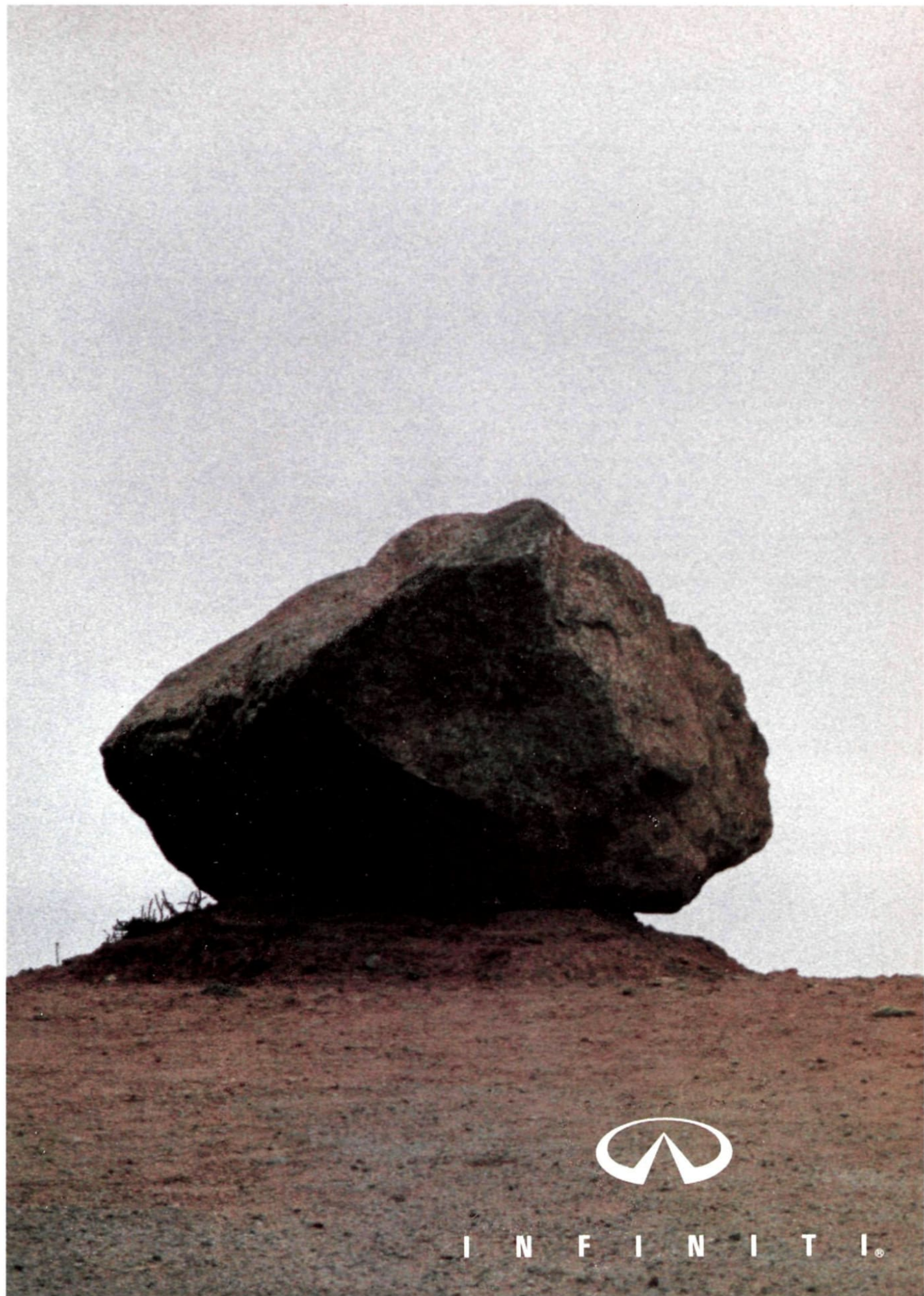
In line with this are the car's simple, natural curves—the lack of gadgets and ornamentation. The use of natural materials for the car's interiors.

These things we believe, show a difference in approach to luxury. Differences which are easy to discern and which depart from traditional standards.

The point is not to make a case for which brand of luxury is better. Only to say that you can judge Infiniti cars on their unique character as luxury-class automobiles.

Call for more information to make your own evaluation or for the name of the dealer nearest you. 1-800-826-6500.

Thank you.



I N F I N I T I ®

## SIDELINE

"We just finished investigating the causes of electrical failures in aircraft for the Air Force," says Koford. "Our next project is finding an insulating material for night-vision glasses."

Is it odd that a slot car designer should also design some defense systems? "It's all high-tech," says Koford. "Everything is simulated on computers." And what's the biggest difference? "When we make a slot car prototype," says Koford, "our investment is only a couple of thousand."

Koford's cars look like origami figures made of plastic. "They're built for speed, not looks," he says. Cocked wings hold the 11-inch-long cars on the track through the banked turns. But as a car accelerates down the straightaways, the force of air moving over the body flat-

Van Rossem, who's devoted to realistic slots (right and top), loathes the faster wing cars.



JEAN MARC LOUBAT/AGENCE VANDYSTADT

tens the wings, thereby reducing aerodynamic drag. "Speed-controlled aerodynamics," says Koford. "Not even the Indy Cars have tried this trick."

For the myriad qualifying heats and time trials at the world championships, eight drivers at a time line up along Grand Raceway's straightaway, squeezing and releasing controllers that look like power drills without the bits. Heads bob and weave as drivers and spectators follow specific cars around the track.

"I think driving a slot car is more difficult than real racing," says Martin Grammen of West Germany. Grammen is seated in a wheelchair on an elevated platform across from the rest of the drivers. He controls his car by operating a throttle stick on a console resting on his lap. Ten years ago Grammen broke his neck when the Formula Two car he was driving slammed into a wall. The accident left his hands paralyzed. "It's taken me quite a long time to get used to driving like this," he says.

Grammen, winner of the world championships' amateur class, is at Grand Raceway courtesy of van Rossem, who flew in 100 drivers from as far away as New Zealand and paid their expenses while they were in Chicago. Van Rossem can afford such indulgences. He made millions forecasting economic trends and is reported to have a controlling interest in more than 60 companies. Picassos hang in his apartment in Brussels. At the 1986 world championships, in Toulouse, France, he awarded a Ferrari—a real Ferrari, \$70,000 worth—to one of the winners.

Van Rossem admires slot cars modeled after Jaguars and Porsches, rather than the high-tech wing cars—or what he calls the "space-age wedges of Swiss cheese." To preserve the concept of slot cars as scaled-down racers, in 1988

he created the Concours d'Elégance, with a \$2,500 prize for the best model of a car competing in international racing. Gary Cannel, an English train engineer, won the Grand Raceway Concours with a meticulously scaled-down Jaguar.

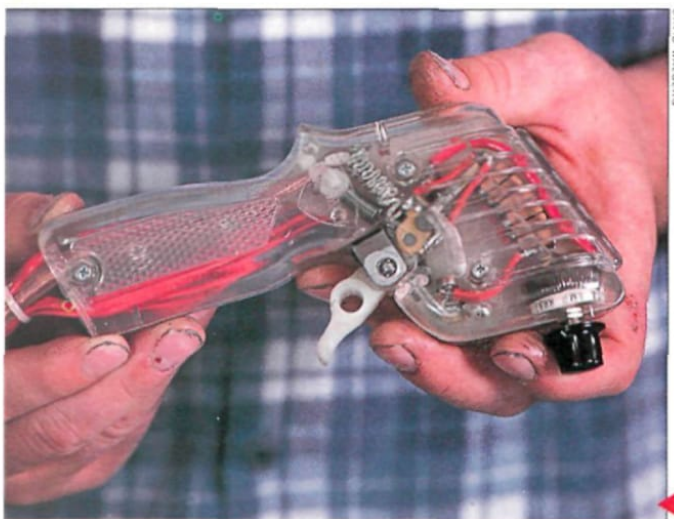
Le Mans-type races for slot cars were another van Rossem creation, though those races usually run closer to eight hours than the 24 hours of the real thing. He stipulated that both types of cars—the replicas of classic racers and the faster wing cars—share in the prize money in all types of races he sponsored. Then he and De Bella set up Eurotoy, now located in Lowell, Mich., to market the model slots he was promoting. "The pros, only a handful really, didn't like the fact that he was kicking them out of the limelight," says De Bella.

Van Rossem's methods have caused others to shy away. To promote a 1987 race in Belgium, he ran a billboard ad throughout Europe that featured a topless blonde. He also delighted in printing *National Enquirer*-type stories about American racers in the now defunct *Euroslot*, a magazine he used to publish in Belgium.

He has recently announced he will no longer sponsor races involving wing cars. "I am not interested in those poor devils," van Rossem says of wing car enthusiasts. "I don't even want my name associated with them." Instead, he will be backing a Belgian Formula One team called Moneytron and is planning to invest an additional \$5 million in a new slot car racing series.

Wing car organizers are confident that their version of the sport can stand on its own. "It was nice to get free plane tickets," says Koford, "but the sport can survive without van Rossem. We hold over a hundred races a year that have nothing to do with him."

To be sure, the future of slot car racing seems to be based on more than a wing and a prayer.

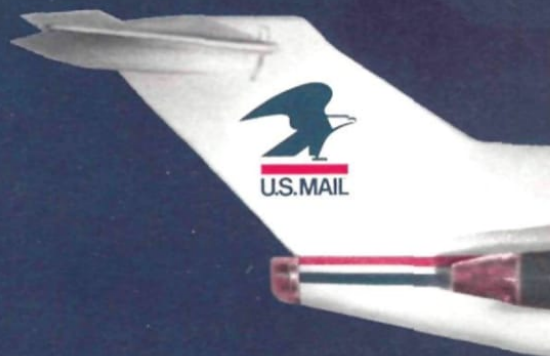


DAVID HANBING

Today's slot car controllers are ergonomically designed.



Lisa Twyman Bessone is a free-lance writer and former writer-reporter for SI.



# \$8.75. OVERNIGHT AM DELIVERY. GUARANTEED.



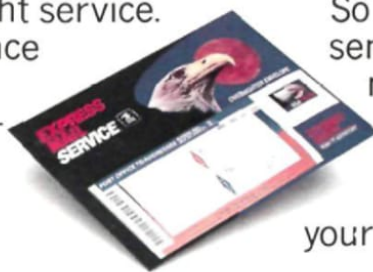
For those who must account for bottom lines as well as deadlines, there's Express Mail® overnight service.

At just \$8.75 for an 8-ounce letter, Express Mail service offers you guaranteed\* morning delivery between major markets, Saturday service at no extra charge, and more

drop-off points than all of our competitors combined.

So the next time you need to send a letter or document overnight, use the package of price, speed, and convenience that only we can deliver.

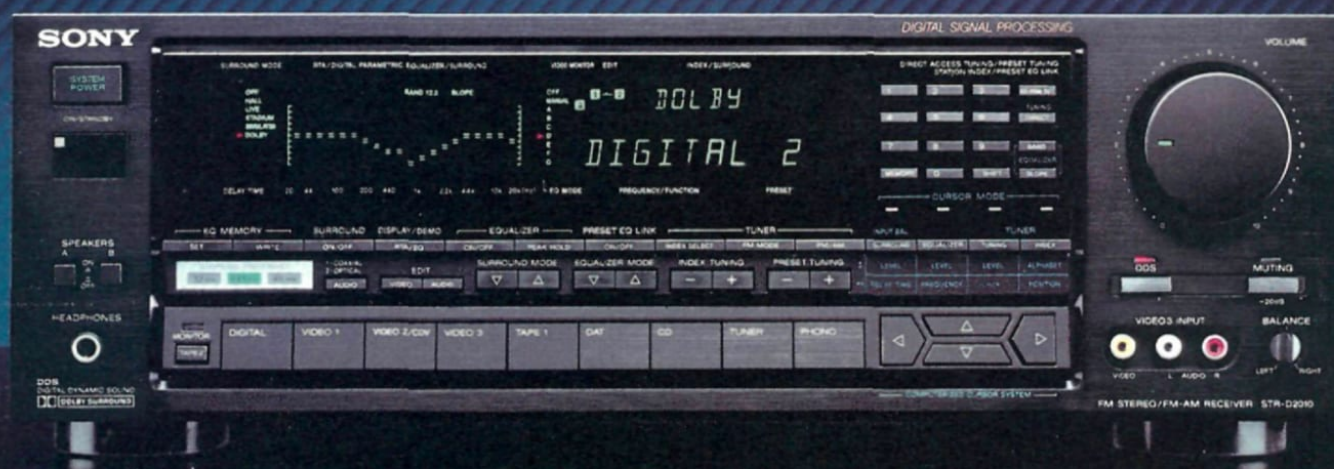
Express Mail service from your post office.



 **EXPRESS MAIL** ***We Deliver.***

\* Full postage refund if delivery is not attempted by noon. Some restrictions apply. Check with your local Post Office for details. © 1989 USPS

# Now that the digital Compact Disc is a musical triumph, Sony presents the encore.



## Introducing the world's first Digital Signal Processing Receiver.

Sony has news for the millions of music lovers who hailed our invention of the Compact Disc. That was merely our first act in digital audio. Now comes the world premiere of Act II: Sony AM/FM Stereo Receivers with DSP.

DSP stands for Digital Signal Processing, a Sony revolution that gives you note-by-note control over every aspect of your music. Yet with all this control, DSP actually maintains the Compact Disc's sound quality throughout your high fidelity system. This is technology no analog component can equal, resulting in sonic purity no analog component can match.

On Sony's STR-D2010 Receiver, DSP replaces conventional tone controls with the pinpoint precision of a digital parametric equalizer. We've equipped our Dolby® Surround circuitry with digital delay and digital noise reduction for eye-opening playback of movie soundtracks. And DSP places your music into a choice of Hall, Stadium and Live soundfields. Direct digital inputs for your Compact Disc player, digital dynamic suppression, and 130 watts per channel (front) plus 15 watts per channel (rear) combine to reserve a place in hi-fi history for the D2010.\*

To audition the STR-D2010 with DSP and the entire line of Sony Receivers, visit your Sony high fidelity dealer. And be prepared to applaud.

**SONY**  
THE LEADER IN DIGITAL AUDIO™

© Copyright 1989 Sony Corporation of America. All Rights Reserved. Sony and The Leader in Digital Audio are trademarks of Sony. Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Licensing Corp. \*For those who read footnotes, the D2010 also has audio/video switching, programmable remote control, Sony's low-noise Direct Comparator FM tuning, discrete output transistors and front power output of 130 watts per ch., cont. RMS, both ch. driven into 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz, 0.008% THD; rear power output of 15 watts per ch., cont. RMS, both ch. driven into 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz, 0.08% THD.

# THE BALL'S IN A NEW COURT

NBC took the NBA away from CBS for a cool \$600 million

BY JOHN STEINBREDER

Dick Ebersol, president of NBC Sports, wrote down a set of goals before heading into a management meeting a few months ago. No. 1 on the list: Get the television rights to the NBA.

Ebersol thought that would be about as easy as holding Michael Jordan to single figures. CBS had owned the rights for 17 years, seemed loath to lose them, and has been pushing hard over the last 18 months to become the sports network of the 1990s. Since May 1988, CBS has committed \$1.06 billion for the rights to major league baseball starting next year, and \$543 million to broadcast the 1992 and '94 Winter Olympics. Most observers figured CBS would again dig deep to retain the NBA. So did Ebersol. In the margin next to his No. 1 goal, he wrote, "With God's help."

God must have been wearing his reading glasses. Last Thursday, NBC acquired the rights to televise the NBA for four years beginning next season. The deal will cost \$600 million, a staggering 340% increase over the price of the current four-year package. NBC must also spend some \$40 million to promote the league on TV and radio. Among the network's bells and whistles: a new Saturday morning TV show for children produced in conjunction with the NBA. NBC will air more games than CBS—at least 20 during the 1990-91 regular season, instead of the 16 CBS is airing this season, and as many as 26 a year thereafter. NBC also will carry one more playoff game each year.

Many industry watchers worry that

such profligacy will blow the lid off TV sports and trigger yet another round of higher player salaries, labor disputes and increased ticket prices. Close attention will be paid to the upcoming bidding for the NCAA basketball tournament and the NFL. There is talk that TV sports has entered an age in which competition between the networks is so intense that they treat major athletic events as loss leaders, not profit centers.



Despite the huge outlay, Ebersol believes NBC will at least break even on the NBA deal.

That doesn't seem to be the case with the NBA deal, however. To be sure, NBC needed the basketball package. It was stung by the loss of baseball, and it had to show its employees, its viewers and its affiliates that it would continue to be a major player in TV sports. By landing the NBA, NBC proved that it will compete—and perhaps profitably. "We do not see this as a loss leader at all," says Ebersol. "We should break even at worst."

Ebersol believes that past NBA rights fees have been artificially low. "There has been no competitive bidding in this decade for that contract," he says. "Neither ABC nor NBC ever actively partic-

ipated, so CBS has had it pretty much to itself."

Ebersol says that even at \$600 million, the NBA may be a bargain. The league's TV rights went for only 57% of major league baseball's, yet about the same number of people watched last June's NBA finals as saw the 1989 World Series on ABC. NBC should attract even more NBA viewers than CBS did because it can promote games on its top-rated prime-time shows. CBS, which has been mired in last place in the ratings battle in recent years, hasn't had that promotional advantage. Neal Pilson, head of CBS Sports, said his network rejected the number the NBA sug-

gested because the cost "was substantially more than we were prepared to pay."

Perhaps the amount it already had committed to other sports gave CBS pause. Another factor may have been the disappointing ratings for this year's World Series, which were released during the NBA bidding process. For CBS, which had outbid the two other networks by some \$400 million for the baseball rights, those low viewer numbers must have been chilling.

Barring a recession—which could depress advertising revenues and send the networks reeling—the increases in fees should continue. But even with a healthy economy it will be tough for the networks to pass on those huge increases to advertisers. The day may already have arrived when the big, expensive sports events barely pay for themselves.

Viewers needn't worry, however. The networks like the steady audience that sports attract, and all three have money to spend. They reportedly expect record profits for 1989. NBC should earn about \$320 million, ABC \$200 million and CBS \$100 million. Count on them to bring plenty of that to the negotiating table.

## FOR THE RECORD

A Roundup of the Week Nov. 6-12 • Compiled by Stefanie Scheer

**PRO BASKETBALL**—"You wondered if the game was ever going to end," Bucks forward Ben Coleman said after Milwaukee finally beat the SuperSonics 155-154 in a game that was decided in the last seconds of the fifth overtime. It was the first NBA game to go five OTs since the advent of the 24-second clock in 1954. Milwaukee's Jack Sikma scored six points in the fifth overtime, and Tony Brown made a three-point shot that gave the Bucks the lead for good with 1:11 left. At week's end, the best record in the NBA belonged to the Central Division-leading Pacers, who, at 4-0, were off to their best start since joining the NBA in 1976. In beating the Pistons 95-74, Indiana held Detroit to its lowest point total since a 71-point effort against Atlanta on Jan. 5, 1988. The Bulls, 4-0 on the week with wins over the Hawks (118-114), the Celtics (112-103), the Cavs (100-92) and the Trail Blazers (104-95), climbed into the top spot in the Atlantic Division. Washington's Darrell Walker, who missed a triple-double in the defeat of Boston when he had only five points to go along with 10 assists and 12 rebounds, got a triple against Cleveland when his three-point play with three seconds left gave him 11 points. John Stockton of the Midwest Division-leading Jazz had 16 assists and a career-high 31 points as Utah beat San Antonio 106-92. The Lakers, 4-0 on the week, led the Trail Blazers by one game in the Pacific Division. James Worthy had 35 points, nine rebounds, six assists and four steals as L.A. beat the Suns 111-107. The Celtics' sole victory in a 1-3 week was a 117-106 defeat of the Hawks that featured Larry Bird's 50 points, 13 rebounds and seven assists.

**BOXING**—SIMON BROWN retained his IBF welterweight title with a 12-round unanimous decision over Luis Santana, in Springfield, Mass.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—Joe Montana of the 49ers, who won 31-13 over the Saints on Monday, Nov. 6, threw for three touchdowns and ran for a fourth on Sunday as the NFC West-leading 49ers crushed the Falcons 45-3 for their sixth straight victory. The win, combined with the NFC East-leading Giants' 31-10 loss to the Rams, gave 9-1 San Francisco the NFL's best record. Bernie Kosar passed 17 yards to Lawyer Tillman for a third-quarter TD and Matt Bahr kicked a 29-yard field goal in the fourth quarter as the Browns, tops in the AFC Central, beat the Seahawks 17-7. Jim Harbaugh threw for one touchdown and set up another with his running in the Bears' 20-0 shutout of the Steelers. Andre Reed caught two of Jim Kelly's three touchdown passes as the AFC East-leading Bills turned

three first-quarter fumbles by the Colts into 13 points in Buffalo's 30-7 victory over Indianapolis. The Saints, whose Dalton Hilliard ran for 106 yards and two touchdowns, also capitalized on turnovers, converting three of them into 21 second-quarter points in a 28-24 defeat of the Patriots. The Lions' defense set up 28 of Detroit's points—including Rodney Peete's two TD passes to Richard Johnson—in a 31-22 upset of the Packers. Anthony Miller returned a kickoff 91 yards for a touchdown and Tim Spencer atoned for a goal-line fumble by running for the winning score as the Chargers beat the Raiders 14-12. Backup quarterback Tom Tupa threw a 72-yard TD pass to Ernie Jones with 58 seconds remaining to give the Cardinals a 24-20 victory over the Cowboys. In other games: The Redskins defeated the Eagles 10-3; the Dolphins rallied to beat the Jets 31-23; the AFC West-leading Broncos knocked off the Chiefs 16-13; and the NFC Central-leading Vikings defeated the slumping Buccaneers 24-10 (page 36).

**HOCKEY**—Mario Lemieux said he had been feeling sluggish all season, so it's no wonder that the 5-10-2 Penguins were languishing near the bottom of the Patrick Division. In a week in which Pittsburgh lost two, 4-3 to the Blackhawks and 8-3 to the Blues, even a battery of medical tests couldn't determine what was wrong with Lemieux, who at week's end was 21 points behind his league-leading scoring pace of 1988-89. In his win over Pittsburgh, Norris Division leader Chicago rallied from a three-goal deficit behind a pair of scores by Dirk Graham. The Hawks then limited the Islanders to 19 shots during a 5-3 victory and ran their point total to 29, highest in the NHL, by beating Hartford 4-2. Tony Granato scored a goal and had two assists in the Patrick Division-leading Rangers' 6-1 thrashing of the Red Wings; the defeat extended Detroit's winless streak to eight games. Sabres Phil Housley and Pierre Turgeon each had a goal and two assists as Buffalo beat the Whalers 6-3 to run their unbeaten string to six games. Two nights later Buffalo capitalized on three of four power-play opportunities to upend the Canucks 4-2 at Memorial Auditorium. The Sabres then defeated Edmonton 6-5 on the strength of a Dave Andreychuk goal to assume the Adams Division lead and remain, with the Smythe Division-leading Flames, one of the only two teams in the league that had yet to lose at home. Calgary, however, did fail once on the road, falling 3-2 to the North Stars as Brian Bellows scored 3:39 into overtime. That ended an eight-game unbeaten streak by the Flames against Minnesota.

**INDOOR SOCCER**—Baltimore became the lone undefeated team in the MISL and moved past Kansas City to gain sole possession of first place in the Eastern Division with a 3-2 victory over Tacoma. The 4-0 Blast then further distanced itself from the Comets with a 9-3 defeat of Wichita. Tim Wittman tallied three goals and had two assists against the Wings. Dallas (3-1) remained the only Western Division team with a winning record.

**TENNIS**—IVAN LENDL routed Magnus Gustafsson 7-5, 6-0, 6-3 to win the Stockholm Open and \$200,000.

MICHAEL CHANG defeated Guy Forget 6-2, 6-1, 6-1 to prevail at an indoor tour event and earn \$80,000 in Wembley, England.

ZINA GARRISON beat Larisa Savchenko 6-3, 2-6, 6-4 to win \$50,000 in a tour event in Chicago.

LEILA MESKHI defeated Helen Kelesi 6-2, 6-3 in a tour event in Nashville. She won \$17,000.

**MILEPOSTS**—FINED: By the NBA, for fighting in games on Nov. 7: the Los Angeles Lakers' MAGIC JOHNSON, the Phoenix Suns' KEVIN JOHNSON and the Lakers' BYRON SCOTT, \$3,000, \$1,000 and \$500, respectively; and the Detroit Pistons' SCOTT HASTINGS and the Chicago Bulls' STACEY KING, \$1,500 and \$500; and for fighting in a game on Nov. 3, the Atlanta Hawks' KEVIN WILLIS and the Indiana Pacers' RIK SMITS, \$1,500 and \$750. ALEXANDER VOLKOV of Atlanta and GREG DREILING, REGGIE MILLER, DYRON NIX and CHUCK PERSON of Indiana were each fined \$500 for leaving their bench areas during that scuffle.

FIRE: As coach of the New Jersey Devils, JIM SCHOENFELD, 37, whose record since taking the job, in January 1988, was 50-59-15. He was replaced by one of his assistants, JOHN CUNIFF, 45.

NAMED: By the Baseball Writers Association of America: as American League Rookie of the Year, Baltimore Oriole pitcher GREGG OLSON, 23; and as National League Rookie of the Year, Chicago Cub centerfielder JEROME WALTON, 24.

SOLD: By the NBA to NBC for \$600 million, the rights to telecast as many as 220 regular-season and playoff games from the 1990-91 through the '93-94 seasons (page 125).

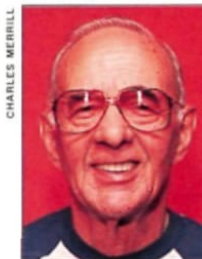
## FACES IN THE CROWD

MARY ANN CARTER



**JUNE WERNKE**  
GREENWOOD, IND.

Wernke, a senior on the University of Indianapolis tennis team, ended the season 18-0 in singles and, with partner Amy Potts, 18-0 in doubles for a four-year regular-season record of 65-0 in No. 1 singles and 62-1 in doubles.



**LEO CLOUTIER**  
BRUNSWICK, MAINE

Cloutier, 80, set a state record for the 80-and-over age group by running 100 meters in 17.64 seconds at the Maine Senior Games. He won three other events (ages 75 and over): football throw, softball throw and mile walk.



**WENDY DEMBACH**  
DALLAS

Wendy, 10, won 11 individual gold medals in the 9-10 age group at the YMCA Lone Star Swim Championships, in Fort Worth, and set two meet age-group records, in the 100-yard breaststroke (1:27.76) and the 100 butterfly (1:24.01).

KEVIN HIGLEY



**KEVIN KNOPE**  
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Kevin, a junior at Greece Olympia High, broke a national high school record by kicking seven field goals in one game. His boots of 30, 25, 30, 49, 20, 28 and 24 yards led the 6-1-1 Spartans to a 41-0 win over Greece Arcadia.



**ANN SWANSON**  
BELLEVUE, WASH.

Swanson, 39, defeated Liz Culver of Seattle 7 and 6 at the Manito Golf and Country Club to retain the state women's title, and beat Tarie Bennett 4 and 3 for her second Seattle women's crown, at the Fairwood Golf and Country Club.



**JOHN MULLANE**  
WINTHROP, MASS.

John, now 14, of the Cottage Park Yacht Club in Winthrop, became the first to successfully defend the midget gold fleet crown in the National Turnabout Championship Regatta for sailors under 14. Chris Beattie, 11, was his crew.

ESPN'S

## SPORTSWEEK

The  
Total Sports  
Network®

Saturday November 18 - Friday November 24

ALL TIMES EASTERN

## AUTO RACING

NASCAR Winston Cup:  
Atlanta Journal 500  
Sunday - 12:30 PMESPN SpeedWeek™  
Wednesday - 6 PMMotorweek Illustrated  
Thursday - 6 PM

## BOXING

Budweiser Presents  
Top Rank Boxing  
Tuesday - 9 PMCOLLEGE  
BASKETBALLBall State vs. Purdue  
Friday - 5 PMDodge NIT:  
Semifinal Game 1  
Wednesday - 7 PMDodge NIT:  
Semifinal Game 2  
Wednesday - 9 PMDodge NIT:  
Championship Game  
Friday - 9 PMMaui Classic:  
North Carolina vs.  
James Madison  
Friday - 7 PMMaui Classic:  
Missouri vs. Evansville  
Friday - 1:30 PMCOLLEGE  
FOOTBALLCollege GameDay™  
Saturday - 11:30 AMMichigan vs. Minnesota  
Saturday - 12:30 PMVirginia vs. Maryland  
Saturday - 4 PMClemson vs. South Carolina  
Saturday - 7:30 PMCollege Football Scoreboard  
Saturday - 3:30 PM,  
7 PM, 10:30 PMCornell vs. Pennsylvania  
Thursday - 10 AMWest Virginia vs. Syracuse  
Thursday - 8 PM

## EXERCISE

Mid-day Workout  
Monday - Friday  
11 AM - 1 PM

Join

Bob Beattie

for live

season

premiere

coverage of

FIS World

Cup skiing

this Thursday

and Friday

as ESPN

brings

men's and

women's

giant slalom

competition

to you

live from

Park City,

Utah.

## Thanksgiving Menu

Here's what we're serving this Thanksgiving:



Wednesday

College Basketball:  
Dodge NIT Semifinals  
7 PM and 9 PM

Thursday

College Football:  
Cornell vs. Pennsylvania  
10 AMWest Virginia vs. Syracuse  
8 PMWorld Cup Skiing  
3 PM

Friday

World Cup Skiing  
2 PMGolf: USF&G National Skins  
Pro Am  
3 PMCollege Basketball:  
Ball State vs. Purdue  
5 PMMaui Classic  
7 PM & 11:30 PMDodge NIT Championship  
9 PMGreat Alaska Shootout  
1:30 AM

## GOLF

PGA Tour:  
USF&G National Skins  
Pro-Am  
Friday - 3 PMWorld Cup of Golf  
From Andalucia, Spain  
Third Round, Saturday - 8 AM  
Final Round, Sunday - 8 AM

## SPORTSCENTER™

SATURDAY

2:30 AM, 7:00 AM, 11:30 PM

SUNDAY

2:00 AM, 7:00 AM, 11:00 PM

MONDAY

8:30 AM, 7:00 PM, 11:30 PM

TUESDAY

8:30 AM, 7:00 PM, 11:30 PM

WEDNESDAY

2:30 AM, 8:30 AM, 11:30 PM

THURSDAY

8:30 AM, 7:00 PM, 11:30 PM

FRIDAY

2:30 AM, 8:30 AM, 11:00 PM

## NFL FOOTBALL

NFL GameDay™  
Sunday - 11:30 AMNFL PrimeTime™  
Sunday - 7 PM, MidnightSunday Night NFL™  
New York Jets at  
Indianapolis Colts  
Sunday - 8 PMNFL Monday  
Night Matchup  
Monday - 8 PM

## SKIING

World Cup Skiing:  
Men's Giant Slalom  
From Park City, Utah  
Thursday - 3 PMWorld Cup Skiing:  
Women's Giant Slalom  
From Park City, Utah  
Friday - 2 PM

## SOCCER

World Cup Soccer:  
USA vs. Trinidad-Tobago  
Sunday - 4:30 PM

## YACHTING

Ziploc Ultimate Yacht Race  
From Annapolis, Md.  
Monday - 10 PM

## HOME VIDEO

Call 1-800-841-7800 to order  
"Teaching Kids Basketball" with  
John Wooden or the free ESPN  
Video Catalog.ESPN®  
THE TOTAL SPORTS NETWORK™

# SHARE THE WEALTH, NCAA

*Every school should get a fair slice of the tournament pie*

BY ALEXANDER WOLFF ■

A FEW YEARS AGO, AS the Big East mustered for its annual tournament in Madison Square Garden, one of SI's editors had an intriguing thought. At least four of the league's nine teams were already assured postseason bids, but the NCAA prospects of several others were in doubt. What if, this editor wondered, one of those fence sitters ran up against one of the NCAA shoo-ins during the Big East tournament? Like most conferences, the Big East shares revenue from the NCAAs among its members, and extra qualifiers only sweeten everyone's cut. What was to prevent a school already certain of a high seed in the NCAA tournament from lying down in front of a team that needed a win to make the field?

Though Thoughtful Editor was loath to suggest that any of the Big East's institutions would ever put out less than 100%—especially when all that's at stake is a measly quarter million or so—it did seem to him that the system had a built-in incentive for some teams to lose for the greater good of the conference.

Thus it happened that the editor phoned the Big Guy himself, Dave Gavitt—Big East commissioner, the erstwhile head of the NCAA basketball committee—and outlined this nefarious possibility. A few beats passed as Gavitt absorbed the editor's theory. Finally, he spoke. "That's Star Wars stuff," he said, then terminated the conversation.

Star Wars, alas, isn't a bad analogy for what college basketball has become. It would take a panel of rocket scientists to sort out all the marketing, licensing, sponsorship and broadcasting income that a major conference banks in a year. And only

Star Wars involves more money than the NCAA tournament, the TV rights to which CBS paid \$57.2 million last spring, and which had a gross of more than \$70 million.

Did someone say gross? With six of its eight schools in the 1989 draw, the ACC took home nearly \$5 million of the roughly \$37 million disbursed to the 31 conferences and two independents that participated in the tournament. According to the ACC's complicated revenue-sharing formula, Duke, which made it to the Final Four, earned more than \$1 million, while the league's two doormats, Wake Forest and Maryland, earned \$140,000 each. At the other end of the scale, the Trans America Athletic Conference (TAAC), for example, received a mere \$274,845 for Arkansas-Little Rock's first-round loss. After the Trojans took their share of the pie, the other nine TAAC schools banked \$15,269 apiece.

Excuse me for asking, but isn't the TAAC's Georgia Southern slightly more in need of the NCAA's money than, say, Georgia Tech, which already rakes in large amounts from gate receipts, the ACC tournament, innumerable TV dates and the like?

Seven of the nine members of the NCAA basketball committee come from among the top dozen conferences. So while the tournament generates staggering sums for the 100 or so richest schools and chump change for the rest, don't look to the committee to change that soon.

It's the coaches who are clamoring for reform. Buttonhole any Division I coach, and he'll tell you: 1) how athletic directors are penciling into their budgets a line-item for a tournament share; 2) how he, the coach, and his colleagues live with withering pressure to make the field; and 3) how the pursuit of this cash is at the root of



LANE STEWART

such win-at-all-costs abuses as buying players.

Michigan State's Jud Heathcote, the outgoing president of the National Association of Basketball Coaches, has proposed a plan that would share the wealth more equitably, yet retain a modest monetary incentive to win. Heathcote would have taken last spring's \$37 million and earmarked about \$11 million for drug education, clinics, officiating and expenses for small-college tournaments. Another \$6 million would have been set aside as a performance pool for the Division I tournament teams, to be paid out in \$100,000 increments for each victory. The remaining \$20 million would have been split evenly among the 293 Division I schools. That's \$70,000 for the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets and \$70,000 for the Georgia Southern Eagles, even if neither team makes the tournament.

When I saw Thoughtful Editor the other day, I outlined for him the Heathcote plan. He doesn't think it goes far enough. He would like to see the NCAA channel more money into its enforcement department, where the cops on the beat are overworked and underpaid. As long as the NCAA doles out more and more money each year, but the stable of full-time investigators remains frozen at 15, the NCAA is sending its membership a dangerous message: Cheat to collect.

For the most part, however, the editor liked Heathcote's proposal. He nodded—thoughtfully, of course—and retired to his desk.

He's awaiting Dave Gavitt's call. ■



**EAGLE TALON – FIRST PLACE**  
Paul Rossi Team — IMSA Firestone Firehawk  
Mid-Ohio



**EAGLE TALON – FIRST PLACE**  
Archer Brothers Team — SCCA Escort  
Mid-Ohio



**EAGLE TALON – FIRST PLACE**  
Archer Brothers Team — SCCA Escort  
Lime Rock



**EAGLE TALON – FIRST PLACE**  
Archer Brothers Team — SCCA Escort  
Toronto



**EAGLE TALON – FIRST PLACE**  
Paul Rossi Team — IMSA Firestone Firehawk  
Road America



**EAGLE TALON – FIRST PLACE**  
Paul Rossi Team — IMSA Firestone Firehawk  
Portland

# It's starting to sound like a broken record.



In its first year out, Eagle Talon has won nine of its first thirteen races. It captured the SCCA Endurance Class A Manufacturers Championship and both the SCCA and IMSA Drivers Championships.

No wonder Talon's driver took Road & Track's "Fast Track" award for winning the most

pole positions, running the fastest race laps, and winning the most races in the IMSA series.

What makes Talon a great race car makes Talon a great sports car—available with 195 horsepower, turbocharged engine, and all-wheel drive. For further information on

## Eagle Talon

Eagle Talon, call  
1-800-JEEP-EAGLE.  
Buckle up for safety.

**EAGLE**  
MOTORSPORTS

# STOP STOP STOP STOP



Ford Aerostar doesn't control braking like Chevy Astro.

Chrysler minivans don't control braking like Chevy Astro.

Only Chevy gives you 4-wheel anti-lock brakes.\*

***Chevy Astro introduces 4-wheel anti-lock braking you can't get on Ford or Chrysler minivans.***

The rain is blinding as you slow for a downhill curve.

Moments like this are why the new Chevy Astro Passenger Van has the stopping power of an all-new 4-wheel anti-lock brake system. Standard.

It's a revolution in compact van braking designed to minimize wheel lockup and skidding during hard braking. It helps you brake hard *and* steer around corners. Or stop straight in all-out braking.

STOP with the first 4-wheel anti-lock brake system on a compact van. Every STOP will show you why nobody's winning like The Heartbeat of America.

**THE *Heartbeat* OF AMERICA IS WINNING  TODAY'S TRUCK IS CHEVROLET™**

See your Chevrolet dealer for terms of this limited warranty. Chevrolet, the Chevrolet emblem and Astro are registered trademarks and Chevy is a trademark of the GM Corp. \*Excludes other GM® products. ©1989 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. Let's get it together...buckle up.

